WEEK ENDING JAN. 1, 1927

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

Calendar-1927

January

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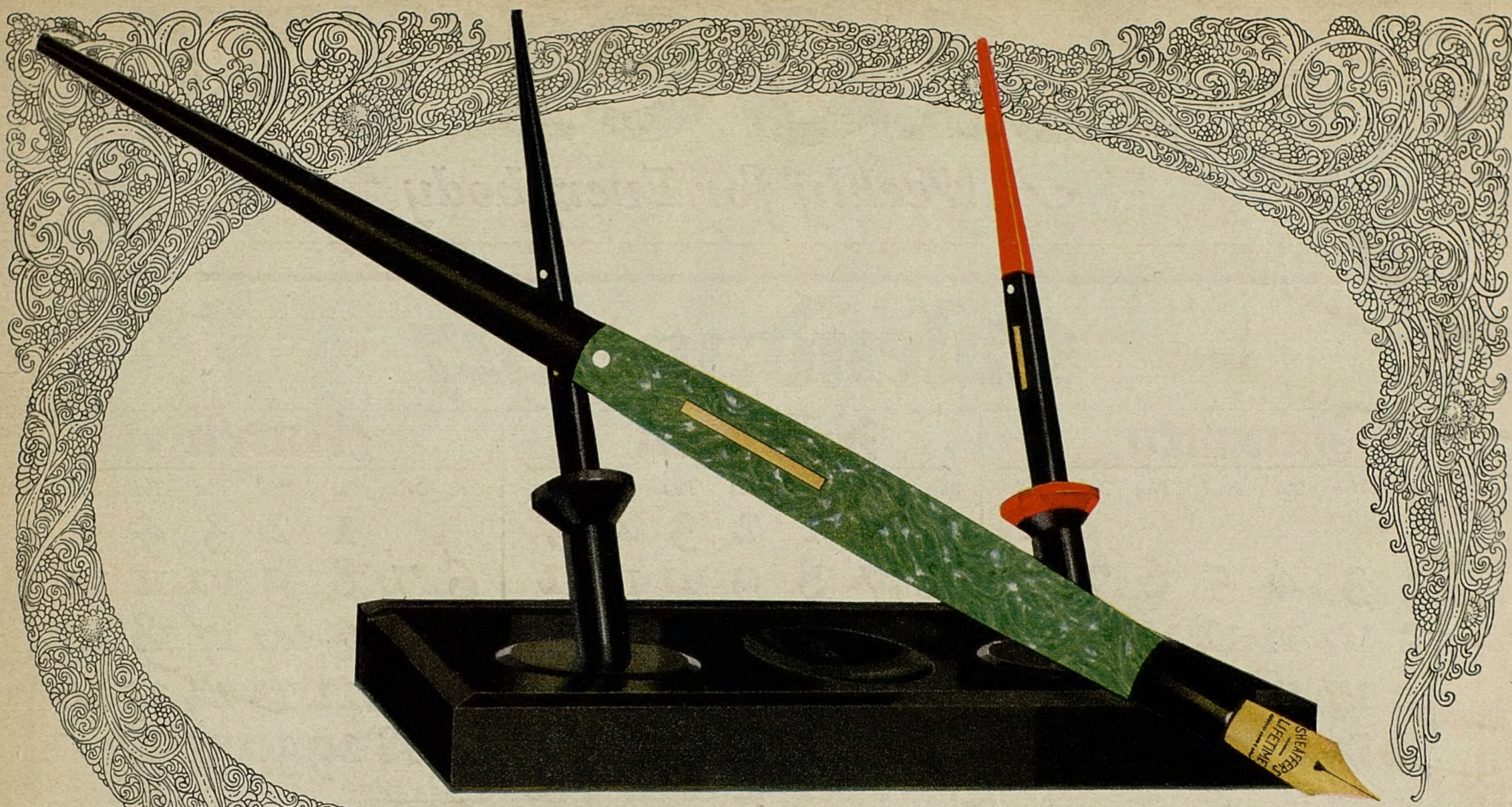


Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

This Sheaffer idea brings new beauty to your desk

Crowded with imitations is the field in which Sheaffer's Lifetime° desk set stands supreme. For imitation is ever a flattering consequence of brilliant success. But, as usual, the original leads the field—and by a far cry. Its outstanding beauty has won the world. The dependable receptacles keep ever in writing trim the nibs of Lifetime pens, always ready for instant action. No dipping—the point will not dry. And the Lifetime guarantee assures you the benefit of their instantaneous service forever—with no further cost to you. There is but one original and that you can spot by the little white dot.

Prices $10 to $30, complete with Lifetime pens

Regular Lifetime pen, $8.75. Others lower

SHEAFFER'S

PENS · PENCILS · SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY · FORT MADISON, IOWA

NEW YORK—80 FIFTH AVENUE · LONDON—199 REGENT STREET
WELLINGTON, NEW ZEALAND—86 MANNERS STREET
SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA—160 GEORGE STREET, WEST

°Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

Sheaffer's Blue Label Leads Fifteen cents

DONALD DENTON

What Will You be Earning One Year from Today?

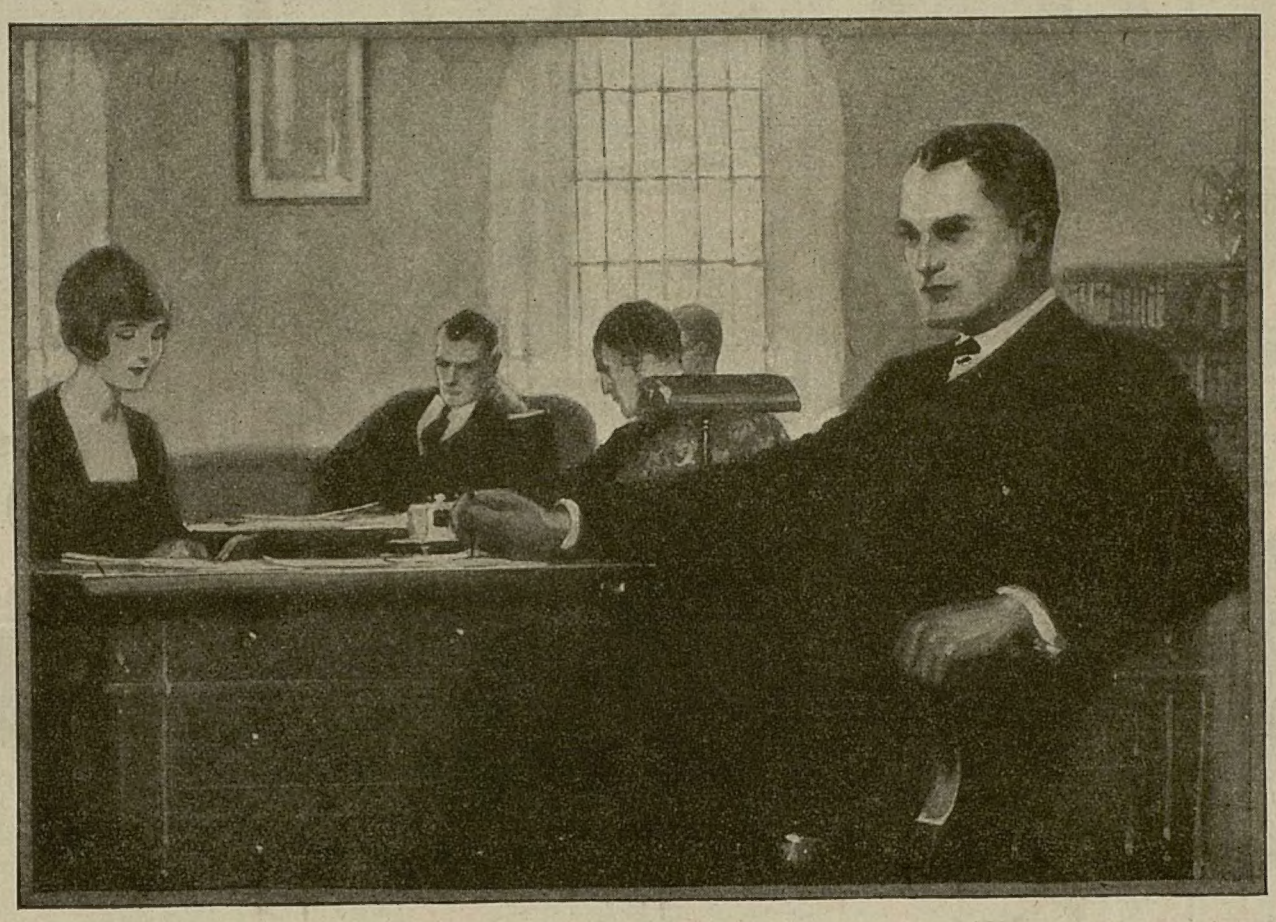
A practical Plan that is doubling men's salaries

You have said good-bye to Yesterday, with its failures and disappointments. A new To-morrow lies ahead of you. What are you going to ***do*** with it?

To the man who gives little thought to his business progress, one day is much like another —filled with routine work—rewarded by routine pay. He has ***no right*** to expect great things of the future.

But—how different the outlook of the man who is ***training*** for promotion and what a difference a mere twelve months can make in his earning power!

Give a thought, for instance, to the experience of S. N. Williams, a Kentucky man, who has specialized—with the co-operation of LaSalle Extension University — in ***Salesmanship.*** "My salary was practically doubled a short time ago," writes Williams, "but my greatest satisfaction comes from knowing that the amount of business I have written this year is easily five times greater than before." Williams, you see, has a ***real future*** — because he is constantly ***preparing*** for it.



Increases Salary 150%

Again consider the experience of Arthur W. Weber now Assistant Secretary of the Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company, one of the largest and most influential banks in the state. One of his earlier letters reads as follows:

"Since I have been training, my salary has been increased 150 per cent. This increase is an annual return of 1,107 per cent upon my investment. Not so bad when you consider that most conservative investments net only 6 or 8 per cent. Incidentally, LaSalle training has aided me in jumping from the job of time-keeper in an automobile factory to my present position as assistant auditor of the largest and best bank in Toledo in less than eighteen months.

"There is one outstanding point about LaSalle Extension University—it is not your excellent text-books or your well-built organization, but your willingness to help and encourage the student to succeed. It has been my experience that an enrollment with you is not a cold-blooded business proposition, but a real, cheerful sympathetic willingness to help the student."

More recently he writes as follows: "Monthly dividends are being paid me on my investment in LaSalle training in the form of increased salary ***at a rate in excess of 125 per cent per month.***"

You Have the Same Good Opportunity

Skeptics may suggest that the records of Mr. Williams and Mr. Weber are exceptional. And —if these men had won their advancement ***without*** the aid of home-study training, we should be bound to ***agree*** with the skeptics. For men are rarely promoted to positions they are not qualified to ***fill.*** When men have ***fitted*** themselves for advancement, however, such promotions are not exceptional at all.

That their experience could be paralleled many, many times is evidenced by the fact that during only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases, as a result of training under the LaSalle Problem Method, totaling $1,399,507.

The average increase per man was 89 per cent.

The records of these 1,248 members—representing every state in the Union and every province of Canada—are all recounted in fascinating booklets. The following are a few of the promotions recorded.

"From $110 to $385 a month."

"Clerk to Branch Manager, at $10,000 a year."

"Salesman to Sales Manager; salary doubled."

"From $1,400 to $5,000 a year."

"Passes C. P. A. examination; now partner in $20,000 firm."

A copy of tnese books will be sent you for the asking. And—they're well worth sending for!

Send for Salary-Doubling Plan—Free

Yesterday is past. Let's not be hampered by it. Tomorrow is ahead of us. ***Let's make the most of it!***

Below this text there's a coupon—just such a coupon as Williams and Weber once signed, and hundreds of thousands of others who, thru home-study training, have added greatly to their earning power.

You know your ambitions. They will decide for you the training you should undertake.

You do ***not*** know your ***capabilities.*** But—they will unfold for you more wonderfully than you could dare to hope, once you begin with seriousness to fit yourself for bigger things.

Start today toward that better place, that bigger salary, by checking, signing and mailing the coupon NOW.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

FIND YOURSELF THROUGH LA SALLE

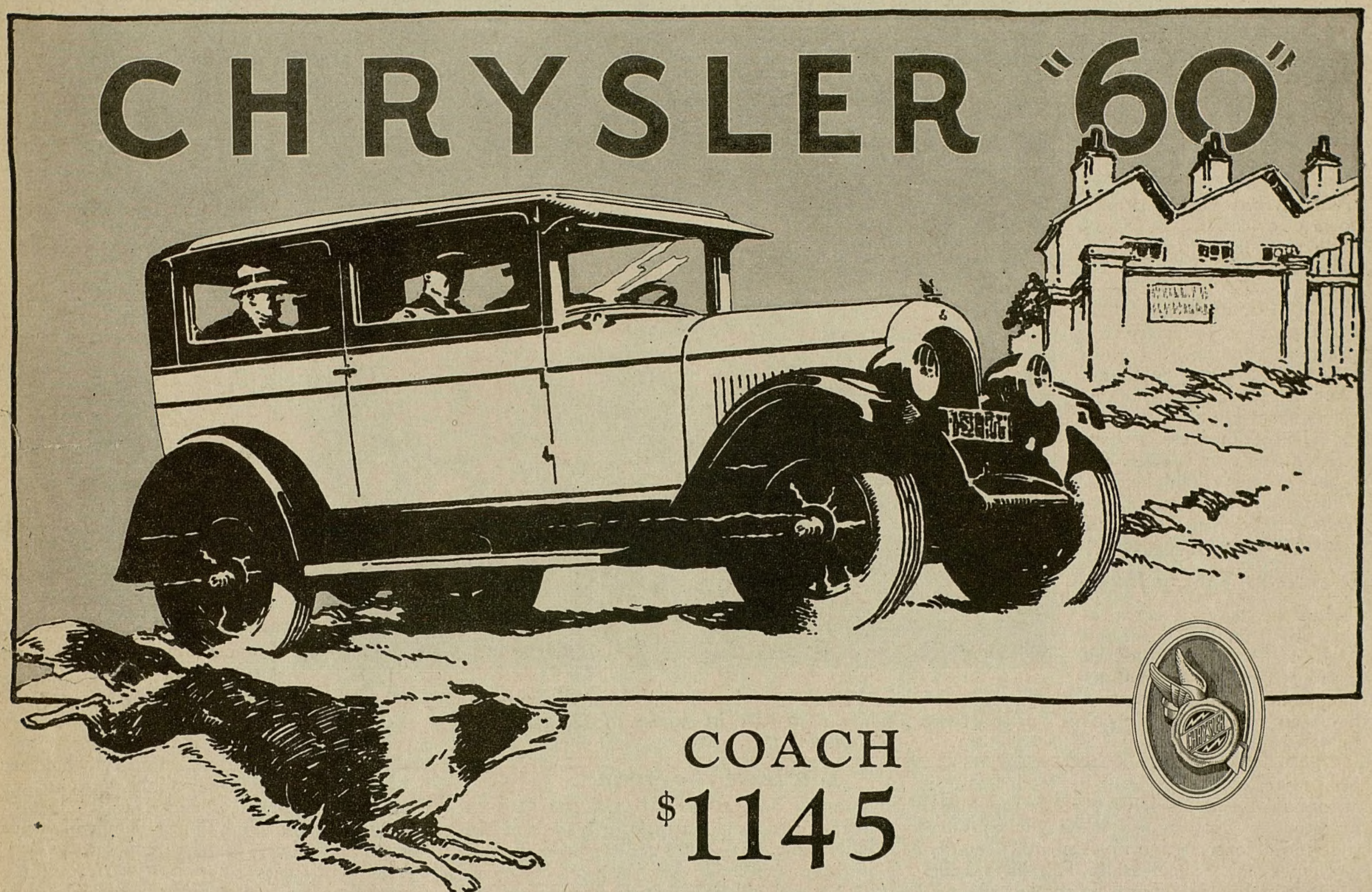
LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY ·Dept. 131-R Chicago

I shall be glad to have details of your **salary-doubling plan,** together with complete information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.
- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.
- ☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.
- ☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**
- ☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.
- ☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- ☐ **Industrial Management:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.
- ☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.
- ☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager and positions relating to Employe Service.
- ☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.
- ☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
- ☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.

Name..... *Present Position*..... *Address*.....

FEATURES PLUS—*the reason why the Chrysler "60" stands out so unmistakably alone and in constrast with other values in the light-six field*



COACH
$1145

WHEN you place the Chrysler "60" alongside of the ordinary six you will instantly recognize why any attempt to compare it "feature" against "feature" is in vain.

At once you have overwhelming evidence that the Chrysler "60" not only excels in the mere number of "features" but even more particularly in the quality of those "features".

For the Chrysler "60" has finely balanced seven-bearing crankshaft, impulse neutralizer, oil-filter, air-cleaner, Chrysler four-wheel hydraulic brakes, full pressure lubrication, manifold heat control and road levelizers, combined with matchless beauty and superb appearance.

But the Chrysler "60" offers you these "features" *plus* the matchless performance, dependability and long life that are inevitably built into every Chrysler—and to a degree far beyond that found in this price class due to the unique Chrysler plan of Quality Standardization. The model number "60" means that this car is built as if required to give its maximum performance for every mile and minute of its life.

It is for this reason, even more than for its marked excellence in "features", that the Chrysler "60" is recognized as *beyond comparison* with any other car of its type and price—unmistakably supreme in the light-six field.

All Chrysler models—"50", "60", "70" and Imperial "80"—will be exhibited at the National Automobile Shows; at the annual special model display at the Commodore Hotel, during the New York Show, Jan. 8-15, and at the Balloon Room of the Congress Hotel during the Chicago Show, Jan. 29-Feb. 5.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

NEW LOWER CHRYSLER "60" PRICES

	OLD PRICES	NEW PRICES	SAVINGS
Club Coupe - -	$1165	$1125	$40
Coach - - -	1195	1145	50
Sedan - - -	1295	1245	50

Touring Car - $1075 Roadster (with rumble seat) $1175

All prices f. o. b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

JAN. 1, 1927

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

OIL AND TROUBLED WATERS—*An Editorial*

Despite discreet reserve in the State Department and sulky silence from Mexico, the oil situation remains serious, with even more serious potentialities. The Mexican government appears determined to force the issue, even to the extent of confiscating the properties, the improvements, and even the oil impounded in drilled wells belonging to American, British, and Dutch companies.

The oil companies purchased lands in good faith, developed the oil, often paying two, three, even four claimants in order to secure perfect titles to oil-producing tracts. The Mexican government invited and encouraged their investments.

The real point in the oil situation is that civilization needs Mexican oil to continue its progress. The United States owns 85 per cent of all oil-burning automobiles and machinery.

The Indians of Mexico do not need the oil. They were not developing it; nor would they develop it in the next fifty or even a hundred years. It was no good to Mexico, nor to the rest of the world, until foreign capital developed it. Now it pays Mexico well in duties on commodities and machinery. Foreign capital has given employment to tens of thousands of Mexicans in the oil-field territory, at wages higher than in any other district of the Republic.

The effort of the United States to protect the investments of its subjects is meeting more opposition in the United States, almost, than it is in Mexico. Our alleged intelligentsia, "Little Americans," "internationalists," socialists—the Greenwich Village type of intelligence, tinged with various tones of red and pink—all are united against the United States.

It is a growing custom for these people, whenever we are in dispute with Nicaragua, Filipino politicians, Japanese intriguers, Mexico, or any foreign country, to decide immediately that we are wrong. With them the United States always is wrong, regardless of the merits of the case. They are ready at a moment's notice to rush to the aid of any other country.

They are flag besmirchers, unless the flag be a red one. They are theorists, and count for nothing. The Americans, British, and Dutch who have invested nearly $2,000,000,000 in Mexican oil are dealing with facts, not theories.

BETTER TAKE YOUR WIVES ALONG, BOYS, AND MAKE SURE—*An Editorial*

Some readers, especially members of the American Legion, and even more especially married ones, have raised objections to an editorial regarding the Sacred Pilgrimage of the Legion to France next summer.

We mildly stated that perhaps some of the boys might not hear curfew ring in the Latin Quarter, and that possibly red hair and *vin rouge* might be as great attractions as the battle fields.

We are assured by many (especially those whose wives are a little doubtful) that this is to be truly a sacred pilgrimage. For some (especially those whose wives go) it probably will be; but we persist in the idea that for others it will be class-day reunion on the old campus.

The old grads of the war will incline to hold reunions—and reunions where hip flasks are not necessary. Possibly some still will have a few addresses and telephone numbers to look up. We should like to believe that all of the 30,000 will be good little boys—but boys will be boys and Paris will be Paris.

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Cover—A Calendar for 1927

IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Smiles, Chuckles, Laughs, Giggles!

P. G. WODEHOUSE, jester pre-eminent to the nation, has written a comedy masterpiece in his latest story, JEEVES AND THE IMPENDING DOOM. This tale of a terrible aunt and a perfect valet, who irons out a crease in his master's life, proves conclusively that a water pipe, not a dog, is man's best friend. Don't miss this narrative of a gentleman's gentleman with a straight-eight brain.

CONFESSIONS OF A BOOTLEGGER contains some startling revelations. In it, "Jimmy," one of New York's best known rum venders, whispers his adventures into the ear of PAUL GALLICO. It's authentic, all of it.

The art of making love has been perfected since Eve first winked at Adam. WILLIAM WEER demonstrates the newest improvements in this oldest of pastimes in SHE LOOPS TO CONQUER. It's the story of two sky-writers who fall for each other, and of a proposal in love letters a mile high.

What's America's national sport? Baseball? Wrong. Football? No. Prize fighting? Wrong again. HUGH FULLERTON, noted sports writer, gives the correct answer in AMERICA'S REAL NATIONAL GAME. Here's an article no lover of athletic contests should miss.

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more distance on the *same* set

Want more stations on that storage battery set of yours? Want the far-away ones you get now to come in more easily and regularly? The Radiotron laboratories have developed a *super-detector* that slips right into the socket where you have a Radiotron UX-201-A now. Just change that one to a Radiotron UX-200-A.

It makes your set sensitive to fainter signals—reaches out to farther stations—picks up weaker ones you couldn't get before. It makes a big change for a very small cost!

* * * * * * *

Bring your storage battery set up-to-date with
a power RADIOTRON UX-171 or UX-112
a detector RADIOTRON UX-200-A
and RADIOTRONS UX-201-A for all-round quality.

Bring your dry battery set up-to-date with
a power RADIOTRON UX-120
and RADIOTRONS UX-199 for all-round quality.

HEATING METAL INSIDE OF GLASS

EVERYONE knows that glass melts easily, and metal requires a high temperature. Yet, at the Radiotron laboratories, the experimenters can put a Radiotron in the coil of a "high frequency furnace" and melt the metal *inside it* without melting the glass. This is done by an electric current that is induced inside the glass bulb, right through the glass.

This extraordinary furnace is not only used for experiment. In manufacture, every single Radiotron goes for a moment through such a furnace, just after the air has been exhausted out of it. The inside metal is heated red hot in the vacuum, and the tiny air bubbles boil right out of the metal and the glass, and are pumped away. Never before could such an exhaust be obtained.

This means *real performance* when the Radiotron gets into your set. And it adds another reason for insisting on a genuine RCA Radiotron with the RCA mark on the base and the glass. There are Radiotrons for every purpose.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE RADIOLA

The Accidental Kiss

A Tale of a Man Who Tried to Forget and a Girl Who Made Him Remember

A Two-Part Story by

AUSTIN PARKER

Pictures by ARMSTRONG SPERRY

JOHN BLAKE, dizzy, senses bewildered, saw only the shadowy oval of her face.

PART ONE

ON the road to Deauville, a little less than half the way from Paris, there is a sharp declivity and an abrupt turn to the right. Warning signs have been put out, but signs have a way of flashing quickly and unheeded past a car that is doing better than sixty; and the continuation of that slope, especially when headlights are fighting against the first wan glimmer of dawn, is an illusion, a mirage of a road.

An oxcart, with a couple of husky peasants holding back upon the wheels, might make the turn safely—but not a heavy, lunging car driven by a young man who has spent the night in the gay kaleidoscope of Montmartre's cafes.

John Blake, with the girl he had married in New York a month before sitting breathlessly thrilled beside him, drove straight into the mirage. These things lived in his memory: Marcia's faint scream as they leaped off into dark space; the rending chaos of sound as the car struck—like the world splitting apart; the pitifully limp little body, still in the soft, warm fur of an evening wrap; and then the clop-clop-clop of the wooden shoes of peasants running to them.

They found John Blake unconscious, huddled over the girl, face pressed to hers. Marcia was dead.

AFTER a man has been desperately drunk for eighteen months he is quite likely to need rest and quiet. John Blake needed it badly, and he got it through being charitably shanghaied by Don Alfredo Alvarez and thrown aboard a stinking little trading tub—the Dorothea.

Don Alfredo was short a white man on one of his trading barges anchored down the coast, and he thought that Blake might handle the job decently enough—if he managed to get sober, which was something of a gamble.

As Don Alfredo explained to the patrons of Las Tres Estrellas, the dive from which Blake's unkempt and unresisting form was removed, one took one's chances with incipient D. T.'s—they all remembered that English fellow who set fire to his barge and disappeared into the jungle; and that other, the fool who took a leap away from his horrors into the bay where sharks' fins were slicing the water.

No one knew—least of all John Blake himself—just how he happened to stumble into that dirty little port town of the tropics. It was one of those towns that exist like a fester between the serene, brooding jungle and the blue ocean; a hideous place for a white man to be stranded.

It was just Don Alfredo's providential need of a white man that saved Blake from being thrown bodily out of the saloon after the last of his few remaining dollars, Mex, had traveled from his slack fingers into the grasping paw of Raphael Tudela, who ran Las Tres Estrellas.

Blake didn't remember arriving in port and he didn't remember leaving. Life, after Marcia's death, had become a long blackness, with someone turning on lights at irregular intervals to give him a glimpse of utterly grotesque scenes; then blackness again. A water-front dive. A street fight. A maudlin derelict sing-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ACCIDENTAL KISS
Continued from Page Seven]

ing a "mother song" and bawling.

A night in Montmartre when he had thrown the bespangled heaven of spenders into a panic by buying ten thousand dollars' worth of champagne and opening bottles until the floors ran with the stuff: he happened to be, that night, on a maniacal hunt for a champagne in which the bubbles went down instead of up. Six "bobbies" in Liverpool who held him on the floor. Women fighting like alley cats, clawing one another, yanking hair and tearing clothes, while he offered to bet a thousand that the blonde would win.

And then there were trains and boats that took an incredibly long time in going from one barroom to another. He was forced to take trains and boats to elude the members of his family, who were always pursuing him.

Of Las Tres Estrellas he could remember only a painted girl who sat upon his lap, kissing him and fondling his cheek, her face as it changed into a ghastly leering caricature of Marcia's loveliness, and her frantic, screaming rage when he dumped her in horror to the floor.

There was a white-faced fellow, the only American in town, who used all his strength to play a rattling, discordant piano long enough and hard enough to buy cocaine to give himself strength to go on playing—an incessant, nightmarish struggle in which he was always losing.

Faintly he remembered someone—it turned out later to be Jorgensen, master of the Dorothea—saying, "New boss, Chimes," and the slow, "Yes, master," in answer.

Protests formed in his mind and collapsed before he could

THE day's trading was over. Indians had come with their dugouts perilously loaded with coconuts and dark cakes of crude rubber, and had departed with salt, shot for their ancient muzzle-loaders, print goods, and brass earrings. They had disappeared into the jungle; but John Blake knew that they were hiding at the very edge, waiting for that ever miraculous sight of the Dorothea as she rounded the end of the coral reef and came alongside the barge.

Blake himself could feel a tremor of excitement. Through the five months he had been upon the barge the arrival of the Dorothea was the only thing that made one day different from another.

The heat of the blazing sun pressed down upon the world. Blake, barefoot, dressed in ragged trousers and a sleeveless shirt, stretched his long body, yawned, and ran his fingers through his crudely cut dark hair. Bosco, his parrot, with a piece of bacon drooling from his beak, left the perch and made a noisy flight to his shoulder.

Chimes, the forlorn Hindu who was Blake's assistant and servant, who had nursed him out of that phantasmagoria of drunkenness, left the luncheon dishes, and unfolded a cot and placed it in the shade of the roofing that ran between the two deckhouses.

Blake lay down, with Bosco warily making the trip from his shoulder to his stomach, where he stationed himself with all the importance of a captain upon his bridge, eying Chimes a trifle belligerently. Bosco was a one-man parrot and Chimes was a one-man Hindu, and they had only Blake between them.

"Sleep, master?" asked Chimes.

His name, Blake had decided, was a corruption of James, evolved in the fo'c'sle of the British tramp upon which he had first shipped. Chimes was an outcast, too. He had sneaked ashore and smoked so much opium that he forgot to rejoin his ship. Don Alfredo had scavengered him from the beach.

"Yes," sighed Blake. He relaxed his muscular body—a body made strong by football and polo. There were days when the barge made his muscles feel as cramped as if he had been locked in a cage of the Inquisition.

The Hindu, naked except for a pair of trunks and an apology of a turban, squatted at the end of the cot and began to massage the soles of Blake's bare feet with his long, supple thumbs; an easy, circular motion, hypnotic, soothing. Those deft brown thumbs had rubbed away an agony of nerves in the first month that the new boss had been aboard.

"GOD, I'm lonely!" said Blake. He added as a grim afterthought, "And thirsty! I wish you could talk English."

"Understand," answered Chimes. "Don't speak much."

"Just as soon talk to Bosco."

"Yes, master."

Bosco, having swallowed his bacon, let out a raucous "Yes-master-yes-master-yes-master."

"Shut up!"

The flat undulation of the water, all that remained of the listless swells that broke over the reef, caught the white sunlight and, like huge mirrors, flashed it on the roof. Blake flipped a rag over his eyes.

"I'm lonely and thirsty," he repeated. "When my six months are up I'll go back to town and get so boiled that Don Alfredo'll have to pour me aboard the Dorothea again."

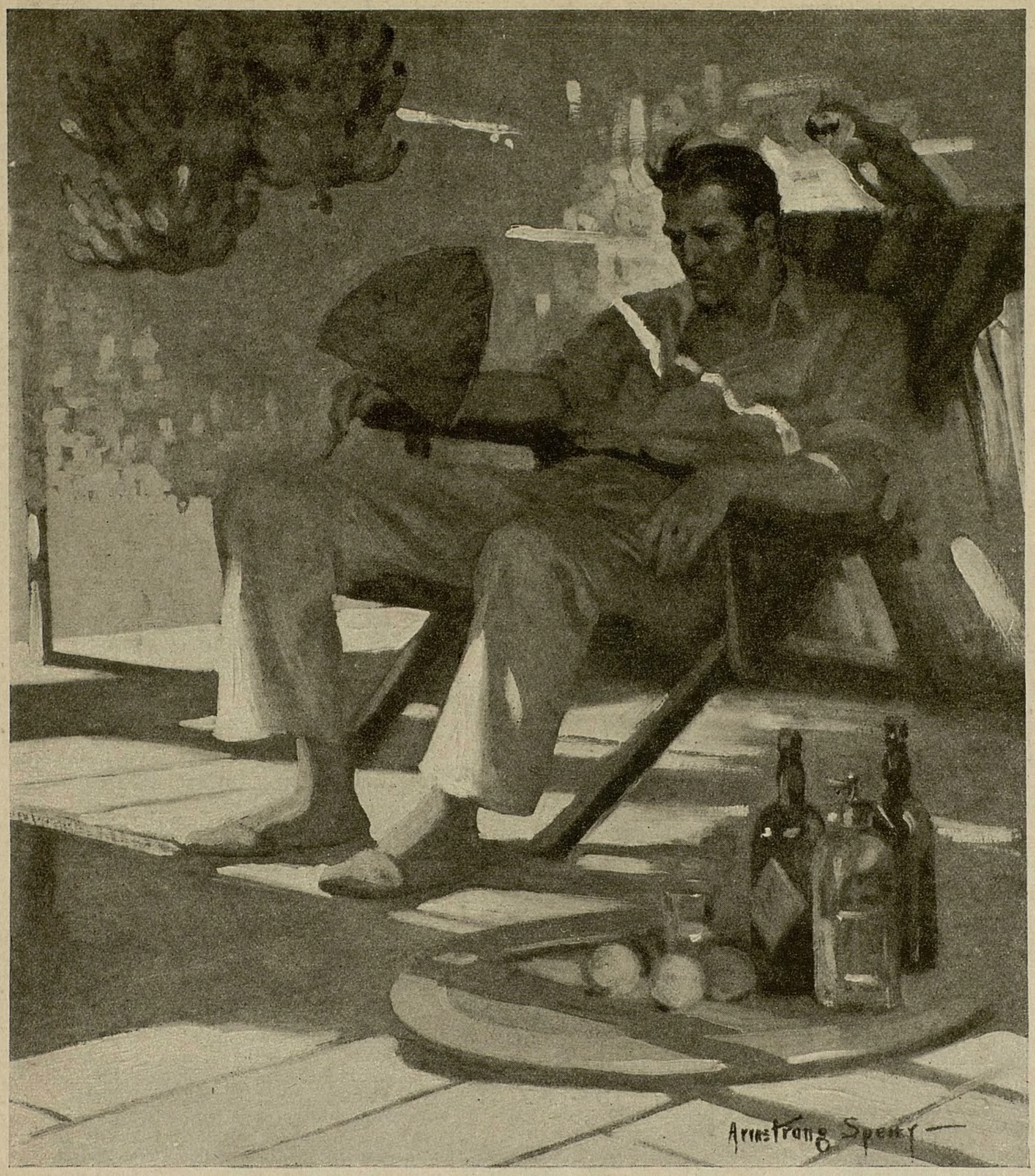
Bosco broke into humorless laughter, retreated from the Hindu's slender hand, which threatened to slap him, and perched alertly upon Blake's shoulder. "That's the hell of it, Bosco," Blake went on; "I probably will get boiled. And why?" He began to sing drowsily:

"'Is it weakness of intellect, birdie,' I cried,
'Or a rather tough worm in your little inside?
Titwillow, titwillow——'"

"You talk all time an' you don't go sleep," commented Chimes, thumbs working patiently.

"Uh-h-h, I was singing, I'll have you know," replied Blake. "If I had anyone to talk with I'd stay awake for the next month."

A moment later he was breathing heavily,



express them. This was no little gin-mill girl from the port.

with Bosco, a motionless, silent sentry, roosting upon his shoulder.

Chimes, with his Hindu ability for doing absolutely nothing, squatted at the barge's edge, eyes to the westward.

The Dorothea was due on her out trip, distributing trade goods and provisions to the barges; then, after four days, due back again on her in trip, collecting produce.

That, always that, and nothing more. Not much of a life; but, as Chimes had heard John Blake remark often enough, it was better than lots of other things. Better than being kicked about the deck by some bo's'n when the weather was so cold it made his bones hurt. He spat into the water and thought how wonderfully pleasant it would be to have a pipe and some opium.

"Boat, master," he said at last.

The stubby, dirty Dorothea, with all the busy dignity of a toy boat, steamed along the outer edge of the reef, whistle hooting, cleared the fringe of drunkenly leaning palms, and ran her snoot into the miniature bay.

Bosco shrilled hysterically, gabbled, and flapped his wings.

If it had seemed, even remotely, to have some bearing upon himself, John Blake's senses would have been confounded to discover the slight figure of a woman standing at the wheel beside the massive hulk of Jorgensen. As it was, he merely stared at her, faintly curious—she was the first woman he had seen in five months—and decided that it probably was some gin-mill girl from the port who had taken it into her head to go a-yachting aboard the Dorothea.

HE turned to make sure that Chimes was ready to receive the line when it was cast, and stopped to scratch Bosco's neck.

With her engines reversed, stern settling in the suds, the Dorothea sidled noisily toward them. Blake glanced up at the bridge and discovered that the woman—it was a girl, scarcely more than a child—was regarding him with burning intensity from beneath the rim of her cheap, floppy straw hat. She stood motionless, hands gripping the rail. A bell jangled in the engine room, and the Dorothea became inert, leaned breathless against the barge.

The sooty face of the engineer popped in the hatchway, a grinning mask. From behind the girl Jorgensen leered down, and the Negro deckhand, making fast the hauser, shot back a swift glance under his arm.

Jorgensen abandoned the wheel and lumbered to the side.

"I brang purtty gurl fur visit you," he explained, swinging from the bridge to the barge. "Come on—yump, purtty girl—yump to Papa Yorgensen!"

The girl stood rooted, small hands clenching the rail, eyes still burning upon John Blake.

"What the devil?" he demanded of Jorgensen.

"Sure! She say, 'I bane gotta go visit Yohnny Blake,' an' I say, 'Sure-as-hell-come-on!'"

His gross countenance, with its bright little eyes, wart of a nose, and sensual, thick-lipped gash of a mouth, beamed upon the young man.

The girl's voice broke the silence. "I had to come!" she explained. She added, irrelevantly but hopefully, "My name is Sarah Kelly." (As though that proved anything!)

BLAKE stared at her, conscious of the grins of the Dorothea's crew. She was an exquisitely pretty child, dressed in an angularly cut frock of black cotton. The oval of her face, its expression heavy with anxiety and trouble, was turned upon him beseechingly.

The black deckhand had slapped down a plank and was letting crates of trade goods and supplies slide to the barge.

"Come on; yump down!" exclaimed Jorgensen impatiently.

Her gaze was steadfastly upon Blake.

"Yes," he said slowly; "come on the barge."

For the first time the girl stirred from her position. She took up an antique suitcase, passed it down to Blake, gave him her hands, and jumped. Once aboard the barge, she sighed and raised her eyes slowly to meet his—brown eyes in which there seemed to be an inextinguishable faith both in herself and in him.

"I had to come," she said again.

"I don't understand."

"I was all alone," she went on imperturbably, as though the mere fact of her having achieved the barge settled everything except the barest explanation. "Father died, you see, and I was all alone. There weren't any other Americans. And then I heard about you, and I knew you'd take care of me. You will, won't you?"

Blake, stunned, glanced hopelessly from the girl to the smirking Jorgensen and back to the girl again. Protests formed in his mind and collapsed before he could express them. This was no little gin-mill girl from the port, no little water-front tommy to be sent off on a four-day junket down the coast aboard the Dorothea. Already the last of the crates had hit the barge deck, and the Negro, his half-naked body shining with sweat, stood waiting beside the plank for the captain to come aboard.

"Um-m, what a nice time you have now!" exclaimed Jorgensen. He nudged Blake and rolled his eyes.

Blake moved angrily away and confronted the girl.

"You'll have to stay here, of course, until the Dorothea comes back." She gave him an odd, bright smile and nodded.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE ACCIDENTAL KISS Continued from Page Nine]

Jorgensen lumbered toward his boat. Behind a stubby, red-bristled hand he said, "Look in da can' goots what Yorgy brang you. Um-m-m—um-m-m!" He smacked his lips and scrambled up the plank. "Um-m-m—um-m!"

"Oh, get to blazes out of here!" answered Blake in an acidulous undertone.

Jorgensen's sensual, leering mug was smeared with a grin, and as the Dorothea moved in her agitated fashion away from the barge he leaned toward them, throwing kisses. On the after-deck, the Negro exposed two rows of white teeth against ebony lips.

"It was very kind of Mr. Jorgensen to bring me, wasn't it?" said the girl.

"Yes—very!" The sarcasm missed her, and he added, "Oh—Jorgy's all right, in his way. Sit down."

He pointed to the only chair aboard the barge, and shoved a crate over with his bare foot for himself.

"And so your name's Sarah Kelly?"

"Yes," she replied, with a little escape of breath.

"All right, Sarah, tell me all about it. What's the trouble? How old are you?"

"Seventeen."

HE glanced at her more sharply. "I thought you were younger."

"Oh, no," she assured him; "I'll be eighteen in a few months. Perhaps it's the dress that makes me look young. It's my convent dress, you see. It isn't very pretty. But I have another one that I made myself, and it's much prettier. It makes me look older, too."

Her eyes were shining now with all the eagerness of a friendly puppy.

"And I have my hair up. At the convent I had to wear it in a braid."

She flung off her straw hat and exposed a lustrous mass of dark hair, unskillfully done and threatening to undo itself at the least toss of her head.

"What convent was it?" asked Blake, rolling a cigarette.

The imperturbable Chimes, as though he were used to seeing women aboard the barge, began hacking at crates.

"After while, Chimes."

"Yes, master."

Bosco took that as his cue to set up a din of "Yes-master-yes-master-yes-master," and flapped his way to Blake's shoulder.

The girl's eyes widened. "Oh, how beautiful he is! May I touch him?"

"He bites little girls," Blake warned her. "What about the convent?"

"It was at San Sablo. I've been there since I was eleven—until a few weeks ago. Then father sent for me. He couldn't afford to pay to have the sisters keep me any longer." Her face became sober and she paused. "Poor father—he was so very ill! I wonder if you knew him. He played the piano at Las Tres Estrellas."

Blake stared at her, aghast. Knew him? That poor wreck, hammering a rattling piano ten hours a day for his cocaine! From his blurred recollections of Las Tres Estrellas he recaptured a dim picture of the pinched white face and tired eyes.

"Yes, I knew him," he said slowly.

Sarah Kelly's eyes glowed and she leaned anxiously toward him, lips slightly parted.

"And you'll tell me all about him?" she asked breathlessly.

"I didn't know him very well," he replied. Sensing her pang of disappointment in the shadow that came into her expression, he added, "But I thought he was quite the nicest man I've ever met in this part of the world." The quick brightening of her face encouraged him to continue: "And he played the piano very beautifully."

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed almost negligently, as though that went without saying. "He studied music in Europe and he was *very* well known at home!"

Her air was even a little patronizing, and he said to himself, "Funny youngster!"

"Oh, ver-ry well known!" she continued earnestly. "Why, father wrote all the shows that mother was in—The Hidden Princess and Golden Days! Mother's name was Anne Bowen."

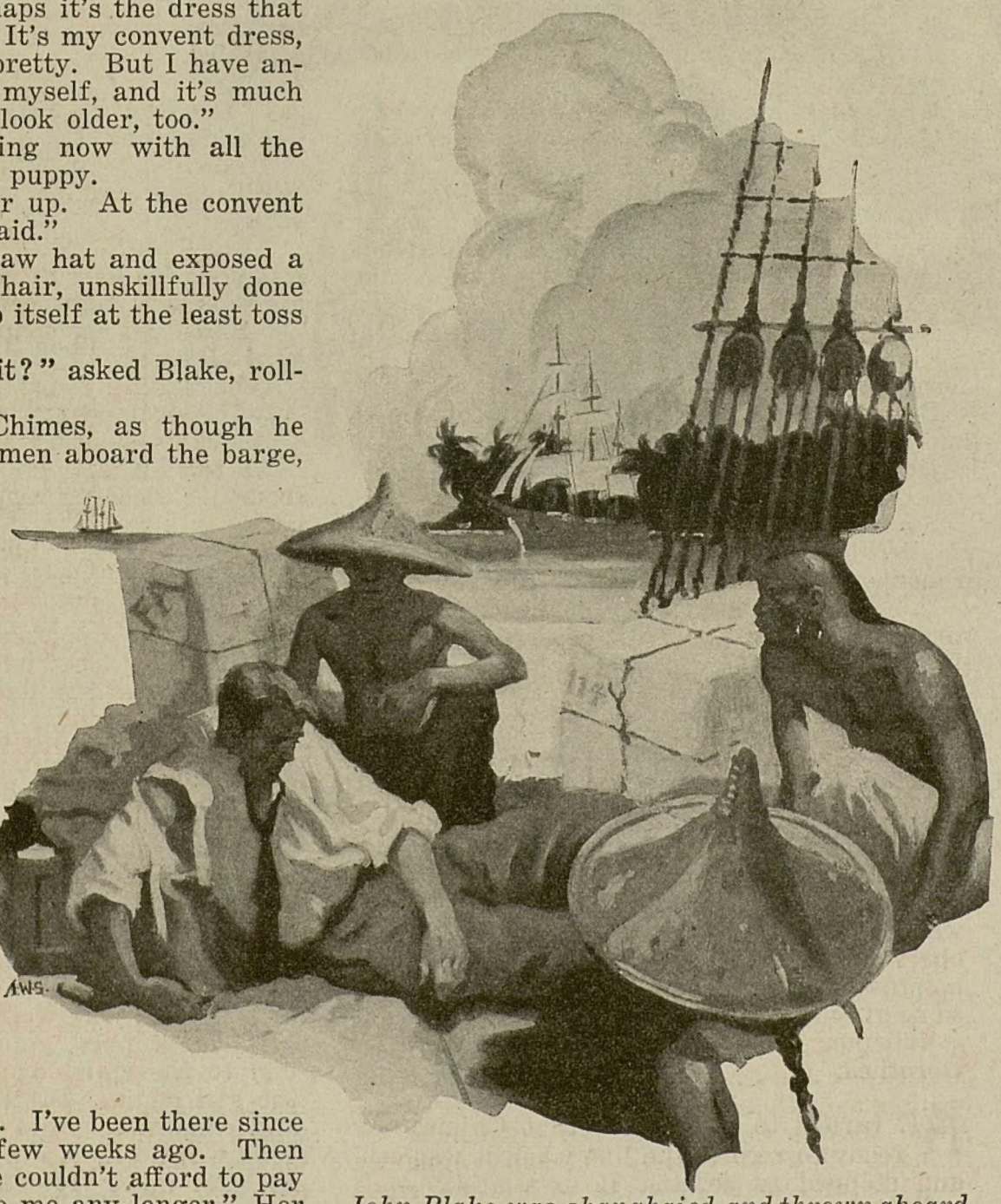
"What!" he nearly shouted.

She was in an immediate flutter of excitement. "And did you know her, too?"

"No, I didn't know her, but—why, that was when I was at college. We used to jam the theater every night she was in town! Anne Bowen!"

"Yes; and father wrote the shows! How funny of you not to know that! I've got lots of programs and pictures—tons of them! I'll show them to you later. No—"

Her knees banged upon the deck and she began to work at the straps of the dilapidated suitcase. "I'll show them to you now."



John Blake was shanghaied and thrown aboard a stinking little trading tub.

The opened case disclosed a wardrobe that could have been held easily in one hand, and a litter of papers and pictures, some loose, some tied in bundles. Together they bent over them.

ANNE BOWEN! Lovely Anne Bowen! His eyes kept straying from the pictures to the girl's flushed face. The same eyes and mouth and softly rounded chin—and at moments, just in brief flashes, the same delightful gayety of expression.

It was John Blake who finally closed the suitcase.

"I want you to tell me all about it," he said. "Everything that's happened—how you came to this country."

She clasped her hands, delicate and white against the dull black of her skirt, and gazed solemnly out across the water.

The story, in its synopsis, was that Anne Bowen had died when Sarah was eight years old. David Kelly had fallen desperately ill in consequence. She and her father went south in the hope that his health would improve. Also, she explained carefully, there was a certain kind of medicine—the only thing that made him feel better—that was very difficult to get in the States. He could get it very easily in the south.

At first she had a governess and they lived in nice hotels. But a governess and nice hotels were so fearfully expensive that they went still farther south and she was sent to the convent. Upon three eventful occasions her father had come there to visit her, each time more wan and more discouraged. Sometimes the Sister Superior had been cross because payments came so irregularly.

At last word came for Sarah to rejoin her father, and she found him in bed, dying. Don Alfredo had taken up a collection at Las Tres Estrellas to cover the burial expenses.

"I'd like to meet Don Alfredo some time," said Blake.

"But you must have met him," challenged Sarah. "Why, he owns the Dorothea and the barge and—and everything."

"Well, of course, I've met him," Blake admitted, recalling the circumstances of his departure. "But I mean really to know him. He's a hard character, but there's something decent about him, all the same."

"I LIKED him better than the others. Some of them weren't very nice."

"Who wasn't very nice?"

"Well—Raphael Tudela, for one. He's the man who owns Las Tres Estrellas, where father played."

"I remember that swine!" said Blake angrily. "What did he do?"

"Oh, nothing much," she answered uneasily, hands straining together. "But I was afraid of him. He kept asking me to come to Las Tres Estrellas. But I wouldn't."

"Good Lord—no!"

He rose abruptly, as though he had been yanked on a string, and moved slowly to the other end of the deck, where Chimes was setting the table for dinner. Already the sky and the blue waters of the cove were darkening with evening. He stood for a moment, watching Chimes in an absent fashion, then turned back to the girl. She too had risen, and was waiting for him to speak to her.

"I'm glad you came here," he said. "I understand now. It was the only thing."

"And you won't send me away?" she asked anxiously.

"We'll decide later what's the best thing to do."

He heard the quick intake of her breath and caught the look of fear in her eyes. Pity for her struck him, and he hastened to add:

"But don't worry. I promise to take care of you."

She stood, arms limp at her sides, like a willing little slave. "I'll be ever so good, Mr. Blake! I'll do everything you tell me to do!"

He forced himself to smile. "Yes—and you're not to worry."

That first resentment that he had felt at her presence aboard the barge caught him again, and he turned away, smile fading, lips hardening in a quick spasm of anger. What right had she to be there? he asked himself. To come, like one of life's ironies, to this retreat from the world and recreate in his mind visions of things he had tried so desperately, so bitterly, to destroy?

Blake had wanted, true enough, someone with whom he could talk. A man with whom

he could drink and talk about life, cursing the whole mess of it if they chose—not a girl who had the power to remind him of everything he wanted to forget.

The barge had swung with the tide, and he stood at the bow, gazing at the fringe of palms silhouetted against the dark rim of the sky, trying to regain the composure from which he had been shaken in that sudden gust of emotion. His hands were trembling and clammy with perspiration. When, at last, he sauntered amidships, he had found poise enough to say pleasantly: "We're not very well fixed here for guests, but we'll get along. That's supposed to be the living quarters."

He nodded toward the after deckhouse.

"It's unbearably hot and stuffy after the sun's been cooking it all day long. You can sleep in there if you like, but you'll be more comfortable with your cot on deck. Then we can share the deckhouse as a dressing-room. The other house is the store. Chimes does the cooking aft and sleeps forward."

She listened, face illuminated by the odd, bright smile he had noticed earlier. At last she exclaimed, "It's so peaceful and quiet here!"

"That's about all we've ever had on the barge—peace and quiet," he answered distantly, regretting that they had been shattered.

She sighed. "I think I'd like to stay here—always!"

UNTIL Chimes placed upon the table before his widening eyes a bottle of whisky, John Blake had not thought again of Jorgy's whispered, "Look in da can' goots what Yorgy brang you." A flame of delight leaped within him, the very tip of it at his throat, burning. With a glance at the girl, he poured out a half-tumbler and sipped it.

"What's that?" she asked.

"Whisky."

She sniffed. "Oh, I know! Father used to drink it, too."

"Part of his medicine?" Blake asked.

"I suppose so. They said it was the only thing that kept him alive until I came."

Then, in intense sympathy, she leaned toward him, face glowing in the wan light of the kerosene lantern swung overhead.

"Are you ill, too?"

He took a gulp from the tumbler. "Sick of life," he answered, voice dull. "I presume that's an illness—just like a broken leg or typhoid. Only it's harder to cure."

"I don't understand."

"I didn't mean anything," Blake responded negligently. "I was just talking."

"Then you're not really ill?" persisted the girl.

"No."

Silence fell between them—that heavy burden of tropical silence, broken only by the soft lapping of warm little ripples against the hull of the barge. Blake sat with his elbows upon the table, hands pressed against his head like blinders, gazing upon nothing at all.

Sarah Kelly was motionless, studying the indistinct green ball of Bosco, head under wing, dozing upon his perch. At last she sighed, and with an effort Blake dragged himself from his thoughts to glance at her.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You're dead tired, aren't you? And you want to go to bed."

She smiled sleepily. "I *am* tired."

His long body rose from the layer of shadow into the yellow glow of the suspended lantern.

"You run along and get undressed. I'll fix your cot."

After the door of the deckhouse had closed behind her, Blake stood for a moment in thought. He went to the storeroom and ripped off six yards of the cheap white cotton goods that the Indian women used as a base for their embroidered gala dresses, and laid it over the canvas cot as an upper and lower sheet. Then he wadded one of his shirts into the loop at the head of the cot to form a pillow.

Her answering "Yes" came like a faint cry.

After pushing the table to the wall, he unfolded his own cot and extinguished the lantern.

Blake slept without the formality of sheets and pillows, or even of undressing.

He finally turned toward the table, poured another half-tumbler of whisky, and sat down.

Several minutes passed before the door of the deckhouse creaked open behind him; then a moment of silence, as if she wanted to speak to him and dared not. Sensing again that passionately eager, puppylike desire for friendliness, he said:

"I've made your bed for you. I'm going to sit up a while."

"You've been very kind to me!"

"Oh, no," he answered uselessly.

Another moment of silence.

"Good night, Mr. Blake."

"Good night, Sarah. Sleep tight."

"And you too."

The cot creaked.

"Thanks."

His mind dwelt for an instant, with no humor, upon the *double entendre*.

EXCEPT for the cigarettes he rolled and lighted, and the nearly surreptitious lifting of his glass, Blake sat motionless. And yet his mind went tumbling in an avalanche of thoughts and memories. Clear, poignantly vivid pictures of no sequence whatever formed before eyes that stared into the dull boarding of the storeroom:

The crowds at the football games; Marcia's flushed, excited face as she greeted him after the last chukker of polo; a group of red-coated huntsmen loitering before the huge fireplace at home; that wild plunge into darkness and space on the road to Deauville; the velvety nose of Rambo, his favorite pony, nuzzling for lumps of sugar.

He tipped the bottle again.

And who was riding Rambo now? And did they ever talk of Johnny Blake at home? Or did they think he had struck the bottom of the pit and died there? What if he wrote to them?

But no—they would search him out.

That life was irrevocably ended. And why had this girl, this pretty child—this damn' virgin in distress, he called her—come to devil him?

His voice, thick with whisky and anguish, broke out disgustedly, "Oh, God!"

The cot creaked behind him. He got to his feet and turned to find Sarah Kelly standing in the faint moonlight.

She was drawing a skimpy bathrobe over her shoulders.

"But you are ill!" she exclaimed, voice quavering.

He stood gripping the edge of the table.

"No, I'm not! Go on back to bed!" he commanded.

"But you are! I know."

SHE approached him, approached like a white flame through the close envelopment of evening.

"I know because I've seen father sit in the dark and drink. And sometimes he used to say 'Oh, God!'—just as you said it. I know—I understand!"

"You don't understand anything," he replied, anger rising through the dullness of his voice.

"But I do!" Her cool, small hands were laid upon his bare arms. They slipped toward his shoulders, tightened there.

"Please let me help you and take care of you! Please!"

John Blake, dizzy, senses bewildered, saw only the shadowy oval of her face.

His arms encircled her and their lips met.

An instant later he straightened, tore away from her clasping arms, and imprisoned her hands in his.

"Now," he said hoarsely, "go on back to bed—and stay there! For God's sake, do as I tell you to do!"

"Yes," she breathed.

He released her, and she obeyed silently.

Blake leaned against one of the stanchions, head thrown back.

The hot flames that had lapped at his brains had subsided.

"Sarah," he said at last.

"Yes."

"When I kissed you, it just meant that I like you very much—that I'm glad I was here for you to come to when you were in trouble. Do you understand? A sort of accidental kiss."

Her answering "Yes" came like a faint cry, almost of protest.

To himself he mumbled, "I'm a damn' rotter!"

With the bottle hidden behind the leg of his trousers, he moved to a point of the deck where her eyes could not follow him. Then he took one last hot gulp of it, let the bottle slip over the side. Regretfully he heard the soft glug-glug as the only whisky within a hundred miles mixed itself into a salt-water highball and went to the bottom.

WHAT was to result from the accidental kiss? Was it to link Sarah with the sodden life and cynical despair of John Blake, or was it to mark the beginning of a new chapter in the life he had sought to throw away? You'll find the answer in the second and final part of this story in the next issue of LIBERTY.

Betting Millions

The Amazing Story of the World's Greatest Espionage System

THE moral character of the nation is under the eye of life insurance companies.

An Article by

FLORABEL MUIR

TO Dan Gillette, whom few persons outside the insurance world ever heard of, belongs the credit for starting the largest and most amazing espionage system in history.

At least 3,000,000 persons — some say 5,000,000—are members of the corps that Dan Gillette began mobilizing about 1884. Each member of this vast army is a sensitive feeler put out by the 1,050 insurance companies of the United States to gauge the moral fiber of applicants for policies.

All this came about a little more than forty years ago, when insurance officials began conning their records and found that the biblical aphorism, "The wages of sin is death," is entirely in accord with the facts.

They discovered that death comes early to the majority of those who transgress the moral code.

Thus began a system for discovering the secrets of those undesirables whose moral frailty might cost the insurance companies millions of dollars in premature death claims.

The need for this personal investigation becomes clear upon examining the lists of individuals who carry very large insurance policies.

For example, there are in the United States, according to the *Spectator*, an insurance publication, nearly 150 persons, any one of whose death would cost the underwriters $1,000,000 or more. The list is as follows:

Rodman Wanamaker, New York	$7,500,000
Jesse L. Lasky, New York	5,000,000
Frank P. Book, Detroit	5,000,000
J. Burgess Book, Detroit	5,000,000
Herbert V. Book, Detroit	5,000,000
William Ziegler, New York	4,500,000
John McE. Bowman, New York	4,000,000
C. F. Kettering, Dayton	4,000,000
Pierre S. Du Pont, Wilmington	3,000,000
Mrs. Mollie Newbury, Chicago	3,000,000
Percy A. Rockefeller, New York	3,000,000
James C. Penney, New York	3,000,000
Floyd L. Carlisle, New York	3,000,000
E. E. Bensinger, Chicago	2,500,000
Charles F. Noyes, New York	2,400,000
Joshua Cosden, Baltimore	2,250,000
James H. Lockhart, Pittsburgh	2,135,000
Donald Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y.	2,100,000
C. S. Mott, Detroit	2,010,000
Clarence H. Mackay, New York	2,000,000
Morris White, New York	2,000,000
William R. Coe, New York	2,000,000
J. W. Blodgett, Grand Rapids	2,000,000
Will Hays, Los Angeles	2,000,000
John Barrymore, New York	2,000,000
W. D. Ward, New Rochelle, N. Y.	2,000,000
E. H. Morland, Ponca City, Okla	2,000,000
Anthony H. G. Fokker, New York	$2,000,000
Julius Rosenwald, Chicago	2,000,000
Mrs. Marshall Field III, Chicago	2,000,000
W. M. Burgess, Omaha	about 1,900,000
Richard H. Webber, Detroit	1,800,000
F. O. Patterson, Dayton	1,800,000
John N. Willys, Toledo	1,800,000
Motty Eitingon, New York	1,800,000
Ralph Jonas, Brooklyn	1,800,000
Arthur Ries, Brooklyn	1,750,000
Thomas E. Houston, Cincinnati	1,750,000
Joseph P. Day, New York	1,650,000
Edwin F. Greene, Boston	1,600,000
Mortimer Davis, New York	1,500,000
Edgar L. Marston, New York	1,500,000
James C. Colgate, New York	1,500,000
H. H. Rogers, Jr., New York	1,500,000
Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia	1,500,000
Stoughton Fletcher, Indianapolis	1,500,000
George Brandeis, Omaha	1,500,000
William Wrigley, Jr., Chicago	1,500,000
John C. Martin, Philadelphia	1,500,000
Clarence E. Linz, Dallas	1,336,000
John Hertz, Chicago	1,250,000
E. G. Lewis, Los Angeles	1,300,000
Joseph M. Schenck, New York	1,250,000
H. L. Arnold, Los Angeles	1,225,000
Robert Ducas, New York	1,200,000
Charles C. Walsey, New York	1,200,000
George L. Storm, New York	1,200,000
Charles E. Virden, San Francisco	1,200,000
J. Rogers Flannery, Pittsburgh	1,152,500
Edward Young, Madison	1,150,000
Frank A. Vanderlip, New York	1,130,000
Jay C. Hills, Pasadena	1,506,000
Carl Weeks, Des Moines	1,064,000
M. M. Travis, Tulsa, Okla.	1,050,000
Martin L. Davey, Kent, Ohio	1,050,000
Marshall Field, Chicago	1,040,000
Will Rogers, New York	1,000,000
John McCormack, New York	1,000,000
Horace Metcalf, Syracuse	1,000,000
J. W. Bettendorf, Bettendorf, Ia.	1,000,000
James E. Davidson, Bay City	1,000,000
William A. Morgan, Buffalo	1,000,000
Fred O. Begner, Detroit	1,000,000
Eddie Rickenbacker, Detroit	1,000,000
Fred Chase, Waterbury	about 1,000,000
C. B. Hayes, Jackson	1,000,000
T. F. H. Peavy, Minneapolis	1,000,000
Jonathan Warner, Warren, O.	1,000,000
A. A. Schlesinger, Milwaukee	over 1,000,000
Edward S. Jordan, Cleveland	1,800,000
Fred F. Brewster, New Haven	about 1,000,000
Lammot Du Pont, Wilmington	1,000,000
Irving Fain, Brooklyn	1,000,000
Frederick O. Bezner, New York	1,000,000
J. H. Ballantine, New York	1,000,000
Nicholas F. Brady, New York	1,000,000
Jules Bache, New York	1,000,000
Herbert Kaufman, New York	1,000,000
Bernard M. Baruch, New York	1,000,000
H. P. Hollins, New York	1,000,000
Ery Kehaya, New York	1,000,000
George W. Vanderbilt, New York	1,000,000
Harry Dunn, New York	1,000,000

on Morals

Photo by Lazarnick

Randall Morgan, Phila.	$1,000,000
Morris L. Clothier, Phila.	1,000,000
J. Howell Cummings, Phila.	1,000,000
A. J. Drexel, Philadelphia.	1,000,000
H. C. Kahl, Davenport	1,000,000
John H. Castle, Detroit	1,000,000
Irene Du Pont, Wilmington	1,000,000
June Mathis, Los Angeles	1,000,000
Mary Pickford, Los Angeles.	1,000,000
Gloria Swanson, Los Angeles	2,000,000
Mrs. J. McCune, Pittsburgh	1,000,000
Louise Lathrop, Detroit	1,000,000
Norma Talmadge, Los Angeles	1,250,000
Constance Talmadge, Los Angeles	1,000,000
B. J. Palmer, Davenport	$1,000,000
Harvey S. Firestone, Akron	1,000,000
Samuel Insull, Chicago	1,000,000
Herbert T. Gossard, Chicago	1,000,000
John A. Carroll, Chicago	1,000,000
W. P. Bonbright, Chicago.	1,000,000
Arthur S. Ford, Chicago	1,000,000
Fred P. Morrill, New Orleans	1,000,000
T. A. Gillispie, Pittsburgh.	1,000,000
George H. Flinn, Pittsburgh	1,000,000
John H. Jones, Pittsburgh.	1,000,000
Walter S. Dickey, Kansas City, Mo.	$1,000,000
Fred A. Geier, Cincinnati	1,000,000
Charles F. Williams, Cincinnati	1,000,000
Fred A. Deier, Cincinnati	1,000,000
Albert Krippendorf, Cincinnati	1,000,000
George E. Merrick, Miami	1,000,000
Eric von Stroheim, Los Angeles	1,000,000
H. D. Thomas, Los Angeles	1,000,000
W. Wrigley, Los Angeles	1,000,000
Douglas Fairbanks, Los Angeles	1,000,000
William M. Armstrong, Los Angeles	1,000,000
Charles Chaplin, Los Angeles	1,000,000
Alba B. Johnson, Rosemont, Pa.	1,000,000
William H. Crocker, San Francisco	1,000,000
James Rolph, San Francisco	1,000,000
H. F. Alexander, Tacoma	1,000,000
E. R. Perry, Tulsa	1,000,000
John W. Gilliland, Tulsa	1,000,000
Frank D. Fuller, Springfield, Mass.	1,000,000
Siegmund Sonneborn, Baltimore	1,000,000
Howard Coonley, Boston	1,000,000
Jesse H. Jones, Houston	1,025,000

Violation of any one of three of the Ten Commandments will deprive most men and women of insurance, and failure to observe most of the other commandments will cost him or her an extra premium to compensate the insurance companies for the additional hazard.

"Thou shalt not kill."
"Thou shalt not steal."
"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

These are the three commandments upon which the underwriters lay the most stress. Discovery of their violation by any applicant for insurance is almost always fatal to his case.

Bootleggers also have been barred, as well as bankers and brokers who secretly finance the illicit liquor rings. From the insurance companies' standpoint, the reason is a practical one.

Bootleggers and their business associates are likely to be shot. No known criminal may insure himself—and many persons whom the police have never caught are listed as criminals in the underwriters' files.

The insurance companies make it perfectly clear that they are not interested in morality for its own sake. Men who maintain mistresses, for example, are regarded with extreme suspicion; but if it be found in any given case that the mistress is not likely to be a disturbing factor in the man's life, he may be accepted. What the underwriters fear is that a man may be killed by wife or mistress in a fit of jealousy, or that he may be led by a wild infatuation into dissipation or dishonesty.

Women seeking insurance are subjected to a sterner moral test than men. A well known actress, in sound health and of high professional standing, recently was refused a $1,000,000 policy on the ground that she had a lover.

The insurance espionage army is divided into two groups: inspectors and correspondents. The inspectors are high-salaried men who have been trained thoroughly to judge human nature. They guide the activities of the correspondents, who are paid by the number of reports turned in by them.

The New York Life Insurance Company has 110,000 correspondents, with about thirty-five inspectors in charge.

The Mutual Life has forty inspectors, with at least two correspondents in every town in the United States and some in Canada, Cuba, and Mexico. In the cities its correspondents run into the thousands.

THE Metropolitan Life has an equally adequate system. And all of the other big companies have about the same plan of operation, while the smaller companies employ personnel commensurate with their size.

In addition, there is the Hooper-Holmes Company and the Retail Credit Association of Atlanta, both with headquarters in New York, employing a battalion of informants in every city and hamlet in the United States, and some in Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. These two concerns assist principally the forces of the smaller insurance companies.

Daniel P. Gallaher, chief of the inspection department of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, estimates the investigating forces of all the various forms of insurance at about 5,000,000.

Prior to 1884 the insurance companies concentrated their attention on the physical hazards involved in writing a policy. Their actuaries had computed virtually every element of risk in insuring against death by natural causes. They had even learned to anticipate epidemics. But one element baffled them:

Moral frailty could not be estimated in percentage.

Great care began to be taken in investigating death claims. Private detective agencies

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Hubbard F. Alexander, Tacoma, Wash., a $1,000,000 risk.

[BETTING MILLIONS ON MORALS
Continued from Page Thirteen]

were employed to run down possible fraud. But losses continued to grow—out of proportion to the actuarial figures.

Then came Daniel G. Gillette. He was in the secret service of the Department of Justice. His brother, an employee of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, had a client whom he believed to be advancing a fraudulent claim. He asked Dan to investigate, and so satisfactory were the results that the Mutual Life hired Dan away from the government and set up its own secret inspection department.

Soon it was discovered that investigating claims after death was much the same as locking the barn door after the horse had been stolen. Why not find out something about the moral or immoral tendencies of an applicant before writing the insurance? This was the argument advanced by Mr. Gillette.

Other companies saw that the Mutual Life was beginning to profit by this course and adopted a similar plan. The system grew with the fabled rapidity of *Jack's* beanstalk, until now it records more than 1,500,000 reports a year.

On the strength of those reports there is about $75,000,000,000 worth of life insurance outstanding, plus fire insurance exceeding $200,000,000,000.

Mistakes are made, of course, but so efficient has the system of inspection become that many companies will now write small policies—from $1,000 to $2,000—without a medical examination.

All told, there are 54,000,000 life insurance policies in force in the United States, averaging $1,333.

IT is natural that the larger the risk to be assumed the more rigid the moral inspection will be. Before one can qualify as a gilt-edge risk for insurance in any considerable amount—say $10,000 or more—it is necessary to pass a character test with a good grade.

The records of the insurance espionage system are guarded closely, and all concerned are prohibited from giving out any information under penalty of two years' imprisonment, according to the New York insurance laws.

Much financial and social confusion might result were the secrets in those files broadcast. The impeccable reputations of many men and women who constitute the moral bulwark of their communities might be shattered, and the possibility of blackmail plots is one of the dangerous elements to be considered.

The case of the actress referred to on page 13 came to light from the indiscreet conversation of the lady herself.

Only the highest class of individuals is employed for insurance investigation.

The names affixed to insurance reports are those of leading citizens everywhere—lawyers, bankers, clergymen.

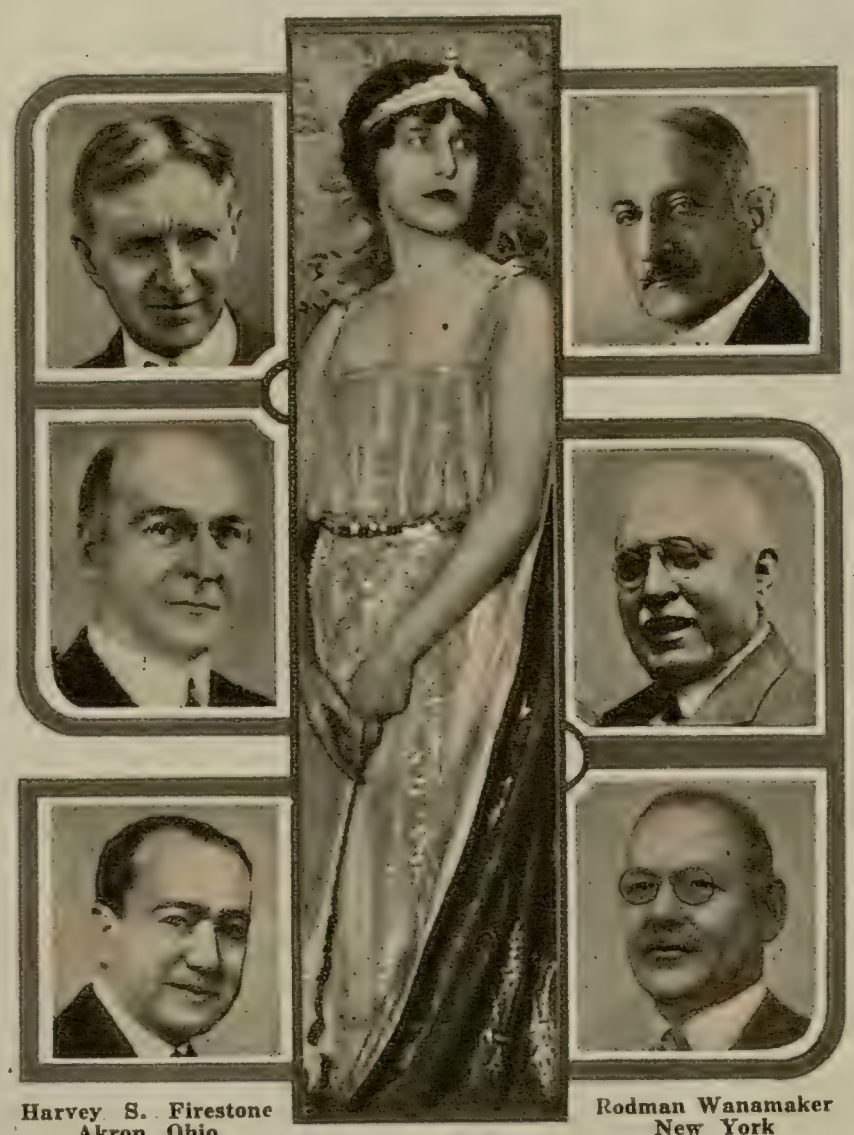
A good investigator is a shrewd judge of character, a quick thinker, and an efficient reporter. But, above all, he must be a diplomat. His delicate inquiries must be conducted rapidly, without arousing resentment.

Walter S. Dickey, Kansas City, Mo., another $1,000,000 risk.

The investigators' usual success in this latter respect is indicated by the fact that, although these investigations are constantly being made in all parts of the country, few people are aware of it.

Virtually everyone who has a wide acquaintance among prosperous citizens has at some time or other been approached by an insurance investigator.

These investigators usually conceal the serious purpose of their visits under "a mere matter of form."

But let the man being questioned hesitate a little, or smile, or unconsciously shrug his shoulders at one of those guarded, indirect queries about the applicant's habits and conduct, and the investigator will probably pick up the clew at once.

Harvey S. Firestone, Akron, Ohio (top)
Pierre S. Du Pont, Wilmington, Del. (center)
Clarence E. Linz, Dallas, Texas (lower)

© Int. Newsreel
Mrs. Marshall Field III, Chicago

Rodman Wanamaker, New York (top)
Samuel Insull, Chicago (center)
E. E. Bensinger, Chicago (lower)

Insured for $1,000,000 or more.

A certain proportion of the public always has considered the insurance companies fair game for swindling schemes. This proportion is almost negligible in numbers, but so active in dishonesty that its depredations are reflected in higher insurance rates for all of us.

John King, one of the owners of the Hooper-Holmes Company, asserts that not more than 5 per cent of the customers of insurance companies are dishonest. Mr. Gallaher, more optimistic, contends that 3 per cent is more nearly correct.

THE detection of these transgressors, and in particular the devious trail of the moral hazard, supply insurance men with a great variety of exciting shop talk. However, little of this ever reaches the ears of the public.

No system is infallible, and occasionally an applicant will outwit the inspector and keep certain facts out of the records that would be weighed against him in obtaining large amounts of insurance.

For instance, the fact that C. H. Schwartz, an inventor, of Martinez, California, was involved in a friendship that was to result in a breach-of-promise suit, might have barred him from obtaining $170,000 life insurance. Three companies placed their odds on Schwartz as a gilt-edge risk, because this fact was not known.

The Travelers Insurance Company was in for $130,000; the Northern Life of Seattle held $25,000; and the London Guarantee and Accident Company assumed a risk of $15,000, which was to be doubled in case of death by accident.

In the summer of 1925 Miss Elizabeth Adams, a pretty school teacher, filed a $75,000 suit, charging that Schwartz, who was married, had promised, while posing as a bachelor, to marry her.

Frank P. Book of Detroit, insured for $5,000,000

A short time later the newspaper headlines flashed the news that the cellulose plant owned by Schwartz had blown up and that the charred body of the inventor had been found beside the workbench.

Mrs. Schwartz identified the victim as her husband, but Miss Adams and the insurance inspectors expressed doubt. It was remarked that Mrs. Schwartz protested too much.

Before long, inspectors established the true identity of the victim, and Schwartz blew out his brains in an apartment house in Oakland, California, just before the authorities broke down the door to arrest him. Two of the companies paid, but the $130,000 policy was voided because of the suicide clause.

Money, the traditional root of all evil, invariably figures somewhere in the transaction when a man allows his fancy to play among forbidden pleasures.

Dr. Louis I. Dublin, chief statistician for the Metropolitan Life, says that men and women who pay small income taxes seldom are victims of illicit romance.

GENERALLY men whose incomes are $25,000 or more are given the most rigid moral test.

A case that indicates the wisdom of this procedure had its inception in Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and came to a tragic denouement on a rainy winter's afternoon in Napa, California.

A young couple drove into the little town in the Valley of the Moon with a friendly dog wagging its tail on the back seat of their automobile. The man was an itinerant typewriter salesman. He called his companion his "Sunshine Girl."

The rain couldn't discourage her happy smile. But a little while later she sat in tears in a jail cell and sobbed out her story.

The young typewriter salesman, Edward J. Sailstad, had been president of the Multitone Phonograph Company at Eau Claire, and apparently was happily married.

Then came the Sunshine Girl, whose less poetic name was Dorothy Anderson. Sailstad was prosperous, after having worked hard to get his start in business—and his leisure was spent almost entirely with Dorothy.

At last their love would not be denied. Sailstad had a $20,000 policy in the New York Life. His wife would not grieve so much if he could leave her financially secure. Why not just pretend to die?

He could have Dorothy, and his wife would have $20,000.

This plan haunted him, until one night he went to a cemetery, where he exhumed the body of his friend, Allen McFee, recently buried. McFee had resembled him.

He carried the body to his cottage at Lake Nebagamon, 200 miles from his home town. He placed the body in the cottage, set fire to the house, and fled with Dorothy.

The New York Life inspector was suspicious. Insurance officials are always dubious in the case of burning barns, homes, etc., as

Edward S. Jordan, Cleveland, carries a $1,800,000 policy.

the result of which the body of the insured is hard to identify. These cases are thoroughly probed.

Payment to the widow was delayed until she brought suit and won. The company took an appeal to a higher court, and, in the time gained, increased its efforts to apprehend the supposed fire victim.

He was trailed through a dozen States, then disappeared for a time. He felt secure, and made a move that betrayed him: He took out insurance again with the same company under another name.

It was not long after this that he drove along the Valley of the Moon, searching for a place to build his sweetheart a home. When the sheriff interrupted their dreams, they pledged undying love, and he went back to Wisconsin to serve a prison term.

The New York Life won a battle against lax morals and saved itself some money.

Although the Eighteenth Amendment has provided one more hazard for insurers, it does not seem to have bothered all companies as much as might be supposed.

"I do not see any great menace in the liquor hazard," said Dr. Dublin. "In fact, there are a whole lot more men getting shot as the result of flirting with other men's wives than there are in the liquor wars."

One case of widespread note in which the moral hazard figured, and in which the insurance company took a large loss, was that of Jake Hamon, millionaire oil operator and national politician of Oklahoma.

Hamon was slain by his light-o'-love long before he paid enough premiums on his $300,000 life insurance for the company, a local concern, to break even.

WHEN Hamon, past fifty, fell in love with Clara Smith, in her twenties, he tried to divorce his wife, but she won a decree of separate maintenance.

Then Hamon decided to take out insurance to protect her and the children.

A number of the larger companies declined to accept the risk when they learned that he had set up an establishment for Clara at Ardmore.

The smaller company took a chance and lost.

Burglary insurance offers the greatest temptations to the dishonest, according to Mr. King.

Fire insurance used to be the greatest source of grief to insurance companies, but precaution and detailed investigation have cut that down.

Police records show that there are not enough burglars plying their trade to perpetrate all the thefts reported to the insurance companies.

It is believed by many inspectors that 90 per cent of all burglaries reported are dishonest.

It is a favorite trick to report the loss of diamonds handed down by ancestors. How can an investigator appraise a stone purchased by a great-aunt back in '49?

Undertakers sometimes are in collusion with swindlers.

Such a case was that of Vivalley Turley, reported to have died in Denver. He was insured for $15,000, and a check was on its way to settle the claim when a correspondent found a clew that exposed the fraud:

In a casual conversation it was learned that Dr. Charles E. Pate, who had signed the death certificate, had not seen the patient after death.

Turley, laying his plans far in advance, had memorized from a medical book all the symptoms of angina pectoris, a serious heart disease.

He had recited them to Dr. Pate, who, believing Turley was honest, put him under treatment, although he had never seen the patient during a seizure.

Later, when Dr. Pate was informed by the undertaker that Turley had died during one of his attacks, the physician was not surprised and carelessly signed the certificate.

A friend in the telephone company then disclosed that Turley had telephoned from Golden, Colorado, to Denver a few days after his supposed death. It was not long until he was arrested.

During the trial it developed that a body had been obtained from a medical school and cremated at the Riverside Cemetery. Turley went to prison and his "widow" did not cash the insurance company's check.

Inspectors and correspondents act independently of the sales force of insurance companies. In fact, agents scarcely ever know who are making reports to the companies they represent.

The wisdom of such a procedure may be seen as the result of the case of Thomas B. Adams, a farmer of Willisville, Arkansas. Adams died, and the claim for $5,000 was made and paid without being questioned. Then a rumor reached the home office that caused an investigation.

It was learned that no such person as Adams had ever existed, and that the local agent was in the plot to rob his own company of $5,000.

All sorts of odd requests for service come to an inspection company. The Hooper-Holmes Company had one recently that stirred the jaded curiosity of its most blase investigators.

A fire insurance company wanted to get some information on the outlook for the potato crop in a certain New England county.

"I wondered why a fire insurance company was interested in potatoes, and when we turned in the report I asked them about it," said Mr. King.

"I learned that one year this company had written a big amount of insurance in that county and that the potato crop had failed. Barn after barn burned down and their loss was pretty heavy.

"Now they are preparing to go back into that territory, and they want to know whether the farmers are going to realize on their potato crops or on burned barns."

The motion-picture business presents more difficulties than any other in writing insurance.

This results from the fact that so many skyrockets flame up on the silver screen from an origin so obscure that the greatest obstacles are encountered by the investigators in getting a line on their early lives.

High-priced stars are heavily insured by the producing companies during the making of a picture. It is obvious that the loss would be tremendous should a star be injured or die while a $1,000,000 production is being filmed.

"We must know something of a man's or a woman's early life to judge what the physical and moral condition is at the age of twenty-five or thirty," said one inspection chief. "Some of these stars spring out of the remotest places, change their names, the color of their hair—their entire identity, in fact—and it would take more than human ingenuity to get all the facts about them."

EACH year's experience adds new human angles to the problem of handling moral hazards. Insurance actuaries, accustomed to deal with elements that can be reduced to tables of percentages, get hot under the collar when they are asked for statistics and figures on sin and its consequences.

"We don't know much more about it than you do," they reply. "All we can do is to act from general impressions."

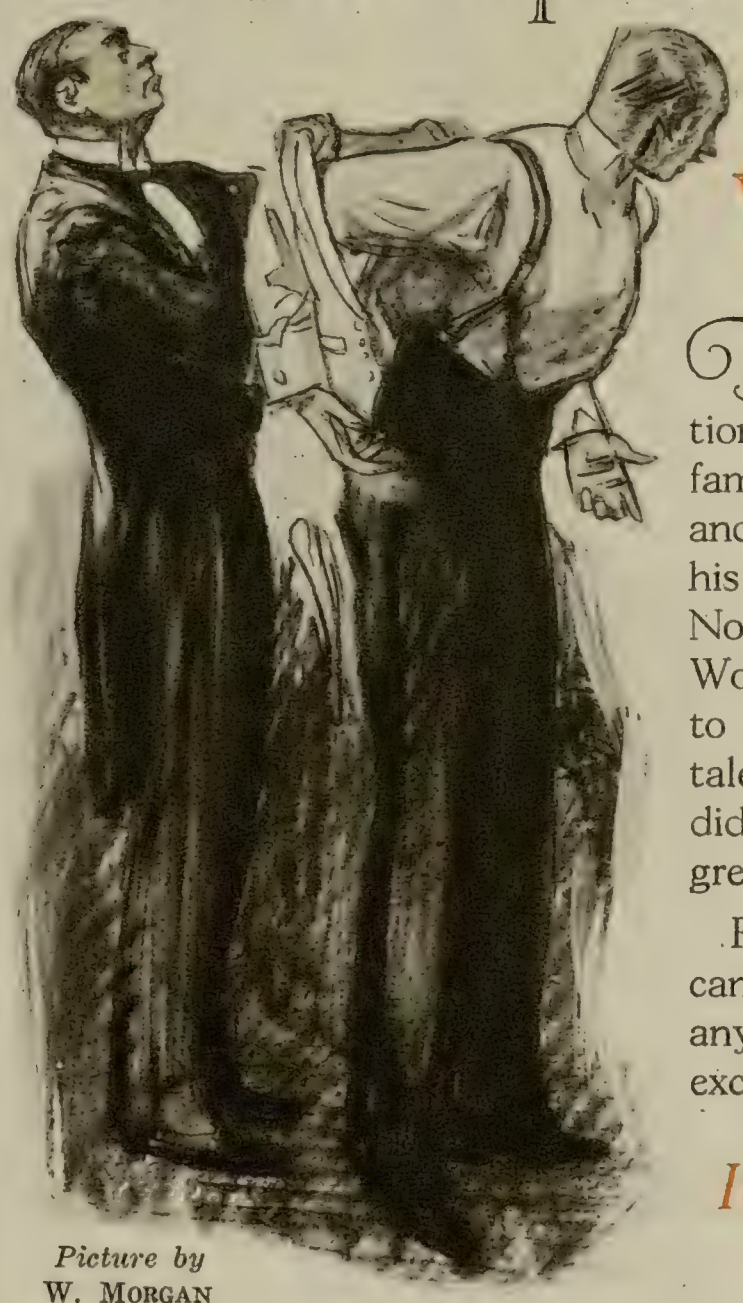
They say this bitterly, indicating how deeply they despise such things as general impressions.

They know that moral hazard plays a tremendous part in their business, but they will not be satisfied until they are able to measure morality in the laboratory and make charts of the average individual's "expectancy of heaven."

Meanwhile, the rest of us will thank whatever gods there be that there is one great gamble left.

THE END

Jeeves and the Impending Doom



Picture by W. MORGAN

By P. G. Wodehouse

THE inimitable master of humorous fiction returns to his most famous characters, *Jeeves* and *Bertie Wooster*, in his next LIBERTY story. Not one of the millions of Wodehouse fans will want to miss this delightful tale of a young man who didn't want a job as a great man's secretary.

Remember that you can't read Wodehouse in any American magazine except LIBERTY.

In Next Week's Issue

ODYSSEY

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Famous American Ace and One of the Heroes of War Birds

ONE day, not so long ago, I was driving through Asheville, in the heart of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and was stopped at a signal from a traffic policeman. A diminutive French car drove up and paused beside me, and I looked down at the smart little roadster and smiled at the saucy tilt of the bonnet. A young man was driving it. Seated beside him, and trying to look very serious, was a tiny girl of about three years. She looked up at me and smiled coyly. Then I caught sight of the driver's face. It looked vaguely familiar.

"Hello, you blarsted old blighter!" he shouted to me. "Cheerio, and where did that one go to? Come to see me! Come have dinner with me tonight. My name's in the directory——"

The sign flashed "go" and he was gone before I could recover from my astonishment.

Bennie Billings! What a flood of memories his face brought back to me! They so confused my mind that I very nearly rammed a flivver that shot out in front of me from a side street into Pack Square.

Bennie Billings! It had been six years since I had seen his face, yet I should have known it as well as my own. We were once comrades-in-arms; we had fought side by side at the Battle of London. We had stanched each other's wounds at the Siege of the Savoy and the Retreat from Murray's. We had shared the same hut, courted the same barmaid, drunk from the same bottle, and lied like gentlemen to each other for our mutual honor. The sound of his voice brought back the smell of powder to my nose, and, like the old war horse, I was champing at the bit.

Bennie Billings! The ace of pilots and the pilot of aces. We had been separated at the front and never got together again. The Armistice found him down at Toul with an American squadron and I was still up on the British front. I got back in February, and went on South as soon as I got my discharge. In April I read in the New York papers that he had landed.

Then I had a letter from him in May:

DEAR BILL:

Last week I got home with my discharge in one hand and the sixty dollars from a grateful country in the other.

There isn't a congenial spirit around here and I am looking forward to going nuts at any early date.

How do you feel about settling down in the old home town? Have you any sort of playmate, either male or female, or a good dog you can take out for a walk and tell him all about it? I think I'll have to buy a pup.

The old wound throbs occasionally, but my heart throbs more.

Have you been around shaking hands with every one in town, telling them that lie about how you are glad to get back to the old town, always with that infernal grin on your face? If I could play poker with that face my fortune would be made.

What's the answer to it, Bill? Just crawl into your own small individual hole and forget that people are living in an outside world?

Come on out here, and if I have a little playmate by that time you can have her, and if not I'll get you one. The liquid is pretty weak, but there's still a little left.

Cheerio,
BENNIE.

It wasn't until winter that I saw him again. I was in New York a couple of weeks on business and was staying at the club. One night, late, he came up to my room.

"Hey, wake up and say hello!" he shouted as he shook me. I had been asleep for an hour or so. "What sort of an old maids' convention are you attending? Come on and get up and put your clothes on, and we'll go out on a bender."

He had been drinking, but was still fairly sober.

"What's the big idea?" I yawned.

"Just saw Carl Stevens at some low dive

1918

The Story of a War Bird Who Flew to the End of the Rainbow

Pictures by CLAYTON KNIGHT

HER eyes snapped fire and she seized the bottle and threw it at his head.

and he told me you were here. Came right around to get you. Come on and we'll go out and put our feet in the trough together."

"Nothing doing. I've got to work tomorrow. Gotta sell a lot of surplus tent canvas to a bunch of Jews for embroidery. Need my wits. Don't you use any sleep these days?"

"Not much. This damn insomnia is driving me nutty."

"Well, sit down and we'll chew the fat a while. You look like you were on the verge of some fatal disease. What have you been doing? Trying to drink yourself to death?"

"No. I find a little of this drug-store likker goes a long way. I am a little run down, though."

"Don't you want to stay here with me?"

"No, thanks. I've got a suite over at the Biltmore; and, besides, there's a very charming lady passed out in the car downstairs. I've got to sober her up and get her home. Drop in tomorrow and we'll play pop-goes-the-weasel and give this sad town the once-over."

He left me, and the next day at noon I went up to the Biltmore and found him in his room. We poured out highballs in memory of old times and began swapping yarns.

"What're you doing in town?" I asked him.

"Oh, just looking about."

"Looking about what?"

"About the town. I came on here with the idea that I might do a little more flying. I may be a rotten business man, but I know I can fly. I thought I might be able to get a job piloting the air mail. But they looked me over and turned me down on account of a weak lung.

"The docs tell me that the best thing I can do is to go somewhere that's high and dry and catch some health. I've got a pulse like a speeded-up Vickers gun and I haven't got the wind of a vacuum tube. But I don't know where to go and I don't want to go there alone. Why don't you pull up stakes and come along with me, so I won't have to take up with any strange people?

"I can stand anything but being alone. I get so lonely, I nearly go crazy. I ended up last night riding up and down in the elevator, talking to the elevator boy. What about coming with me?"

"NOT a chance," I told him. "I've got to do some serious work. My finances are in a spin."

"Well, that's where I shine. You see, I went back home and found that the family fortune consisted mostly of a tire factory. It's been doing well lately and I was supposed to run the thing. It was built the year father died and was just getting going good. I tried to run it for a while, but, gosh! I'd never make a tire manufacturer.

"One of the big companies had their eye on the plant and made me a pretty good offer for it. I doubled the offer and, to my great surprise, they came across. They are paying me in installments to save income tax. So I've got enough for us both. We can't travel on our own yacht, but at the present rate of exchange you and I couldn't drink our way through half the income in gay Paree. I'll split it with you if you'll come along."

"Thanks, old top, but I can't swing it," I told him sorrowfully. "I couldn't stand the pace, to begin with; and I've got my work before me. You'd better settle down in some quiet place and take it easy for a while. Come on home with me."

"Thanks. But I'm afraid I'm too restless. I've nearly been crazy the last four months."

The telephone rang and he stopped to answer it. I heard him talking to a girl, apparently the one that had been out with him the night before. I gathered that she was coming to have lunch with us.

"By the way, what happened to you in Paris?" I asked him. "I heard some rumor about you licking three M. P.'s. Then I lost track of you. How'd you get home?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ODYSSEY 1918
Continued from Page Seventeen]

"By devious ways and means," he told me, "and some of 'em wouldn't bear close scrutiny. I didn't hide up any trees or wear any petticoats, but otherwise Bonny Prince Charlie had nothing on me when it came to traveling under difficulties. I walked a little and I rode a little and I swam a little and I flew a little. Did you ever hear of the A. W. O. L. Club at the Savoy in Paris?"

"I think so," I admitted. "Wasn't Jack Walsh one of the charter members?"

"Yea. I think Jack finally ended up in Palestine, bombing Arabs."

I poured myself a highball and urged him to tell me the whole story.

"Well, I was the club's first president," he went on, "and also its first victim. We were all in Paris, and we couldn't get out except via a term in Leavenworth. That sounds funny, but it wasn't so comic at the time.

"You see, I came down from the front two days after the Armistice, and I got to Paris on my way south and I couldn't get any farther. My old wound got infected, and they tucked me in bed in one of those torture chambers the Red Cross was trying to run.

"I was really loony then. I'd been through hell up at the front. Our machines weren't worth a hang and we were shot to pieces every day and Sunday. I had thought it was a pretty good war until I got shot down a couple of times and then got hit myself.

"My nerves were all frazzled out, and then poor old Mac got killed while just he and I were out together. You know how we were—just like Damon and Pythias. I thought the world of him. After he got killed I went all to pieces.

"HE still comes back and sits on my bed at night and talks to me. He was leading that day, and took me 'way over on Hunland to go down on a two-seater. We got the Hun all right, but Mac never came back.

"Every time I get the D. T.'s. I miss him so. Mac sure was a comfort when the top of my head was unhinged. He always knew just what to give me. Mac was a great pilot—something funny must have happened to him. I got separated from him and ran into a thunder shower, and never saw him again. Maybe lightning struck him. Maybe his motor cooked. Maybe he ran into some Hun—there were a lot of them about.

"Poor old Mac—the Red Cross found his grave near Armentieres, but no one has ever found out what happened to him, and I never think to ask him.

"I didn't find out definitely that he was dead until in Paris, just after the Armistice. I nearly went crazy in that hospital. I guess I did, for I tried to jump out of the window the second week. Then they moved another exaviator in there with me to keep me company.

"I wonder if you ever knew him—Bob Fenner? That boy was born crazy. And the war hadn't improved any on nature's gifts. His specialty was shooting balloons and dice. You know, a man has to be crazy to go after a balloon on his own hook. This loose screw used to go down and set fire to a balloon, and then follow the observer down and shoot up his parachute. He's the boy that shot the twenty thousand francs down at Issoudun.

"He came out on a natural, and went down to Monte Carlo with his winnings and tried to buy the place. It was cheap in those days. Came back in three weeks stony broke. Always claimed it was worth it.

"WELL, Bob was a godsend. We lay there and played blackjack until Christmas. One day I'd have all his money and the next day he'd have all mine. He was in with a busted ankle, and got well first; but he wouldn't leave me. My whole system was poisoned and it took a long time to shake it off. We both got discharged together and got orders for Tours. So to Tours we went, after that row you heard about.

"Bob was awfully mean when he got tanked, and a smart little provost captain tried to get funny. We were off side and I had to lick the captain. Then Bob turned around and gave me a terrible licking. We slid out of Paris in a hurry by the O'Sullivan route.

"There was a nice mess down at Tours. We took one look at that camp, and went back into town and took a suite at the Hotel de l'Univers. I was being paged frantically by the Adjutant General all over France, and after I got tipped off to that we had to lie low. I didn't want to see that captain again. We had about forty francs between us, and our daily bill was over a hundred. We didn't dare go near an army paymaster for fear we'd be trailed and sent back to the bastile.

"Bob took a new pair of boots and my gold cigarette case and went out to the camp and found a crap game. He came back with two thousand francs and two extra pairs of boots.

"I heard that Calgan was over at Issoudun, so I wired him and asked for dope. He wired back to stay clear of Issoudun by all means and to get out of France quick. He said I was being paged over there and things were rotten. Everybody was under arrest.

WHEN the curtain went up, Delphine sat beside me.

"You heard about the trouble Cal got into trying to get home, didn't you? Well, he got down to Bordeaux later, and they were all waiting their turns out in a rotten concentration camp. It looked like they were never going to get on a ship. I don't know whether he was anxious to get home to see some girl, or trying to get out of France to get away from one; but he was sure in an awful hurry.

"It looked like they were never going to get on a ship. Cal and two others went down to the docks and got on a ship without any orders and got all the way to Hoboken before they were caught. Then our brilliant army executives sent them back to Bordeaux on the next boat to await their proper turn. It cost the government over a thousand dollars apiece, and it took them three months to get back.

"One boy was so disheartened that he got melancholia and they had to send him to a hospital. The next week all the hospital patients were sent home. That gave Cal a brilliant idea. He told the doctor that he was the queen of May and began playing an idiotic solitaire with a flock of dice. They sent him over to hospital and pronounced him mentally underpowered and put him to bed.

"Unfortunately for Cal, two nervous patients jumped overboard from a ship and were lost at sea. So a general order was issued that no more nervous patients were to be sent back until they were cured.

"Cal heard the news, and went right down to see the doctor and tried to laugh it off. He told the doc that it was all a joke and he wasn't nutty at all. The doctor laughed merrily and told him that was the way all the nuts felt about it, and it was all right by him, but he'd better go right back and get in bed. Cal tried to prove his point, and insisted on his sanity so violently that they put him in a strait-jacket.

"THEY kept him in that hospital for two months, and he finally got to be a trusty and was given the job of amusing the simple minded. He had to go through all the baggage of those that had gone west and take anything he could give his squad to play with.

"He ran across Mac's baggage that I had packed up, and had a real attack himself. He went before two boards and they insisted that he was cracked, and finally sent him home in a cage. After he got back, they sent him up to a nut farm at Plattsburg, and his father had to get three Senators to bring pressure on the Surgeon General of the Army to get him out.

"The rest of the bunch had a pretty hard time too, so I've heard. The whole time we were up on the northern front we never had an officer under arrest and never even held a summary court for an enlisted man. The only trouble we had in six months was in keeping an old marine from going A. W. O. L. every pay day from force of habit. We cured him by fining him his pay in advance.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

The most delicious vegetable soup you ever tasted!

FIFTEEN of the finest vegetables that grow, all blended in this one appetizing, tempting, substantial soup! Every hot, invigorating spoonful adding to your contentment and revealing to your taste the skill of master soup-chefs!

Baby lima beans of the most enticing flavor. Dainty little peas, sweet and nourishing. Country Gentleman corn, aristocrat of the fields. Ruddy, luscious tomatoes, sun-ripened on the vines. Chantenay carrots from the finest gardens in the land. White and sweet potatoes, specially selected to meet the Campbell's standard of quality. Snow-white celery. Choice turnips and cabbage. Okra, sweet red peppers, parsley fresh every day from our own farms, a touch of onion and leek to heighten the flavor.

Fine pearl barley and alphabet macaroni. Strength-giving broth of beef. All of these—and more—are in every plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup! Because it takes no less than thirty-two different ingredients to make the best vegetable soup!

This soup, with its ideal combination of vegetables, cereals, beef broth and condiments is the wholesome kind of food from which good health and bodily vigor are built. Usually in the home kitchen, the water in which vegetables are boiled is thrown away. Yet that water has absorbed valuable mineral salts. Of course all of these are retained in Campbell's Vegetable Soup, to build bone and muscle and tissue.

For luncheon or supper, Campbell's Vegetable Soup is an ideal dish—so filling—so welcome to the appetite. At dinner it provides a generous portion of the needed nourishment, again making your task that much simpler.

And the children. What a problem they often present to the mother so anxious that their food shall give the most benefit! Let them eat often, and freely, this most healthful of foods. Campbell's Vegetable Soup contains, in a form easily digested and readily assimilated, nutrient elements which active young bodies require.

The Campbell's kitchens are a national institution of service and helpfulness to the housewife. Giant soup tureens of pure nickel and all the latest inventions of science to insure supreme quality and richness of flavor. Colanders of pure nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points, saving for the smooth purees only the most delicious and nutritious portions of the vegetables. French chefs in spotless white. Everywhere a cleanliness that would fill with pride the soul of the strictest housewife.

It is our wish and our hope that you will think of these Campbell's kitchens as your kitchens. Your grocer will supply you at 12 cents a can.

If only every housewife realized that soup belongs in the diet, with the meal or as a meal! It would mean better appetites, keener pleasure in the food, sounder digestion, healthier children. Serve soup daily!

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

A Hint Worth Taking

When the chill blasts of winter keep you inside, there's always cozy comfort with **Baby Ruth** around.

The whole family—grandma, dad and mother, the young folks, even the tiniest tot—enjoys this delicious candy and finds real nourishment and health-building energy in its wholesome goodness.

Baby Ruth more fully meets the popular favor than any other candy, at any price. Try it yourself! You'll heartily enjoy it!

CURTISS CANDY COMPANY, CHICAGO
Otto Y. Schnering, President
Candy Makers to the American Nation

CURTISS Baby Ruth America's Favorite 5c

5¢

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTEEN]

"After we moved south everybody was under arrest, from the C. O. down to the barber, and we had more court records than combat reports. The regulars sure did know all about court procedure. They should have sent them out to put the Germans under arrest and win the war sooner.

"But to get back to Tours and our two thousand francs. We decided that we'd better be starting out for somewhere, as Bob was just in the act of getting himself in trouble with a French colonel's girl. We took a chance and went out to the Adjutant's office and asked for orders to a port. We figured that the farther we got into the S. O. S. the better off we'd be.

"While we were waiting in the outer office, four aces from the American front came in. They had about three Huns apiece, and they were welcomed as if they were bringing in the Kaiser's body. They had decorations all over them and they were as hot as an electric suit. The General himself came out and received them and asked how they would like to go home. They said they'd like to visit London on the way. The General said all right, and told them to go on back to their hotel and he'd bring their orders down to them that night.

"I HAD eight or nine Huns, and Bob had a few and a couple of balloons; but we'd done our dirty work up on the British front and nobody had ever heard of us or cared about us after they did hear. The only decoration we had was the D. F. C. the British gave us, and nobody down there knew what that was. They thought it was a Mexican Border ribbon.

"You and I both know that decorations are all the bunk, but they sure do help when you want to take a short cut. A little shavetail received us and told us we would have to wait a couple of weeks until orders could come through from Chaumont, and then we'd be sent down to Havre or Brest to wait our turn for a couple of months.

"That didn't suit us at all, for various reasons. We decided that we'd like to see London again ourselves. I'd left a couple of packages over there and a blonde, and I could just save myself the trip back. We thanked the shavetail and went on back to the hotel, and paid our bill and threw away all our kit except a suitcase each and a couple of black crosses off a Hannoveranner that I brought down at Cambrai. Then we lit out.

"We didn't have any trouble getting into Paris, but we sure met unsurmountable difficulties getting out. We got on a train twice and got chased off both times. Then Bob decided that he wanted to stay in Paris anyway, and I couldn't leave him. That was when the A. W. O. L. Club was organized. There were about a hundred others in the same fix, so we banded together for our mutual protection and swapped orders and identification cards.

"There was a new rule in force: All American soldiers were forbidden to come to Paris, on pain of death. It was so full of the Y. M. C. A. and the Red Cross and the K. of C. and the Baptist Young People's Union and the Marines and the Peace Conference that there wasn't any room for the A. E. F. There weren't enough women to go around, so they banished the poor, benighted fighting men to southern France so as not to interfere.

"You had to have a pass with your picture on it, and had to have it stamped at the Hotel Ste. Anne with your orders. No orders were good for more than twenty-four hours, and they were too busy at the Ste. Anne to ever try anybody. If you had a bad photograph on your identification card, into the bastile you went, and there you stayed until you escaped.

"We couldn't get any orders, so we thought up another scheme. I had a friend at the Crillon, so we went there and got a job on the Peace Commission. That solved the pass question for a while. I don't think we'd have had any trouble if Bob had behaved himself, but that was against his religion.

"He was much infatuated with an Egyptian Princess that he'd met down at Monte Carlo. And she took quite a shine to him. I think her name was Amo-ank-hook. She was Egyptian all right, and very handsome in a brunette way. Some French General had brought her back from the Nile and taught her to drink bubbly instead of pearl juice. She was a high stepper, and as the General was out at Saloniki for a few days, she entertained us in the meanwhile in regulation royal style.

"One night the three of us were having dinner in one of those little close-fitting cafes where they add the date in with the check, and there were some French and American officers dining together at the next table. The wine was flowing freely, and we got into a conversation with them and some words passed. They all admired Amo extravagantly, but Bob got it into his head that they were kidding him about her complexion.

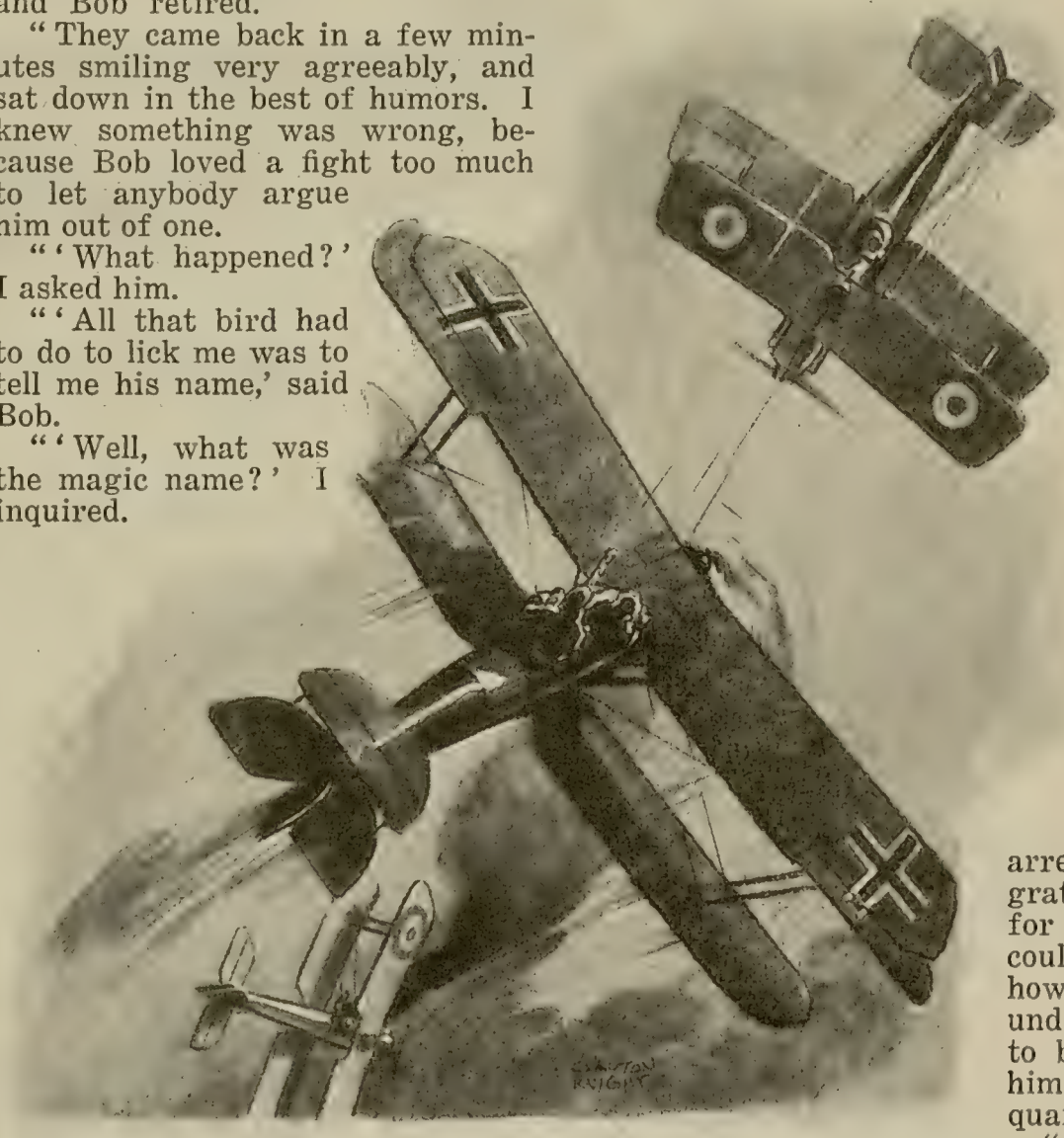
"Something was said about the Nile being north of her home. Bob got up and told the entire party that if they'd step outside with him for a few minutes he'd administer a much needed spanking and rub their noses in the ground. I got up and got ready to take my licking, too; but a very nice French officer arose and pushed me back in my seat and told me that he and my friend would retire and settle the matter, and that if I wasn't satisfied he'd go out with me later. So he and Bob retired.

"They came back in a few minutes smiling very agreeably, and sat down in the best of humors. I knew something was wrong, because Bob loved a fight too much to let anybody argue him out of one.

"'What happened?' I asked him.

"'All that bird had to do to lick me was to tell me his name,' said Bob.

"'Well, what was the magic name?' I inquired.



"And then poor old Mac got killed."

"'Carpentier!' says he.

"I don't know whether it was the story of that party or not, but that provost captain found we were back and we had to leave Paris in a hurry. By that time we knew the ropes fairly well.

"YOU remember Armstrong, the wild Australian, up at Ayr? We ran into him about that time. Like all the rest of the Australians, he'd decided to see the world for himself, thirty inches at a time, and had been loose for a month. We departed for London together.

"Bob and I had British trench coats with no insignia on them, and R. F. C. caps and field boots. So, once out of Paris, we became British officers and let Army do the talking for us. When a British M. P. or R. T. O. would get inquisitive about orders, we'd open up our trench coats and scream like an eagle, and he'd see our uniforms and say 'Cheerio' and we'd say 'Chin-chin' and climb aboard whatever was handy.

"We got to London; but the Lord turned His face from us again, and I picked up the flu. Bob and a house doctor nursed me through it. I was a sick man for a few days, and it ended up with pleurisy. But the Lord was peeved and wouldn't take me. I got up and dragged myself around a few days and staged a pretty fair comeback.

"THE flu didn't get me, but it took my blonde. She certainly was a beauty. You remember her, don't you? We were just about to start our reunion when we both went down.

"We were more or less out on a limb, so I looked up Jim, who had transferred from the Air Service to the Judge Advocate's office after his crash. Jim thought he could fix us up, and took me to see the Provost Marshal of London. His assistants wanted to go home at once, and he was looking for some officers who would be willing to stay over and see it through. Jim told him that I would fill the bill, as I knew every dive in London and had a latchkey to the side entrances. He told me to see him the next morning and he'd fix it up with us if Bob would qualify.

"I took Bob to see him the next morning, but not for the aforementioned purpose. That night Bob ran into some old friends down at the Savoy and got well illuminated. I couldn't do anything with him at all. He left me and went down to Murray's and got into some argument with Jack May. Just about that time an assistant provost marshal happened along and tried to quiet him down. Bob crowned him c a s u a l l y and strolled on out. The A. P. M. followed him on back to the hotel, where I was breathing hard, to arrest him.

"But it wasn't so easily done as that. Bob was all for killing him, but I persuaded him to let himself be placed under arrest quietly. Then, out of gratitude, the Captain asked for my orders, and when I couldn't find them, no matter how hard I looked, he put me under arrest, too, and told me to bring Bob along and join him the next morning at headquarters.

"So we called on the Provost Marshal, but not about getting a job. The P. M. was so shocked at our delinquencies and his assistant's black eye that he sent us to the chief of staff at once. He was a colonel, and he took one squint at me and I could see the gates of Leavenworth opening.

"He was that Major that trailed us all over London in the spring of '18. You remember him, don't you? Big fellow with a disappointed face. He had me arrested once at a dance for wearing slacks.

"He had a fine time bawling us out and we had no alibi. We had no orders and our uniforms were about as non-regulation as you could get. We had fur collars and bellows pockets and Royal Flying Corps wings and caps. Bob was so hung over that all he could do was to stammer. So the Colonel ordered him out and detained me for further conversation.

"He asked me if I had anything to say

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

For 1927 the most complete line of 4 and 6-cylinder Speed Trucks

THE HARVESTER organization announces a complete line of improved Speed Trucks of six distinct chassis designs to meet every requirement for loads up to 1½ tons.

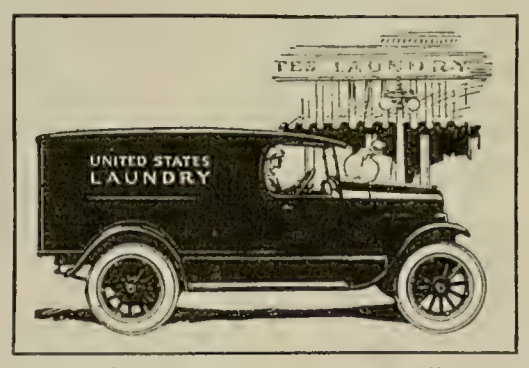
MODEL S is built to carry a 1¼-ton load. It comes equipped with a 4 or 6-cylinder power plant and with any type of body for hauling and delivery.

MODEL SL—safe and low and easy to work with—is a 1½-ton chassis with either a 4 or 6-cylinder engine and has a wheelbase of 160 inches. The top of the frame is only 24 inches from the ground.

MODEL SD is a handy, specially-built 1½-ton chassis with a wheelbase of 110 inches, designed for dump or tractor work. It is ideal for general contracting, road building, and trailer hauling.

Every International Speed Truck is a truck from the ground up—not a rebuilt passenger car. Engine, clutch, transmission, axles, springs, frame, and all the other essentials are the result of 22 years of truck building experience.

Whether your loads run to bulk or weight, whether your business calls for style and distinction or plain utility in its hauling equipment—there is a 4 or 6-cylinder Speed Truck in either a 1¼ or 1½-ton chassis made to meet your needs exactly.



For light, quick hauls we suggest our "Special Delivery," a fast and sturdy model for ¾-ton loads. Any type of body.

The International line also includes Heavy-Duty Trucks up to 5 tons capacity, Motor Coaches, and the McCormick-Deering Industrial Tractor

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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER TRUCKS

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

before he sent for the Judge Advocate to put the skids under us. I thought fast. Then I asked him if he heard Bob stutter. He said that he had noted the thick tongue. I told him that he had been doing that ever since he got hit on the head in a crash, and that he was nutty and I was trying to get him home quietly. I told him that whenever he got violent he began to stutter.

"The Colonel snorted. He said he'd heard that alibi ever since he was a corporal. But that Colonel was a good sport and he said he'd give us a chance and have us examined right then. He ordered us taken to a doctor and I slipped away to see Jim. Jim knew all about it, as he had been selected already to prosecute at the trial. He was so sure that we were cooked that he'd ordered flowers.

"I went back and joined Bob. I found him up in the doctor's private office, and they were sitting back with their feet on the table drinking medicinal whisky and swapping funny stories. They had roomed together at some college before the war, when Bob was working his way through by dancing in a cabaret at night!

"The doctor wrote out a report that we were both suffering from neurasthenia, and sent for an ambulance to take us out to the Lancaster Gate hospital.

"WE stayed there in hospital two days, and then I saw that the sooner we got the uniform off, the better it would be for all concerned. We said good-by to London and toured on to Liverpool. There were only a couple of thousand casuals there ahead of us, so it looked as if we were going to spend the spring and summer at the Midland Adelphi.

"It was a nice place, but Bob took up with a little blonde that thought aviators were just grand and she wanted one for a husband. Bob was flattered and not a bit unwilling. About that time our friend General Eugene joined us.

"He and Bob had met down at Monte Carlo and were rivals for the favor of Amo. And they had some other strong bond of sympathy between them. I think the General was on the wrong end of a fight in Paris one night, and was about to get trimmed, when Bob charged the whole gang and rescued him.

"He was a stout lad, that General. No, he wasn't one of the S. O. S. embusques. This was a real fighting man. He'd gone over with the Canadians in 1914 and been at the front ever since. He transferred to the American Army at the front and ended up as a brigadier. He was a real soldier, all right. He was the first man to stage a trench raid, and he got a lot of barnacles for doing it. He ought to have been shot instead—he and the mad major that invented ground strafing.

"I happened to discover that the General was the ranking officer at Liverpool. The rest was easy. We went down and took command of the good ship Celtic and moved into the best suite—a sitting-room and two bedrooms connected by a private bath. We came home in style. I became adjutant and Bob became Supply Officer and we confiscated all the liquor on board. I'll say we came back in style! We had ten days of blackjack and no arguments. We didn't get into any trouble because we had our meals served in our room and didn't go out much. I got sick again.

"When we got to New York, we had a private tug to meet us in the harbor, and the next day we were out of the army. I got into a row with a major at Mineola who was rating me for future reference. He was trying to find out in a few minutes just how much good I'd be to the country in the next war. I wouldn't answer any of his fool questions, and asked him to give me the lowest rating he had and let me go. He asked me what my decoration was and I told him it was none of his business.

"He got mad and told me he was tired of men who came back with the idea they ought to have the world handed them on a silver

tray just because they'd been sent up to the front for a few days. I told him that all I thought I ought to have was a discharge, and if he didn't hurry up and sign it, I wouldn't even get an honorable one. He asked me if I'd take a reserve commission. I told him I'd rather take poison.

"Oh, we had a nice little party! They certainly did treat the returned heroes rough out there. But I did find out why they wanted me so badly in France. They wanted to give me the D. S. C.! Can you tie that? They finally mailed it to my uncle. I think he still has it."

"WHAT became of Bob?" I inquired.

"The last I heard of him, he was in jail in St. Louis for driving a car seventy miles an hour."

We talked on at random, and then the telephone rang and our luncheon guest was announced. She came up in a moment. She was very pretty—startlingly so—and particularly well groomed. But I couldn't make her out. She was young, very young, but there was an undue sparkle about her eyes, a curl to her lips, and something in the way she rested her hand on her hips and sauntered across the room that reminded me of the promenade.

She nodded to me and threw her gloves on the table.

"You said you would call me up," she said to Bennie complainingly.

"I'm surprised you remembered," he said, smiling.

She walked around the table and poured out a generous drink from the bottle of whisky.

"Don't drink that!" he snapped at her. "It's time you were learning some sense. Put it down!"

She raised the glass to her lips with a contemptuous smile. "And why, my lord?" she mocked.

A perfectly blank look came over his face as he picked up a book from the table. He was looking far beyond her as the glass was knocked out of her hand and spattered its contents on the table and floor.

Her eyes snapped fire and she seized the bottle and threw it at his head. He ducked and smiled absently as it crashed against the door. His smile was enough to enrage anyone, and she sprang at him and tried to claw his face with her nails. He shook her until her face went white and she fainted. He laid her down on the couch carelessly. Then he turned to me and his face relaxed.

"Nice, quiet girl," he remarked.

"I should say so," was all I could say. "Since when have you been understudying lion taming?"

"Oh, one has to be amused. And she's not so bad as she seems. Just a little impulsive."

"SHE looks like trouble in capital letters to me," I remarked.

"Oh, no. You've got her all wrong. She's really a very nice girl."

"You've got funny ideas about nice girls, then."

"Say, haven't you been back long enough to find out that fashions in women have changed since you and I were young, Maggie? It's no longer fashionable for young ladies to be nice. They've all got tougher than a gunner sergeant. They're as hard-boiled as an open-faced shirt. It's the style. *C'est la guerre!*

"You and I are back numbers. We still try to be polite to a lady. But that's all wrong now. Our youth is flinging itself about like a whirling dervish. That's the way to put on dog nowadays. They like to have their iniquity taken seriously, which is a lot more than it deserves. For they are rotten sports—not like the ones abroad at all. They'd pin a shotgun wedding on you without a moment's hesitation. Rum lot, all of them."

"For a tire manufacturer, you seem to have made a lot of observations," I remarked. "I've noticed the symptoms you speak of, though. But not so violently. I've been down South, where they haven't got so emancipated yet. But I do remember insulting a girl back in 1916 by offering her a drink, and I saw the same girl carried out of the Country Club not a month ago. Before the war her whole family would have been kicked out of the club. Now they only laugh at such things. Our girls certainly aren't the shy young fawns they used to be."

"No; they believe in getting their man, dead or alive. That bit of fluff over there is a nice girl, really. Her family is quite

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

A bottle-full of *after-shaving* Comfort

WE make talcs but we don't recommend them for use after shaving. They tend to blot up the skin's natural moisture so vital for after-shaving comfort. So we offer you Aqua Velva, an amber-clear liquid, *made especially for use after shaving*. It helps the skin retain its natural moisture all day long.

Aqua Velva gives
5 after-shaving comforts

1. It tingles delightfully when applied.
2. It gives first aid to little cuts.
3. It delights with its man-style fragrance.
4. It safeguards against cold and wind.
5. It conserves the needed natural moisture in the skin. (Powders absorb this—leave the skin dry.) Aqua Velva keeps the skin flexible and smooth all day long—just as Williams Shaving Cream *leaves* it.

Send the coupon or a postcard for a generous test bottle FREE. The large five ounce bottle at your dealer's is 50c (60c in Canada). By mail postpaid in case he is out of it.

Williams Aqua Velva

for use after shaving

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM

The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. 61-A,
Glastonbury, Conn.
(Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal)

Send free test bottle of Aqua Velva.

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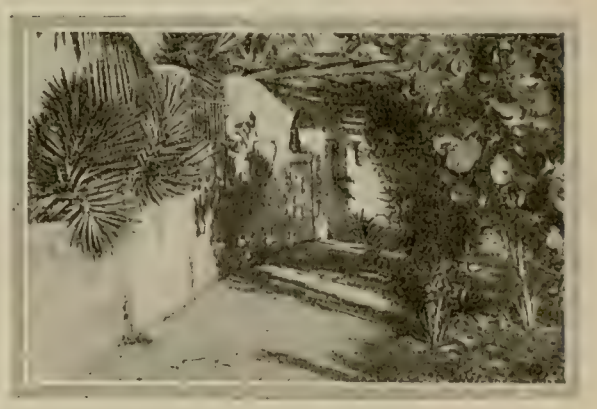
Lib. 1-1-27

All homes in Coral Gables are of Mediterranean architecture or some one of its many variations, and are designed to take advantage of the delightful climatic conditions. All homes, regardless of size, must be constructed of concrete, hollow tile or coral rock, and all must have slate or tile roofs.

This is one of the four fire units of Coral Gables. Appropriations have been made for two additional pieces of equipment, a modern fire alarm system and other improvements that will command the least expensive insurance rating. Fire loss to buildings in Coral Gables during last fourteen months' fiscal period was only $2,900.

This is the Coco-Plum Woman's Club, a beautiful new building, the social center of the southern section of Coral Gables. A pleasant social life characterizes this city, and the Coral Gables Woman's Club, the Coral Gables Golf and Country Club, the Bit and Spur Club, the Coral Gables Cricket Boat Club and twelve other social organizations are now active.



The gardens of Coral Gables are a perpetual delight. Hundreds of varieties of tropical flowers and shrubs grow freely with a minimum of care. Adequate moisture and year-round sunshine produce amazing results.

This is the Congregational Church of Coral Gables. Three other denominations own property in Coral Gables and are planning the erection of new buildings. Five other denominations now meet in temporary quarters and all are planning for permanent buildings.

Thousands of colorful and beautiful HOMES

in Coral Gables are served by a complete series of public utilities

The Architectural Board that has made Coral Gables one of the most beautiful of all our cities is composed of nationally known architects and artists. It has controlled, from the beginning, not only the comprehensive plan of the city, but every gateway, plaza, home, business building, public building, and all roads and avenues. The residential areas are permanently zoned away from the business sections. Glaring mistakes in color or architecture are never made, and unpleasant effects in landscaping or decorating do not occur.

Coral Gables is so well-ordered, so beautiful in its landscaping, its homes and its buildings that you are seldom conscious of its public utilities. But they are here, more than adequate to the needs of Coral Gables.

Pure and sparkling water comes from four artesian wells. Light and power pours into every home from one of the most efficient power plants in the South. Street-cars and busses cover the city. Hundreds of miles of roads, sidewalks, sewers and street lighting have long been completed and are in daily use. There are two laundries, two ice plants, two printing plants and six garages. There are twelve independent restaurants, in addition to six hotel restaurants. There are two hospitals, eighteen doctors and surgeons, and seven dentists, supplying the best of medical care. There is one of the most modern and capable health departments, maintained at a cost of $50,000 per year.

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City of Coral Gables

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]
raspasass and lives in a big chateau up the Avenue. They think that little daughter is a saint on roller skates. And little daughter lives in fear and trembling that someone will mistake her for a lady. She needs the guiding hand, applied properly.

"Do you remember Big Walton at Oxford? Well, she's his cousin. Couldn't imagine anybody kin to him being so good looking, could you? And she can dance like a blimp in the breeze. But there are times when she certainly needs a spanking."

The girl was stirring on the couch now and got up.

"Well, let's see you do it!" she challenged. "You certainly were gentle. I guess I was a bit hasty, though. I'm frightfully hungover. Fix me a bit of pick-me-up, will you?"

"You've had enough," he told her, "and I told you that you had to behave if you were going out with me. You've shocked my friend here so badly that he'll never recover."

"NOT if he's the one you've been telling me about. Isn't he the one that passed out at the funeral?"

"Yes," he said; "but he's not accustomed to seeing nice girls forget their manners."

"You give me a pain," she told him. "That's what he gets for reading *Godey's Lady's Book*. The wild women have vamped all the men, and we've got to steal their stuff to make you feel at home when you get back. If we girls tried to uphold our dignity now, you'd all be in jail. You like pepper, but don't want to sneeze."

"Have it your own way," he told her; "but you've either got to learn to drink decently or get another spreeing partner. I won't be responsible for you any more. Last night I either had to let you go on lapping up stingers or make a scene before your friends. So I let you go ahead and then got you out.

"Well, you ought to know now that stingers were not made to wean little girls on. And just because the country is dry don't think that you've got to do all your drinking right away. There'll be plenty left for your old age. Here's a small snifter. Come on and I'll buy you a lunch and take you to a matinee."

We went downstairs for lunch, and ended up by having a very pleasant day. What Bennie had told me about her was more or less true. She really was a very sweet girl when she wasn't being professional, and was excellent company. She and Bennie had met only several days before, and were just starting out to paint the town a brilliant red. It looked to me as if it were going to be a very thorough job.

I had to go on home, and that was the last I had seen or heard of him.

Now, more than six years later, we met by accident in a place strange to us both. I wanted very much to see him again and had no plans for the evening, so when I reached my hotel later, I called up and left word that I would accept his invitation to dinner.

He had a cottage several miles out of town on the side of a mountain, and I arrived late in the afternoon. He seemed very glad to see me. He was looking much older; his eyes were sunk deep into his head and his cheeks were hollow. He didn't look very healthy.

We went into the house and had a highball for the sake of old times. A nurse brought the little girl I had seen in the car to say good night. She was a pretty, chubby little thing, and she kissed him sweetly and curtsied to me. As she went out with the nurse, I asked, "Is she yours?"

"Yes," he said after a moment's reflection; "she's mine. I suppose I should have written you about it, but I didn't feel like it. However, I'll tell you about it now to make up for it, if you like. It's a long time since I've really talked to anyone. I may bore you, but

it will do me good. Fill up your glass whenever you're ready.

"After you left me in New York the party raged on for a couple of months. Delphine and I were just like a couple of sardines that had jumped into the same can. She was twenty-one or two and had plenty of rope. You've seen these overspoiled belles that are overripe for any sort of devilment! Well, she was one of 'em. I would find the devilment and Delphine would shake it up.

"WE raged all over the countryside for the next two months. I had a young bar fitted up in the car, and wherever there was hell popping, there you'd find us in the thick of it with a corkscrew. We danced twenty miles a day and the fizz water companies declared extra dividends. Sometimes we took along our own orchestra as well as our own bar.

"We took in all the sporting events and played a few week-end stands at house parties. Then we proceeded to fall in love with each other, and I saw it was time for me to be moving on. I had no intention of settling down, and she knew it as well as anybody. The wanderlust was in my blood, and I was free, white, and twenty-one, as you say, and I wasn't going to fasten up my own harness. She was convinced on that point, but that didn't simplify matters. So I decided I'd go back abroad before I got poisoned or married.

"I tried to get her to go abroad with me. At first she said she would, and I made all the necessary arrangements. Then she said she wouldn't unless I'd marry her first. She made no claims to being orthodox, but she said if I knocked off her halo I'd have to give her a wedding ring in place of it. I balked at that. I didn't want to go off and leave her, but I didn't like to have this marry-me business sprung on me at the last minute. I was fed up on bum sports.

"I told her if she didn't love me enough to come along as is, she couldn't qualify as a traveling companion. She said if I didn't love her enough to marry her, she didn't want to go along. Then she tried to trick me into marrying her, and I got mad. I didn't realize that she did it because she loved me so much. All I saw was the rotten sportsmanship.

"So I sailed alone. I was mad, but how I did hate to say good-by to her! It was just like parting with my right arm.

"I found a congenial crowd on the boat and we certainly had a good party going over. It's surprising what good likker will do for your constitution. I landed in London feeling like the Prince of Pilsener. It's this bad stuff that makes your teeth fall out.

"THE old crowd was still in London, just as we left them. There was no change, except a few vacant seats due to the flu, broken spars, returned husbands, and bootleg dope. Everybody asked about you. I saw your redhead once, but she wasn't very complimentary. I was sort of lonely at first—being without my blonde or Delphine either—but I soon took up with a wild crew and tried to drown their memories in drink.

"In spite of the continuous party, I couldn't get Delphine off my mind. She worried me all the time and made me drink a lot more than I should have. She absolutely spoiled my party. Finally, in desperation, I cabled for her. She answered that she would come only on her conditions. I didn't even acknowledge that.

"I went up to Scotland and spent a month at Ayr. The place was exactly the same as we left it, except that the airdrome is back as a race course and the grand stand is no longer an engine shed.

"The barmaid at the Dalblair was married and the one at the Station Hotel had left. You remember her, don't you? I've forgotten her name, but we used to call her Hebe. She was the one that wouldn't give you another drink after your eyes got out of focus. Every night I used to help her close up at nine and take her to a movie. And she always used to cry when the boys stopped in for a farewell drink before catching the eight-fifty for London and the front.

"She and I were great friends back in '18, and I found out that she was still living in Ayr. I got her to take her old job back

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[ODYSSEY 1918 Continued from Page Twenty-five]

temporarily, and it was just like the good old days for a while. Every morning I would be waiting for her to open up, and then I would ask her what I had better have. She would look me over carefully and tell me that my eyes were red and I'd better try a Suissess first. Or she'd say that my hand was shaking too much and I'd better have a Major Bailey to steady it. I'd pretend that I was waiting on the crowd to come back from the field for lunch. You remember how we all used to stop in there every noon?

"I'd order drinks for you and Mac and Cush and Andy and Cal and Hash. Hebe would insist that I had ordered the wrong things and tell me exactly what each one of you really liked.

"I enjoyed myself up there, though I was as crazy as a cuckoo clock on daylight-saving time. The last thing I saw of Ayr in 1918 was Hebe on the platform crying, and that was the last thing I saw in 1921.

"I went on up to the north of Scotland for a while, and came back down to London much improved. I ran into some Australians and had a very pleasant spring and went over to Paris with them.

"But Paris was too much for me. After about three weeks I began slipping, and one day I was sitting in front of the Cafe de la Paix and the lights went out. When they came on again I was in a hospital, breathing hard. I had empyema, and the doctors seemed to think I was done for, as my lungs were no good. They wanted to notify my family and wouldn't believe me when I told them I didn't have any. They insisted on cabling somebody that I was dying. So, in a moment of semidelirium, I gave them Delphine's name and address.

"When the curtain went up on the next act, there sat Delphine beside me, holding my hand. I couldn't believe it at first, and she said I cussed at her something terrible. I blamed Mac for bringing her. When I got better I tried to get her to go on back home, but she wouldn't do it. She said she was never going to leave me again. It wasn't her fault when she did.

"THE doctors told me that I would have to go up to some place in the Alps and sit out in the snow and sunshine and nothing else. So we took off for Switzerland.

"We rented a little chalet on the top of a medium-sized alp and proceeded to become the two happiest people in the world. For nearly four years we lived there, and I got sane in mind and strong in body. As soon as I got my strength back, we began taking week-end trips all over Switzerland to amuse ourselves. Nothing could have been more ideal.

"Her father got wind of it and oiled up the family shotgun and came over after us. He liked living with us so much that he stayed three months, and we had a hard time sending him back home then!

"We'd already got married, but we had really forgotten about it. We just happened to be in a cathedral on a beautiful day and wanted to do something to celebrate it.

"After little Delphine was born, we were happier than before. I calmed down and began to enjoy living again.

"But such things are too perfect to last. Six months ago we were out skiing, and Delphine, who was a remarkable jumper, took a long fall and injured her spine. She died three days later.

"I packed up and brought little Delphine on back. I had managed to pick up T. B. during my struggles and I had to come up here to live. The doctors say that I may be able to live a couple of years, but they doubt it. Little Delphine and I are making the most of life while we can, and then her grandfather is going to take her and make a great lady of her.

"I KNOW you'll be surprised to hear it, but I've turned spiritualist. Yep, I get all the manifestations and I'm not a bit sensitive about it. Mac comes to see me often, and sits on the bed beside me and tells me what's going on. Delphine is getting impatient waiting for me and has taught Mac how to play bridge. Clara is there too, and Mac says he has to watch his step because she gets jealous of Delphine. Kindley and Clay are still arguing over that Sunken Canal fight, and they've found a Hun who was in the scrap and led the top flight that leaped on us.

"Would you like me to give Mac any messages for you? He'll be back soon and I'll be glad to. But I seem to remember that you were a hard-boiled realist. Do you think I'm very silly to be telling you all this?"

"No," I assured him; "I don't think you're silly. They had to take me to pieces and put me together again a couple of years ago, and I spent a couple of days with Mac myself. You remember how Hash used to promise that he'd fix me up some day if he didn't get bumped off? Well, he came back from a German prison camp and finished his medical course and did the job for me. A nice example of fancy hemstitching!"

"Good old Hash. I wish he was a lung specialist. We'll have to have a drink to him. Here's dinner ready. Better have another highball, as I haven't any cocktails. I can't abide this synthetic gin, and besides I'm very moderate now."

And that's how I dined with the ghost of Bennie Billings. As we sat on the veranda, eating and looking far below at the lights of Asheville in the dusk, I felt that here was that Greek country, Purgatory, where the fallen warrior, with his sword sheathed, awaited his fate. Surely Mac steered him safely on.

THE END

Another great story of war birds by Captain Elliott White Springs will appear in an early issue of LIBERTY.

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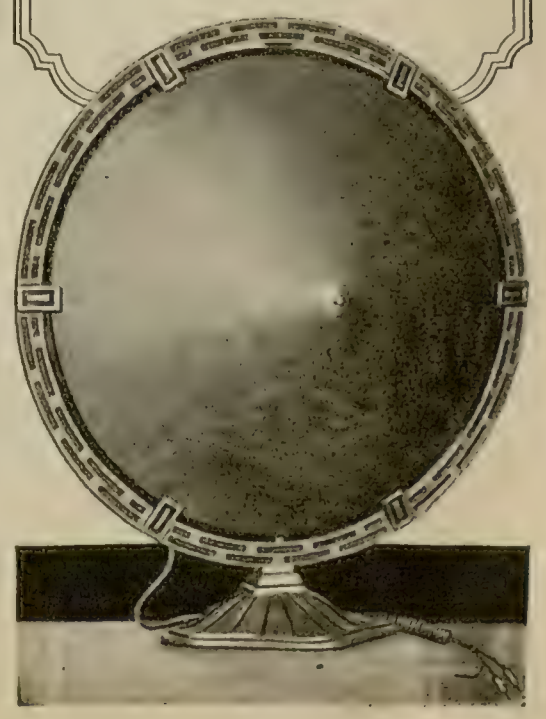


Laughing Off the WAR

Two New Films Knock at the Golden Doors First Opened to The Big Parade

A Movie Review by

Frederick James Smith

Wallace Beery (at left) and Raymond Hatton in We're in the Navy Now.

Conrad Nagel and Claire Windsor in Tin Hats.

NO medieval alchemist ever searched harder for the formula of transforming dross into gold than does the modern movie producer for the same recipe. There is this difference: the 1926 producer hits it now and then.

In the busy business of filming from 600 to 700 pictures a year, success becomes a hurried matter of chance. There is no time to experiment. When one maker of celluloid drama strikes a success, he starts a dozen others trying the same pattern.

Which brings me to two current war comedies, Famous Players' We're in the Navy Now and Metro's Tin Hats. These two film efforts are arriving on the crest of a flood of screen war stories.

Turn back to The Big Parade. This proved to be the biggest picture of the past two years at the box office. It is going to take its place with The Birth of a Nation, The Four Horsemen, 'Way Down East, The Covered Wagon, The Ten Commandments, and Ben-Hur as one of the seven greatest money-winners in the whole history of Celluloidia.

The hit of The Big Parade startled the film world. Up to its presentation, producers had barred war stuff. However, the movie magnates turned about face with alacrity and began grinding out war pictures.

Some months ago Famous Players produced a war comedy, Behind the Front, with Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton featured. It was a rough-and-ready comedy of the doughboys, but the crash it created at the nation's box offices was amazing. "They want war stuff," the producers whispered, "but it's gotta have a comedy slant."

So they all went to work on war comedies. Famous Players rushed Beery and Hatton back to work, this time on a gob comedy, We're in the Navy Now. Metro raced Tin Hats into filming.

Both these comedies are amusing and now and then hilarious. In We're in the Navy Now, Beery and Hatton play comedy gobs who inadvertently enlist to see the world. They swab a lot of decks, land in the World War, see France (momentarily), and accidentally cop war medals.

Tin Hats presents three doughboys lost from their regiment just after the Armistice. They wander into Germany and receive a cheery reception from the war-weary inhabitants when one of the trio, *Dutch Krausmeyer*

A scene from Tin Hats. Left to right: George Cooper, Conrad Nagel, and Bert Roach.

proves he is from St. Louis. Another doughboy, otherwise Conrad Nagel, wins a beautiful enemy baroness.

In both comedies propaganda is forgotten, discipline is kidded, and the Germans are portrayed as not so bad, after all.

* * *

While on the subject of movie vogues, it is interesting to point out a few:

There was the epidemic of homely home drama upon the heels of 'Way Down East and Over the Hill.

The Covered Wagon launched a long line of Westerns. "Epics" of the plains began to crop up daily.

Mother love is an unceasing theme for the movie producers. The biggest recent instance of this hitting the box office with a resounding tinkle of coin was Stella Dallas. The film magnates rushed headlong to duplicate the success.

About a year ago the whisper went around that sea stories were the thing. Perhaps the hits of Down to the Sea in Ships and The Sea Hawk did it. Now everyone is taking a shot at the sea stuff. The Sea Beast and Mare Nostrum are instances in point.

Sheik tales came and went with Valentino. Flapper stories appeared and disappeared. Comedy has grown in popularity with producers until all the old one-reel comedians are being used to play roles in serious film dramas, thus proving a sort of comic first aid to lame plots.

College stories are smiled upon right now by producers. And then there is the war story, already noted.

Behind the Front, The Volga Boatman, The Son of the Sheik, The Road to Mandalay, The Cohens and the Kellys, His Secretary, and One Minute to Play are the box-office wallops of the past year.

To these add The Big Parade, The Sea Beast, The Freshman, The Merry Widow, and Ben-Hur, some of them last year's super-productions, but all of them still doing merrily.

There you have the odd assemblage of 1926's screen gold mines.

Do you know that—

Jack Gilbert is to do William Anthony McGuire's bootlegger play, Twelve Miles Out? ... Besides Vanity Fair, Pola Negri is to do a story based upon the tragic life of the French actress, Rachel?

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

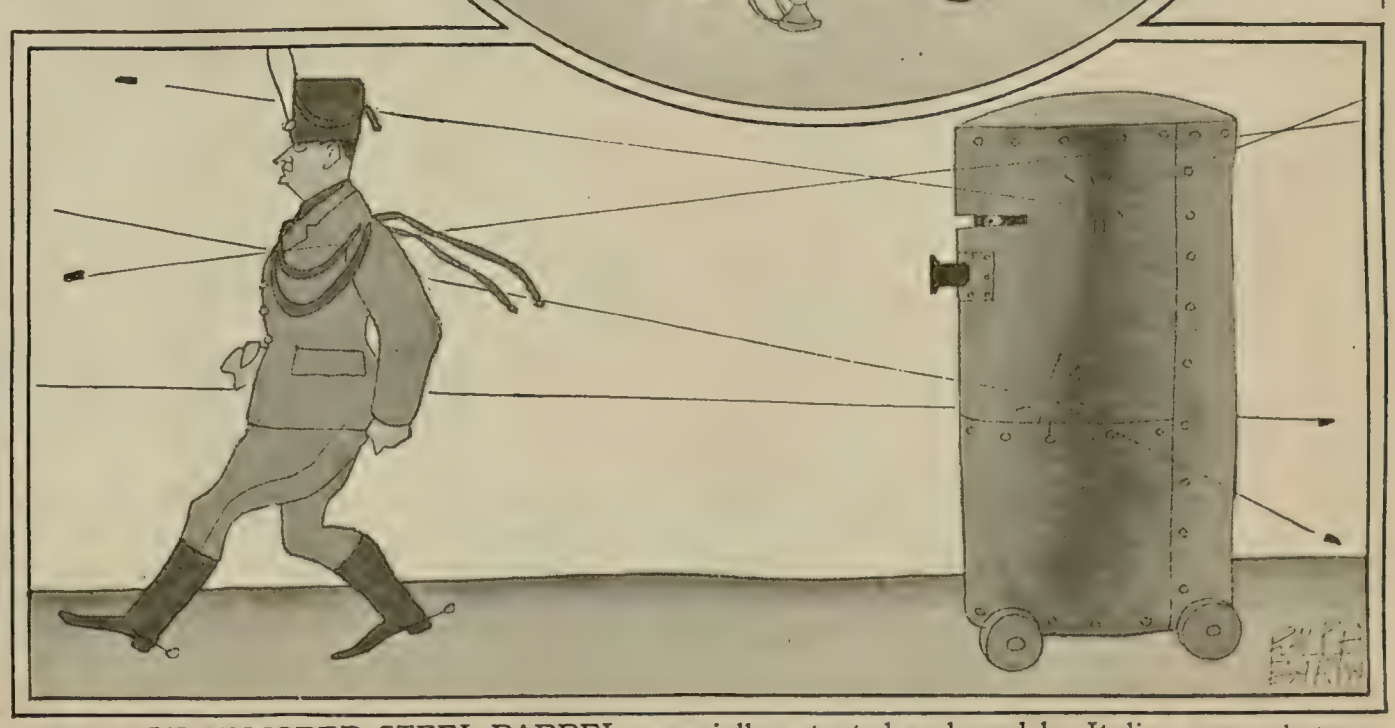
By RALPH BARTON

PRISON REFORM BRANCH OF GRAPHIC SECTION'S OWN Knights and Ladies of the Right begins new year by turning up another unspeakable atrocity practiced on inmates at Sing Sing, where, as a special punishment, recalcitrant prisoners are shown only second, and sometimes even third, run pictures.

NOTABLES AT BEAUTY DOCTORS' CONVENTION: Left, Madame Lucinda Washington, who made a fortune straightening hair; and, right, Madame Helene de Geones, who made a fortune waving hair.

PATENT STEEL STROKE REGULATOR and left arm stiffener which make golf seem almost like a game.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION IN AMERICA: Chair of Female Impersonation founded at Pennsylnois University, with Jack Woot, leading "lady" of last year's play, Campus Cuties, as professor.



MOVABLE ARMORED STEEL BARREL, especially patented and used by Italian press photographers who happen to be assigned to the duty of photographing Il Duce, otherwise known as Premier Benito Mussolini, on his rambles of inspection and pacification throughout Italy.

Slingin' It

One Who Dealt Them Off the Arm Tips Off the Tippers

An Article by

ELEANOR N. KNOWLES

Pictures by OSCAR HOWARD

DID you ever get so sick and tired of people, you could yell? Has the mere sight of folks eating and the endless clatter of their knives and forks ever worked you up to the point where you wanted to chase them all away or run from them until you were exhausted? Probably not; but I've felt that way. I was a waitress—one of those girls who keep clothes on their backs and roofs over their heads through the generosity of people they learn to know too well and, consequently, to despise a little. Waitresses can't help that. They know that the most elegant table manners in the world can't hide a surly disposition, and that many a generous heart beats under a soup-stained vest.

I wish I could make you casual restaurant diners see the waitress' side for a minute. Most of you know a waitress as a girl with a squeaky voice, a woman with flat feet, or a flip young person with a ready comeback. She's more than that.

First of all she's a human being, and, because she ministers to their wants, she probably knows a little more about her kind than the average. And, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, she isn't a waitress because she wants to be.

She's a waitress, generally, because she's up against it, and if you're a girl and up against it, there are few better jobs than waiting on table.

Now, don't get the idea that hash-slinging is any rosy road to ease and affluence. It isn't. It's hard work, hot work, heavy work. You meet men when they are at their worst — hungry; and you have to deal with women during their most temperamental moments—when they're showing off in public.

But for the girl who is foot-loose, has little education, is not skilled in any trade, and is faced with the necessity of getting by on her own, it is about the best bet I know. And she doesn't have to compromise herself, as they say in the papers.

In the first place, a good waitress can get a job in any town in this country that has more than three restaurants. If she is broke—and I've found that most waitresses are when they first hit a new job—she not only eats within two or three hours after she has put on her apron, but, by the end of the first meal, she has some change in her pocket.

If she is up against it hard—and adversity has its degrees no less than affluence—she can count on her first day's earnings in tips to provide her a roof that night. That's another point in favor of plate juggling.

You see, gentle reader, I learned all this at

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Photo by Lazarnick

DON'T get the idea that hash-slinging is any rosy road to affluence.

MORE MEN AND WOMEN ARE USING COLGATE'S THAN ANY OTHER DENTIFRICE

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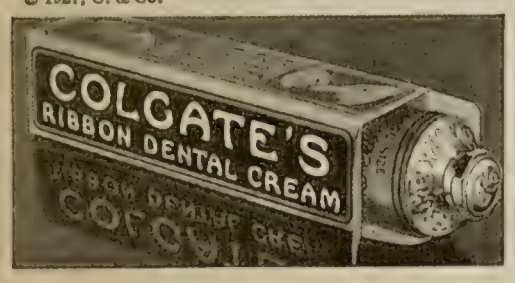

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[SLINGIN' IT
Continued from Page Twenty-nine]

first hand, not to provide material for a magazine article, but because I needed that roof.

Of course, a girl can't just walk into a restaurant and declare herself in on a job as a waitress. The green girl usually finds pretty tough sledding in a busy chophouse, where arm service is required. Generally she breaks in by degrees through the medium of tea rooms and lunch counters. In the tea room she learns to use a dainty tray. Such a waitress is called a tray girl. For there are kinds of waitresses, just as there are kinds of doctors.

THE one most in demand is the arm waitress. She is the ace of her craft; usually gets the best money, and keeps the greatest amount of food moving. She must learn to pile numerous plates, side dishes, etc., on her left arm, and these must be "dealt" rapidly and neatly. Woe to the waitress who parades the length of the house with a gravy-trickling plate aslant on her arm!

She must be able to juggle two, three, even four cups of coffee at a time, or five or six glasses of water. A good arm waitress will carry as many dishes on her left arm as the average tray girl will manage on a serving tray.

Then there are counter girls and cafeteria girls. This is the easiest service, and brings the smallest return. Very few counter and cafeteria patrons tip.

It's the tips that count. Waitresses' salaries vary widely. My first job paid me five dollars a week, but that was in a non-union house. I have received as high as fifteen dollars a week, which, however, is exceptional. The usual rate is about nine dollars a week.

A good waitress in an average house should make five dollars a day in tips. Figuring six working days to the week, this means thirty dollars, besides her salary and meals. But don't you think she doesn't work for it.

The hours are long and awkward because they usually are divided into shifts. She may start work at six in the morning and work straight through until two in the afternoon; or she may start at eleven and quit at two, coming on again in the evening and working from five until eight. Some ambitious girls work a straight shift in one place and then take a single meal somewhere else. This increases the tips, but it also brings fallen arches.

Tips vary with the house. If a customer has been in the habit of tipping men, the tips will be larger. Men make almost twice as much as women, but it is a question if they give any better service.

YOU get so you can almost tell the size of the tip by the appearance of the customer. The best tippers, in my experience, are middle-aged business men—the ruddy-faced kind, that seem to take everything with a smile. They don't kick at the service, and if a girl is tired and slows up a little they seem to understand.

Of course there are the "road boys," who want to impress a girl. A half dollar will roll out where ordinarily fifteen cents or a quarter would be expected. But they don't get away with anything. The girl pockets the half, listens to their line, and then wanders back behind the serving cabinet.

"Did the patent-leather kid slip you a half?" whispers one of the girls.

"Sure. How'd you know?"

"Aw, he's been in here lots of times. Tried to date you up, too, didn't he?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, watch out for him. The blonde went out with him one time he was in town, an' what he tried to start was a panic. The poor kid had to walk home. Watch your step, momma!"

The size of his tip tips him off. He doesn't get very far.

MOST restaurant patrons slip something under the rim of the plate because they feel it is expected of them. These are the smallest tippers, usually adhering strictly to the 10 per cent rule by leaving ten cents for any check under a dollar, fifteen cents for a meal costing between a dollar and a dollar and a half, etc. They are the opposite of those who tip because they are well satisfied with their meal and the service.

There is the gay young blade who tips largely to show off before his girl, and the preoccupied business man who hurries away, leaving fifteen cents where seventy-five would be just recompense for the paces he put the serving girl through.

Then there is the "stiff"—the patron who fails to tip. "Stiff" a girl once and you might as well not come in again. If you do, even though you change waitresses, this is the conversation that will go on back by the water-cooler:

"Say, Maymie, I see that 'stiff' has picked on you."

"Which one?" asks Maymie, piling on a couple of extra butters for a favorite.

"The guy with the nose glasses and the gray suit. He just flopped in your first 'deuce' [meaning table for two]. He ain't let go a dime since he came in the place. I finally got him off my station, but it took a week."

"Is zat so!" says Maymie, peering around the corner of the serving cabinet. "Well, it won't take me that long to get him off my station, an' I don't mean maybe."

Open insults from the girls will, of course, bring forth a reprimand from the manager, but waitresses have many little ways of getting rid of "stiffs."

Their orders always take the longest to come from the kitchen. Their soup and coffee are always cold. They are "shorted" on butter and bread and sauces, and

MANY hand-polished "maids about town" are known by the size of the tips they don't leave.

their water glass goes unfilled. When the word passes that a "stiff" is to be served, petty differences between the kitchen and serving force are forgotten and all hands devote their energies to seeing that the "stiff" does not enjoy his meal.

I have known "stiffs" to try every station in a restaurant and finally give up in disgust.

The "station" is the number and location of tables allotted each waitress. Three tables for four and two "deuces" comprise the normal station. Green girls are given "bottom station," which is the one nearest the kitchen. This is the easiest station, but it is also the lightest in tips.

Diners are creatures of habit. They turn to the right on entering a restaurant and sit at the first table that is vacant, thus making "top station, right," the heaviest and consequently the best paying. Another habit I have noticed in people entering a restaurant is that if there are a dozen clean tables and three dirty ones, they invariably will sit at one of the dirty ones and grumble while the girl takes the dishes away and lays a new cloth.

That type of customer is listed with the pests because he starts the waitress off under a handicap.

THE biggest pests are women. Women demand more and give less than men and they usually are short tempered about it.

One of the worst ordeals for a waitress is the late luncheon party that has just finished a shopping tour. The women are tired from tramping the stores, the children are peevish, and the waitresses are fatigued from the rush hour, and both sides get off on the wrong foot.

"Now, Willie, you stop," reprimands a fat mother as her young hopeful reaches over the tray of his high chair and tips over a glass of water. The waitress speeds for clean napkins to put over the wet spot.

"What shall we eat?" querics a second mother, rescuing the sugar bowl from her darling daughter.

After reading the menu through twice, they decide on soup and milk for the children and sandwiches for themselves. After many changes the order will be served, only to be added to from time to time as another plate or glass is needed. Extra water is required, for the children's hands must be washed, and what is easier than to pour water over the little hands into the empty soup bowls or to wet the ends of napkins and sponge off the smeared faces?

Any girl would rather wait on three parties of adults than one such as this. A quarter, she knows, will be a prodigious tip, and I have had such a party leave a dime.

I believe a great part of this is sheer ignorance. Many women who behave this way in restaurants get out so seldom to order a meal that they actually do not know what is expected of them. Nevertheless there are a great many hand-polished "maids about town" who are known to waitresses by the size of the tips they don't leave.

Chatting after dinner is a habit of both sexes, often holding a girl's table from another customer, or keeping her long after the closing hour.

And the conversation a waitress listens to!

If she is on the early morning "trick" she watches the world wake up—and it's a pretty painful process. If romance ever touches a waitress' life it certainly isn't at the breakfast hour.

At the other end of the day, when the midnighters drop in for their late sandwich or "graveyard stew"—milk toast—is when she gets the full flow of conversation.

If she is good looking she becomes the confidante of every misunderstood husband who patronizes the place and the confessor of every souse who teeters in the door. The liquored ones, from the high-school sophomore with his first noisy jag to the copper-plated philosophical old-timer nearing his last, all have thickly voiced confidences for her ear.

THE girl pockets the half, listens to his line, and then wanders back behind the serving cabinet.

The late shift in any restaurant, outside of the better-class hotels, of course, is productive of some mighty funny incidents.

I REMEMBER once, when I was working in a Seattle chophouse, two Japanese came in. They were well dressed and appeared to have been in this country quite a while, but they seemed a little bewildered. After backing and filling several times, they selected a table and sat there like two images. I approached and asked for their order.

Solemnly one of them extracted a dollar bill from a huge roll, deposited it on the table, and proceeded to select his dishes by pointing to them on the menu and saying only one word, "Two." They didn't say another word to me during the meal. I suppose the generous tip in advance was to assure good service.

They got it.

Another night, late, a Salvation Army lassie, a man in the Salvation Army uniform, and a frowzy blonde who didn't need a uniform to label her, took one of my tables. The blonde went right into her hard-luck story, and, as hard-luck stories go, it was about the best I ever heard.

I figured she was going to stick the Salvation Army people for the meal; but, when they were through, the blonde grabbed the check and paid it—with a hundred-dollar bill!

She was a good scout, too. I forgot to bring her a side dish of vegetables, and when I apologized she said, through a brassy smile:

"That's all right, dearie. We all forgets."

In remembering orders, the order book is helpful, but I know many girls who can carry ten or twelve orders in their heads. And they must be able to recognize their orders when the cook puts them on the serving shelf. The cook will bang on a bell announcing an order is ready, but he may not remember whose order it is. The girl must know and get it out of the way before it gets cold. Cooks like to have the serving shelf kept free of dishes, but they'll let a girl's order stand without fussing if they know she is trying to "freeze a stiff."

There are right and wrong ways of giving an order. If an *a la carte* bill of fare and a *du jour* bill are used, and an order, such as chops, is on both, it is ordered thus: "Lamb chops *du jour*."

The cook repeats it.

If other lamb chops are ordered *a la carte*, the girl calls:

"Lamb chops—two to come—one *a la carte*."

The cook repeats this.

"High and dry" tacked to a meat order means it is to be without gravy, and "Railroad it" is the signal for a rush order.

IN many houses girls get their own soup; but should they order it from the cook, it is termed a "bowl."

"A bowl. Pick it up!" from the cook means it is ready to be served.

In different houses these terms vary. In the better-class restaurants waitresses must be careful to modulate their voices so that they do not carry out to the dining-room.

But I found one universal cry:

"Hot stuff!"

That means a girl is coming through with an armload of hot dishes and everyone clears the path.

Some cooks are very agreeable and co-operate in serving the dishes. Others make no attempt to help the girls keep their orders separate.

Cooks get straight salaries, but in many places the girls are expected to give them something each day that amounts to quite a bit at the end of the week. This is particularly true where girls make a practice of getting special cuts for favorite customers.

Cooks, as a rule, are great kidders, but they haven't a thing on most of the male patrons. A waitress should be able to take a lot of kidding and be able to give as good as she receives. It's part of her stock in trade and many a girl's ready wit has saved an overdone steak from going back to the kitchen.

And you can kid customers into ordering stuff they don't want, too. The people you serve are always flattered if a girl remembers just the seasoning they like or a vegetable they are fond of. This is a sure tip-getter, and successful waitresses have a long string of steady customers whose day-by-day food wants they know by heart.

These older, more experienced girls are

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SLINGIN' IT
Continued from Page Thirty-one]

mighty good-hearted to green girls breaking in.

Before a new girl has been on the job a day she has been "wised up" to the local male pitfalls by some of the old-timers. If the city is large enough to support a theatrical stock company, the girls are posted on the troupe members who patronize the house. Such restaurants always draw the dashing juvenile, and the dashing juvenile always draws "that good looking little kid that came on this morning."

"That good looking little kid" usually comes to the serving cabinet in something between a fit and a faint when the juvenile first takes her station.

"Dreams *do* come true!" she informs her sister waitresses, for has not the man of men just given her his order?

Then some older and wiser girl gives the youngster a short, illusion-breaking, but sincere reading of the juvenile record.

"He'll ask you to come to his dressing-room for an autographed picture," the older girl declares; "an' when he does, just tell him you saw him in last week's play, an' if you're goin' to support a actor it's got to be a good one. He'll pipe down after that."

It takes a pretty clever boy to get a fast one by these experienced waitresses, because while they're fixing your knife and fork and listening to the list of your wants they are adding you up. Many years of contact with men, from the time they learn how to eat until they almost forget how, has given them a pretty fair working knowledge of what it's all about.

That's why the green girls don't fall for the go-getters, but stay on the job, most of them, until they marry a cook or a waiter.

Occasionally one slips, and when she does elope with the casual customer it invariably is the one who has the loudest check in his clothes and the brightest necktie.

With men, as with everything else, the waitress scorns a half portion. She wants a full order of folly or nothing.

THE END

For the Love o' Lil

The New Year's Calendar

A New Chapter in Liberty's Famous Cover Continuity

By LESLIE THRASHER

ONE night before dinner "Pop" called out, "I've hung the new calendar!" Ma appeared with, "Oh, how does it look?"

Mr. Morse's new business calendar—mailed every December to his real estate, insurance, and coal clients—was an annual tradition in the Morse house, like ordering the coal, putting in the cider, and painting the tin roof. The picture changed yearly. This time it showed an Indian in a canoe, precipitated over Niagara Falls, in whose seething mist R. E. MORSE was printed in bold black type!

Ma looked at the 1927 calendar. Dishes—meals—beds. And Ladies' Auxiliary meetings at the Lodge. "Oh, my wedding anniversary falls on Tuesday!" she said to herself.

"Pop" stared at the first days of each month. Bills—half-yearly premiums. And the Lodge Outing would be at a full moon this July. He didn't notice his wife's finger resting on her anniversary date.

Then Junior burst into the room. "Oh, gee, there's the new calendar! My birthday comes on Monday this year! Christmas is on Sunday; school closes on Thursday; April Fool's Day is on Friday!" This announcement came with speed.

Then Lil walked into the room. "Oh, the new calendar!"

Her eyes rested on a certain summer month. A romantic glow surrounded the month of June. Roses, moonlight, wedding dreams. Would it be Sandy? She caught her breath. Or Mr. Hammerschlosser?

Sandy was getting supper in a cafeteria downtown. Sliding his tray along the rail, he read: CHICKEN 15 VEG 15 BEAN 10; but he got no further. By the cashier's desk R. E. MORSE blazed from the white froth of Niagara Falls!

Supper was forgotten. The New Year's calendar! Sandy could anticipate no date further away than January 3. By then he would know how Lil felt—about him—being engaged—getting married—and everything.

"I'll know for sure by the third," he said aloud. Then he jumped because a fat girl snapped right up and said, "I beg your pardon?"

Happy New Year! Twelve months of mystery for the Morses, Mr. Hammerschlosser—and Sandy!

(To be continued next week)

Lips!

There is nothing more intriguing, fascinating, bewitching than full-curved, soft, luscious, delicately colored lips.

Kissproof TRADE MARK REG. Lipstick

Will make your lips more hauntingly beautiful than they have ever been before and KISSPROOF is WATERPROOF. One application lasts for hours, no need for constant touching up. The color is an artist's blend—not red—not orange, but a shade so utterly natural it flatters every complexion. Get KISSPROOF today. Accept no substitute. Be sure the case is stamped "Kissproof." At all dealers 50c.

New Kissproof Compact Rouge 75c

If your dealer cannot supply you send direct or use coupon for free samples.

Given

DELICA LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 1791
3012 Clybourn Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Gentlemen: Please send free samples (enough for one week) of Kissproof Lipstick and Kissproof Compact Rouge. I enclose 10c for packing and mailing.

Name.....

Address.....

Kissproof

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

Confessions of a Bootlegger

By "JIMMY"

As told to Paul Gallico

A SMASHING melodrama of real life in the raw on rum's roaring road to riches. Fighting double-crossers, bribing officials, risking life and limb in border forays, outwitting the forces of organized government on sea and land.

IN NEXT WEEK'S LIBERTY

The Cloud JUMPERS

Adventures of the Men Who Risk Their Lives to Make the Air Safe

An Article by

Lieutenant JOHN A. MACREADY

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Lieutenant Macready, the author of this article, holds one of the most remarkable records in the test division of the Army Air Service. He participated in the 2,700-mile nonstop flight across the continent in 1922, and has set numerous altitude records, his standing one being the American height record of 38,704 feet, set in February of this year.

In an earlier issue of LIBERTY Lieutenant Macready told of the thrills of test flying. The present article is devoted principally to a description of the thrills of parachute jumping.]

"TAYLOR wins the Flying Ass Trophy!" sang out Roy Langham, flight test observer, as he pushed his head through the door of the Flying Section office one day at McCook Field, Dayton, Ohio.

"What did he do?" asked the officer in charge, looking up from a blueprint.

"That's just it; he didn't," answered Langham. "He was assigned to make a propeller test on the Boeing pursuit, No. 355; worked up all the dope for the test, then walked out to the flying line and, without looking at the number, took up the other Boeing pursuit plane —No. 356. He was in the air three hours, and didn't know he had the wrong plane until I told him when he landed just now. He must be in love."

Each morning at 7:50 o'clock a conference of test pilots and observers is held in the office of the chief of the Flying Section of the Engineering Division, Army Air Service. The previous day's work is discussed, new test orders are read, routine matters of the section ironed out, the day's work is planned, and new assignments are made.

The Flying Ass Trophy is awarded at this meeting. It must remain on the desk of the pilot who "wins" it, to denote him as a "flying ass," until some other unfortunate test pilot damages a plane through carelessness or lack of judgment, or wastes valuable time and effort.

Taylor had wasted government time; and, although the Flying Ass Trophy is treated as a joke, it carries with it an implication that is not relished by the pilots. This time the retribution reminder reposed on Taylor's desk until Beaton, another excellent test pilot, fell by the wayside.

In addition to the grind of test work, McCook Field pilots are called on for spectacular acrobatic demonstrations and flying exhibitions. Beaton, participating in an aerial demonstration at the opening of the Cleveland Airport, had rolled, looped, spun, and twisted a plane equipped to leave a dense trail of smoke behind it.

He was feeling rather cocky as he came floating over the huge crowd of spectators and directly above the small group of officers gathered at the side of the landing field. He wanted to show off to the crowd. So, as the plane glided down, he swished and slipped it over on its side, shouting loudly to the throng, when about thirty feet above them:

"Watch this one, gents! I set 'em down just like a basket of eggs."

He then proceeded to wipe the landing gear off the plane as it hit the ground, skidding a bit to the side. Beaton replaced Taylor as the clown of the section.

Photo copyright by P. & A.

THE aviator in the foreground was photographed 2,000 feet in the air after jumping from a plane, just before he pulled the release cord of his parachute.

Each year a new trophy is used. There is the Alibi Trophy, the Bonehead Trophy, and the Dumb-Bell Trophy. Many names famous in flying circles are on these trophies. The Dumb-Bell Trophy has such names as Lieu-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

...and keep—*always*—the fresh loveliness of youthful skin

Wouldn't you like to meet your mirror, day in and day out, with the fresh, lovely radiance of youth?

It's so easy—truly. Here is a new, delightful way to keep your skin flower-like and youthful—smooth, fine-textured. Every night, smooth a little Skin Balm over your face. Feel the cool, exhilarating tingle. You just *know* it's doing good—toning, firming the tissues—stimulating the circulation.

Skin Balm is reallyunique. The delightful, astringent action reduces pores. No danger of trapping oil or dirt in the pore wells . . . Corrects abnormal oiliness—removes face shine. Non-greasy, quickly absorbed—will not grow hair.

An exceptional powder base. Takes powder evenly and smoothly, never spotting through. Holds it for extra hours and gives your make-up a rich, velvety finish.

For your hands, too. Skin Balm keeps them smooth and white, free from chapping. Better than liquid lotions. Easier to use. No waste. Nothing to spill, because it comes in a tube. Keep a tube in the kitchen to use after dishwashing and housework.

For sale in all stores. 50 cents for the large tube. 10 cents for the Vanitie size, convenient for your vanity case or for guest room use. Write for interesting booklet on complexion care.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
381 Central Avenue, Newark, New Jersey
The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

Also use Skin Balm for—
Cracked lips, chapped hands, roughened skin, itching or chafing, to remove "dishwater redness," after shaving under your arms.

A Suggestion
Probably husband or brother has a tube of Skin Balm... it's the best after-shaving preparation in the world. Use a little of his and see how quickly he buys you a tube of your own.

MENNEN SKIN BALM

[THE CLOUD JUMPERS
Continued from Page Thirty-three]

tenants C. E. Crumrine, O. G. Kelly, Alex Pearson, W. H. Brookley, Messrs. A. H. Fokker, R. G. Lockwood, Art Smith, and L. G. Meister, most of them flyers of considerable renown.

Do not get the impression, however, that the work of a test pilot is composed of winning dunce caps. His work is hard, oftentimes dangerous, and sometimes monotonous.

The testing of pursuit planes for combat is strenuous work, for the airplane is given a rigorous structural test that strains every part of it to the utmost. It is the duty of the test pilot to put the airplane through maneuvers that will test it to the limit. He must endeavor to break up the experimental airplane in order to insure that the planes, when sent out to the service, will be strong enough to withstand the work for which they are designed.

I was sent to Ithaca, New York, a couple of years ago, to test the Thomas Morse MB-3 pursuit plane. This was a small, compact pursuit plane having a speed of approximately 150 miles an hour.

A week was spent in flying and testing in the routine manner, to insure proper balance, flying qualities, maintenance, and correct functioning of the guns, gasoline system, and radiation. Then the plane was climbed to an altitude of 10,600 feet, to try out the cooling system and give the airplane a thorough breakdown test for combat.

TO dive on the enemy is the primary function of combat. On arriving at 10,600 feet, I pointed the nose of the plane straight for the ground with full power on, and dived.

Suddenly I felt a terrific jar, heard a loud, crashing sound, and I could tell by the feel of the control stick that the plane was falling out of control. I instinctively pulled back on the throttle and attempted, unsuccessfully, to control the MB-3.

My eyes were almost on a level with the top wing, and I looked up. The fabric of that wing was gone, from tip to tip. I should explain that a large percentage of the lift of an airplane is derived from suction on the top of the upper wing.

I was falling straight for the ground, with the plane slowly revolving or spinning around the nose. The wires sounded like a steam whistle.

I hated to apply power in this dive, as I was afraid of collapsing the lower wing.

I had no parachute, or I should have jumped. Finally I did apply power.

With the control stick pulled back, the nose came up, hesitated, and then rose higher, to a position of normal flight. But, instead of flying ahead, the plane was settling or squashing toward the ground.

That is the way the plane hit the ground—with the propeller holding up the nose, but with very little lift to the wings. The plane landed on the tail skid and landing gear, broke the tail, collapsed the landing gear, bounced high in the air, turning a complete somersault, and landed on its back just off the campus of Cornell University.

MY fall was witnessed by several hundred persons, and many thought I was fatally injured. But I had come down on top of my head with a mild bump, and, although pinned in the cockpit of the plane, I felt no injury. Bystanders lifted off the plane, and I dropped out.

People have asked me how one feels in an emergency of this kind. I was thinking so fast and working so hard to get out of the predicament that there was no opportunity to get frightened until afterward. I thought I should be killed; but, instead of thinking of heaven and my past life, I thought what a fool I was not to have worn a parachute.

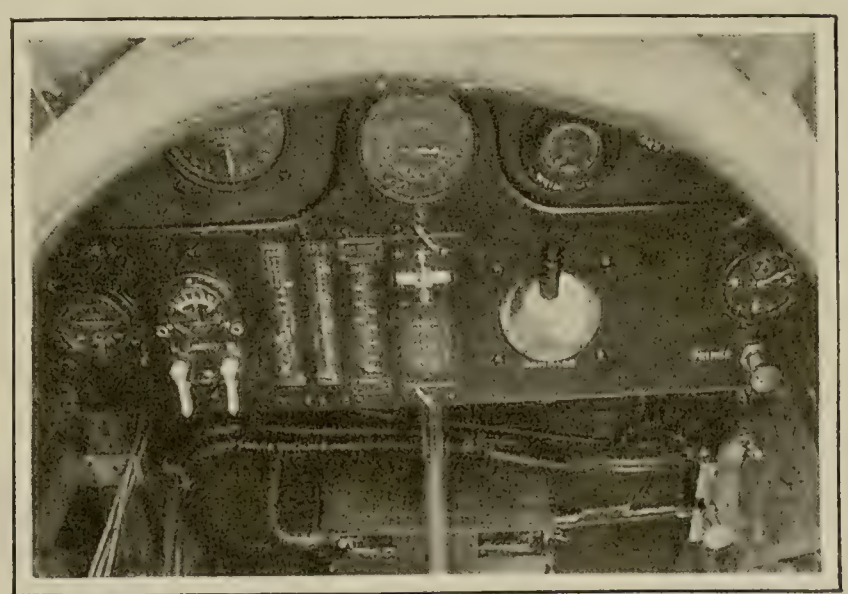
When an emergency arises, the answer that Lieutenant Jimmy Doolittle gave when he crashed after the tail surfaces of his pursuit plane failed, illustrates the general attitude of the mind.

"Were you afraid, Jimmy?" someone asked, after the accident.

"No. I didn't have time. I had too much to think about," he replied.

Fatalities are inevitable in test flying, but the percentage is not great, considering the nature of test pilots' duties.

The airplane parachute has done much to diminish the number of fatal accidents. There was not a fatality among the test pilots belonging to the McCook Field Flying Section at Dayton, Ohio, in 1925—the first year on record without a death. Previous to that time, the average had been two or three out of ten test pilots killed annually.



Front cockpit of an airplane, showing the instruments used in flight testing.

The Caterpillar Club has been organized by the company that manufactures parachutes for the government. Its members are composed of men who owe their existence to the parachute in emergency. It is called the Caterpillar Club because parachutes are made of silk and silk is made by caterpillars.

Several test pilots are members of this club. Lieutenant Harold R. Harris jumped when his plane collapsed in the air; the two left wings broke off Lieutenant Tyndall's plane at an altitude of 5,000 feet; I jumped in total darkness at 10:30 o'clock one cloudy night when the engine failed over rough, wooded country; and Lieutenant E. H. Barksdale was suddenly pitched out when the horizontal stabilizer failed.

Lieutenant Harris, one of the best test pilots in the Air Service, was the first to use a parachute in emergency. His experience, which he tells as follows, illustrates many of the features encountered in testing new airplanes:

"Several flying officers were gathered on the cement runway in front of the main hangar at McCook Field, watching the beautiful maneuvers of a Thomas Morse pursuit airplane piloted by Lieutenant Wade. In the group were Lieutenant John Price and Ensign Al Williams of the Navy, Lieutenants Ernest Dichman, Muir Fairchild, and I, of the Army Air Service stationed at McCook Field.

"After Lieutenant Wade completed his tests of the new tail surfaces, he climbed out of the airplane, his parachute over his arm.

"A VISITING officer was interested in the peculiar looking object. We explained the way the parachute was fitted to the pilot with straps over the shoulders, around the legs, and across the chest; how the release ring was held in place; how it was operated by a hard pull after he had cleared himself from the machine.

"The visitor seemed impressed. Several other persons expressed doubt of a pilot's ability to release himself from an airplane and operate the parachute in an emergency. Little thinking my words would so soon be put to the test, I remarked that it was surprising what a man could do when put to it.

"I suggested to Fairchild that he fly his machine for further test of the new tail surfaces, while I took a monoplane to test the new and experimental type of ailerons which had been installed the day before and flown for a preliminary test by Lieutenant Wade. It is an unwritten rule that every pilot in the Flying Section shall be able properly to fly any airplane.

"Lieutenant Fairchild got his parachute and ascended, and as soon as my motor was sufficiently warm, I followed. At an altitude of about 2,500 feet the other machine was waiting for me. We had a maneuver-ability test to carry out on both airplanes; therefore it was logical for us to practice a little combat. Fairchild's machine was about ten miles an hour faster than mine.

"It should be remembered that

McCook Field is situated within less than a mile of the center of the city of Dayton, and all airplanes leaving the ground pass over some part of the city. I met the other machine at an altitude of one-half mile above North Dayton.

"Lieutenant Fairchild flew directly toward me, as if he were firing at me with his forward guns, and I flew directly at him. As we approached each other, he veered to one side to give me an opportunity to close in on his tail. He assumed a dive of about five degrees below the horizontal with full power, and I followed about 150 feet behind him.

"WE were going south toward the center of town, and, when about half a mile from there, Fairchild began a slight left turn. I was not watching my air-speed indicator, but Fairchild told me afterward that as he began his turn to the left he looked at his, which showed slightly more than 150 miles an hour. I was, therefore, going at about that speed when he began his turn.

"In order to keep the sights fixed on Fairchild it was necessary for me, at this point, also to begin a very gradual turn to the left. As soon as I started to turn, hell broke loose.

"The whole airplane shook violently laterally and the control stick began to oscillate rapidly from side to side.

"The experimental ailerons on this airplane were of the type called balanced; that is, part of the aileron was set forward of the hinge, to make it easier for the pilot to operate, since the wind pressure on the part forward of the hinge would counteract somewhat the wind pressure on the part of the aileron at the rear of the hinge, which, without balance, has to be overcome by the force the pilot applies to the control stick.

"Evidently the balanced portion on these ailerons was so large in relation to the unbalanced portion that, as soon as the motion of the ailerons at high speed was started, they began to operate themselves, making it impossible for the pilot to control their action. As the aileron on one wing went up, the aileron on the other wing went down.

"The only way I possibly could hope to control this oscillation was to slow down the speed of the airplane to such a degree that I could overcome the tremendous air force on the ailerons by my control force; so I immediately closed the throttle with this purpose in mind.

"By this time, however, the aileron whip had become so great that the wing structure had been torn apart internally, and it was no longer possible for the wings to maintain their properly designed curvature. The aileron oscillations became extremely violent, and consequently the control stick in the cockpit oscillated about 1,000 times a minute, being stopped on each side of the cockpit by my legs. These terrific blows were on the fleshy part of my legs between the hip and the knee and I could not walk for three days afterward. My right hand, with which I was trying to control the airplane, also was badly bruised.

"As soon as I had determined that it was impossible for me to regain control of the airplane, there was only one thing to do in order to save my life.

"I had seen a great many airplane crashes. I had helped pick up many pilots who had been killed. I knew that, in the event of collapse of the sort I was facing, it was impossible to land the airplane safely, and that the thing for me to do was to leave the airplane and open my parachute.

"All that was necessary for me to do was to release my safety belt, which held me in the cockpit, and climb partly on the top of the fuselage. The tremendous wind pressure, probably 250 miles an hour, blew me clear of the airplane, and the next thing to do was to pull the rip-cord of my parachute.

"I had never before made a parachute jump, and had vowed that I never would except in an extreme emergency.

A SURPRISING thing about the jump I made was that during the whole experience I did not become fearful of the consequences or lose my faculties.

"After leaving the airplane, I looked down at my feet to help my hand to locate the parachute-release ring, and realized that instead of looking down I was looking up, and that my feet were pointing toward the sky and my head toward the ground.

"I located what I thought was my ring, and pulled. Nothing happened. I looked again, and realized that I was spinning like a top, my head down and my feet up.

"Three times I located what I thought was the release ring; but I was pulling on the leg-strap fitting of the harness, which is about three inches below the rip-cord ring. As soon as I realized this, I allowed my hand to travel up the harness toward my head until I encountered the ring, which I pulled.

"During this time my speed of descent must have been very high, but at no time did I have any sensation of falling, and even with the extremely high wind velocity I had perfect control of my arms and could move them up and down my body at will.

"As soon as the release cord was operated I felt a tremendous jerk, and looked toward my feet to find that I was looking down at the ground. The first thing that caught my eye was a school building from which a stream of children was pouring.

"I then looked up at my parachute — not with any sense of relief, because I had felt no fear. It all seemed part of the program that the parachute should open without argument; and I can remember admiring the beautiful silk of which it was made.

"I THEN looked down again, to see just where I was going to land. I remembered that the proper thing to do, in landing, was to pull one's legs up as if about to land on the ground after jumping off a high board fence. I also remembered that by grasping the parachute webbing with the arms additional assistance could be obtained in retarding the shock of landing.

"The sense of relative motion between the parachute jumper and the ground is very small, and, until a flyer is close to the ground, he is not sure just where he is going to land.

"I saw beneath me a number of small houses and some trees, and had no desire to land in either; but I did not know what to do about it.

"Then I saw a grape arbor, and was very well satisfied; for I knew the frail laths of which it was built would easily give way and break my fall to the ground.

"This is exactly what happened, the only damage I suffered being a tear in the best pair of trousers I owned and some cuts on my shoes, as I went through the arbor. The brick sidewalk below the arbor was not particularly resilient, but I was not rendered unconscious by the fall, although my physical condition was low on account of the terrific beating I had received on the legs from the control stick."

The experience of Lieutenant Harris is typical of what a test pilot may expect when experimenting with new and untried airplanes and equipment.

Usually he does the best and most logical thing when an emergency arises, because his imagination has pictured a similar happening many times.

The Barksdale jump was somewhat unusual. Lieutenant Eugene H. Barksdale, a test pilot, who was killed last summer, and R. A. Anderson, flight test observer, took off from McCook Field in the XCO-7 for the purpose of studying the known instability of this plane, so that corrections might be made. Six minutes after taking off, at an altitude of 2,200 feet over Wilbur Wright Field, the plane got out of control and both pilot and observer were thrown out of the plane.

Barksdale was pitched out, tearing the safety belt, with which he was strapped into his seat, loose from its attachments. Events happened so rapidly that Barksdale hardly remembered pulling the rip-cord to open the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A group of famous test pilots (left to right): Standing— Lt. Harry A. Johnson, Lt. Eugene H. Barksdale, deceased; Lt. Macready, the author; Lt. James T. Hutchinson, Lt. Reuben C. Moffat, and Louis G. Meister, civilian pilot. Kneeling— Ralph Lockwood, civilian pilot; Lt. George T. Tourtellot, Lt. James A. Doolittle, and Lt. William N. Amis.

The "Flying Ass Trophy" described by the author.

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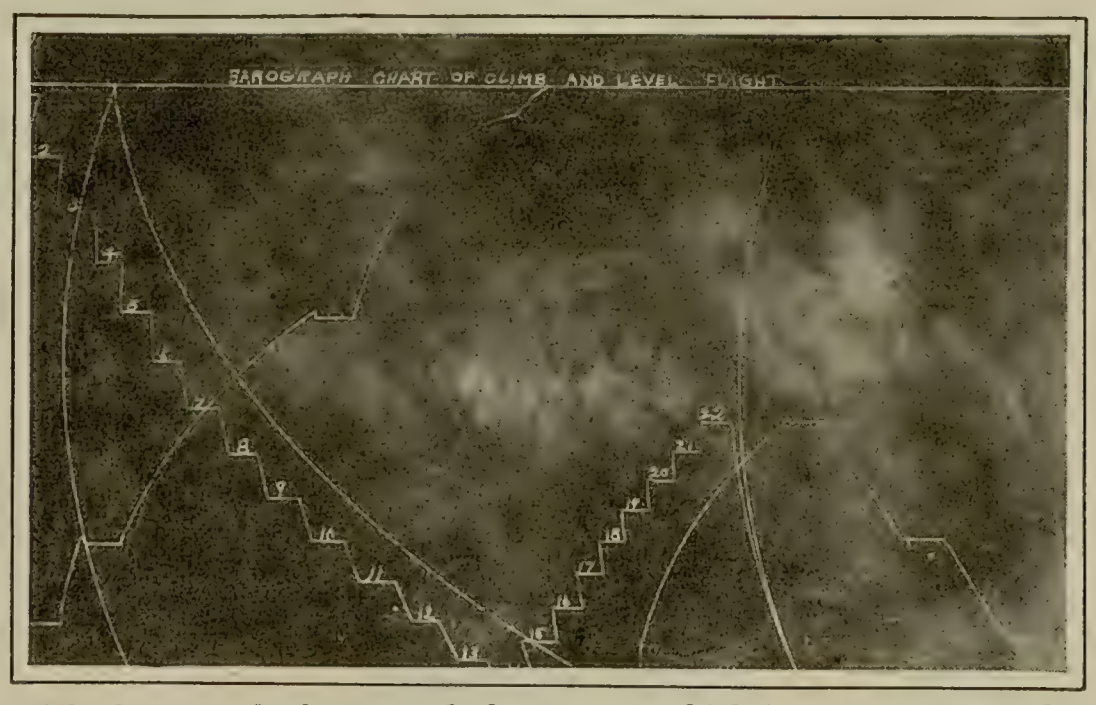
[THE CLOUD JUMPERS Continued from Page Thirty-five]

parachute. He made one swing and was on the ground, the parachute opening at about 150 feet.

Anderson was killed. The machine-gun ring mount was torn off with him, making it impossible for him to open his parachute. The rip-cord had not been pulled.

Flight testing is oftentimes a hazardous occupation that requires the utmost attention to detail and extreme carefulness and concentration.



The barograph chart, smoked paper on which instruments record every movement of an airplane in test flight.

The pilot knows that every movement of the plane is traced in the form of a lasting record. His flying ability is made known by permanent lines and curves traced on smoked paper on the recording altimeter, the recording air-speed indicator, and other recording instruments. Pilots are very sensitive about the records they bring down. There is the same professional pride and healthy rivalry among test pilots that one finds among athletes or artists.

Flight testing may be divided into two classes: first, flight testing of new airplanes delivered by manufacturers, to determine whether the airplane can meet the performance specified in the contract; second, testing airplanes to obtain some specific comparative performance data, such as the performance of airplanes with different propellers or with different engines; and certain research problems concerning stability and required safety factors.

IN addition to this there are many radio tests, tests of night flying equipment, photography, armament, bombing and bomb sights, variable and reversible pitch propellers, different types and designs of propellers and wing sections, instruments, superchargers, accelerometer tests to determine the loads put on the different parts of an airplane in various maneuvers, insecticide dusting of crops and orchards, tests to determine conditions and equipment necessary at extreme altitude, and numerous other types of work.

There are planes with every type of engine, supercharger, experimental ignition, fuel system, carburetors, radio and photo equipment, armament and bomb racks, and starting and lighting systems.

Most of the outstanding flights, such as the Round-the-World Flight, Maughan's Dawn-to-Dusk Flight, the Transcontinental Nonstop Flight of Lieutenant Kelly and me, and the extreme altitude flights, are really service tests of army equipment and are aids toward future development.

Last year 691,893 miles were flown by McCook Field pilots, most of them for the purpose of testing and trying out airplanes or equipment, or for transport purposes. This from but one army flying field. The average citizen does not realize the amount of flying that is continually going on, both day and night.

NO longer ago than 1917, "Doc" Wildman, who was in charge of flying at San Diego, would hold up a handkerchief and, if it moved in either direction, would say in his decisive voice, "No flying today, boys. Too rough." The flyers would go back to their tents to wait for a clear sky and still air.

Less than seven years later, two airplanes of the Army Air Service flew around the world. Within that seven years, speeds of 302 miles an hour, altitudes higher than 39,000 feet, duration without landing of more than forty hours, and distances without landing of 2,700 miles have been accomplished. The Air Mail now flies on schedule through rain and storm at night across the continent. Wind and weather are no longer insurmountable barriers to flight.

It took thousands of years for land and water transportation to develop to their present state. It is only twenty-two years since the first plane left the ground in flight. Development has been comparatively rapid.

The brains and efforts of many individuals and groups have been concentrated to aid in this progress. With those progressive agencies helping to develop the science of aviation, the Engineering Division of the United States Army Air Service has borne an honorable part.

THE END

Jeeves *and the* Impending Doom

By

P. G. WODEHOUSE

Another delectable treat by the master of short story comedy

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

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The KILLER

"HE'LL never surrender —he ain't that kind. But he can't keep out o' th' way of our lead in that shack."

Pictures by H. W. Scott

The Story of a Murderer Who Gave an Even Break

By Jack O'Donnell

THERE was a satisfied smile on Sheriff Jim Blodgett's ruddy face as he removed his sombrero and wiped the perspiration from his wrinkled brow. For the second time in three days he believed the capture of the Wyoming Wildcat was only a question of hours, if not minutes.

"We've got him in a hole now, boys!" he told the six grim-faced, sweat-stained men of his posse as they rested on the brow of the hill opposite the wood where the killer had taken refuge.

"What's th' program now, Jim?" asked Sam Crosset, the sheriff's chief deputy.

"Root him out o' that piece o' timber," Blodgett replied. "Once we get him out in th' open, he won't have a ghost of a show. He'll make for the pass, but if we make th' goin' hot enough he'll take shelter in that cabin just this side o' th' divide. That's where I want him—why, I'll explain later. Th' 'portant thing is t' get him out o' them woods before sundown. He's played hell with our men, so don't show him no sympathy. Get him, dead or alive. But get him!"

The wood in which the Wyoming Wildcat was concealed was not more than two acres in area. It fronted on a dried-up creek bed and was backed up by a sheer precipice that neither man nor beast could hope to climb. On the right was the rough, sloping plain; on the left, between the thicket and the narrow mountain pass, was a clearing about seventy-five yards wide. At the edge of this space, in a concavity of the mountainside, was the cabin.

"Hank Thornton's folks live about a hundred yards beyond th' entrance to th' pass," said Blodgett. "If we could get word t' Hank,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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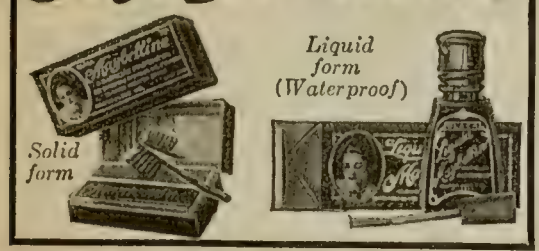

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-SEVEN]

he could hold th' killer on that side single handed while we—but, hell! we don't need Hank. All we want is t' get th' Wildcat into that cabin. There's only one way t' do that—drive him in."

The sheriff was silent for a moment while he planned his attack. Then:

"We'll spread out, an' creep up on him from the right. You, Mosby, move over t' th' left t' a spot where you can cover th' entrance t' th' pass—he *might* try t' make th' divide in one dash. Don't get off your bellies while you're crawling toward him. You know how he picked off Mullins and Dexter—got both of 'em at more'n a hundred yards. I don't want to lose no more men. All ready? Let's go!"

Leaving one man behind with the bloodhounds, the posse spread out so that they covered every point from which the Wildcat might emerge, except the side facing the cabin.

THE westerly sun was casting long shadows across the creek bed when the men began crawling obliquely toward the little patch of cottonwood trees. The whole line had advanced perhaps fifteen yards when a rifle barked in the shadowy wood. The sheriff felt the wind of a bullet as it whizzed past his head.

Another shot was followed by a groan from Sam Crosset, and the Wildcat's toll of dead mounted to three, besides the old man and the messenger boy he had killed in robbing the Bend City Bank three days before.

Big Bill Bowers, attempting to go to Crosset's aid, exposed himself for fully a second. That was time enough for the Wildcat. He sent a bullet crashing through the deputy sheriff's head. That left Blodgett with only four men, including the one he had left in charge of the dogs.

But Blodgett, seeing that the shots came from the edge of the wood nearest the mountain pass, knew that his strategy was working. He was not surprised when, a second later, one of the men shouted, "There he goes!" and he saw the Wildcat, crouching low, threading a zigzag course across the clearing.

Four rifles spoke as one, but the swiftly moving target went on unharmed. Fifty feet from the cabin, a bullet from Blodgett's rifle pierced the Wildcat's sombrero and clipped his scalp. Five seconds later he was in the cabin.

Blodgett cursed his bad aim, but exulted over the fact that the bandit had unwittingly placed himself at the posse's mercy.

"We've got him, boys!" the sheriff shouted to his men. "There's no rear exit from that cabin. We can shoot him out o' there in jig time. Th' walls o' that shack ain't much thicker'n paper. Thornton built it for his kids out o' old lumber."

Turning, the sheriff signaled for the man with the bloodhounds to come and join them. Misunderstanding the sign, the man unleashed the dogs, and the next minute they were in the thicket from which the Wildcat had just emerged. There they picked up the bandit's trail and followed it quickly to the cabin.

They were leaping toward the door, which hung half open on its rusted hinges, when two shots rang out in quick succession. The dogs fell dead in their tracks.

Enraged by the slaughter of his two man-hunters, Blodgett fired six bullets through the cabin walls. He then held up his hand for silence. As the men were scattered, he had to shout his orders, so that his words must have carried to the bandit:

"We'll smoke him out, boys, or we'll kill him. He'll never surrender—he ain't that kind. But he can't keep out o' th' way of our lead in that thin-walled, one-room shack. Rake it with your rifle fire from side to side an' from top to bottom. We can't miss him that way. Keep firin' until he's dead or makes another break. If he comes out an' makes a move for th' pass he'll be pie for Mosby, who's coverin' that point. Fire at will!"

The men had not fired more than a dozen shots when the sheriff was surprised to see a white cloth on the end of a rifle barrel come out of the cabin window.

Blodgett rubbed his eyes. He couldn't believe that the man who was wanted for half a dozen murders and as many bank robberies, was showing the white feather.

"This may be a trick," he warned his men, "so we'll proceed with caution. Spread out a little more an' close in on him. Keep under cover as much as you can."

Led by Blodgett, the posse slowly advanced upon the cabin. When they had crawled up to the door from different angles, Blodgett called, "Come on out, Wildcat; we'll give you a square shake."

There was a moment's silence, followed by a single pistol shot. Then more silence. Blodgett and his men exchanged glances.

"DON'T understand that!" said the sheriff. "I don't think he fired at us, but I'm goin' in an' find out."

Kicking the door down with his foot, and with a six-shooter in each hand, the sheriff entered the cabin, closely followed by his men.

On the threshold was the Wyoming Wildcat, dead by his own hand. Beside him, on a broken chair, was a hastily scrawled note on a piece of soiled paper. The sheriff picked it up and read:

Sheriff, you won't understand why I gave up. And you'll probably say I am a coward, but maybe you'll change your mind when you find out why I stuck up the white flag. The reason is in the wood box. So long.

WYOMING WILDCAT.

"Humph!" grunted the sheriff. "What in 'ell's this, now?" And he walked to the wood box in the far corner of the cabin and threw back the lid.

On her back, her head resting on the Wildcat's folded coat, Hank Thornton's two-year-old baby girl smiled up at him.

THE END

"WHAT in 'ell's this, now?" grunted the sheriff, and he threw back the lid of the wood box.

Twenty Questions

How Much Do You Know?

LIBERTY asks twenty questions every week. You send them in, together with the answers. For each question and answer *published*, we will pay $5. Don't forget to include *answers* with your questions. Address *Questions Editor*, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Now see how many of these you can answer:

1—What prize fighter has the record for the quickest knockout?—*James Craig, Albany, N. Y.*

2—When and by whom was the first nonstop flight across the Atlantic made?—*Jessie V. Tunison, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

3—What is the length of the regulation military pace?—*Mrs. G. F. Brown, New Smyrna, Fla.*

4—Who was the only American to rule a foreign country?—*Stanley F. Babington, New York City.*

5—What is the difference between a replica and a reproduction?—*Dr. S. H. Linaweaver, Findlay, Ohio.*

6—Who was the first member of the theatrical profession in the Hall of Fame?—*John J. Joyce, Wilmington, Del.*

7—What is the most brilliant star?—*Mrs. M. A. Lee, Argonia, Kan.*

8—What State has been under the rule of four different flags?—*Fred R. Stewart, Newark, N. J.*

9—When and where was the first salute to the Stars and Stripes fired by a foreign power?—*Joan Stack, Baltimore, Md.*

10—What woman was nominated for President?—*Mary Foster, Mount Holly, N. C.*

11—Who originated the term "macadamized road," and who invented macadam?—*D. L. Collins, Hollywood, Calif.*

12—What bird uses its wings to swim?—*Louise M. Bubendorf, Castile, N. Y.*

13—When was the first international attempt made to limit armaments?—*Mrs. Katharine Goral, West Haven, Conn.*

14—How many miles of water front has New York City?—*P. Prince, Omaha, Neb.*

15—Where did the word "pickaninny" come from?—*Dixie Nolan, Memphis, Tenn.*

16—What was the "scrap of paper" that played an important part in the World War?—*D. C. Davis, Moosomin, Canada.*

17—What money was used by the United States before it struck its own coins?—*Mrs. S. M. Davis, Warsaw, Ind.*

18—Where and when was the Liberty Bell made and what prophetic inscription was put upon it?—*John J. McFall, Pickens, S. C.*

19—What movie actor served with the U. S. A. in the Boxer trouble in China and received a medal and citation?—*Frank R. Sullivan, Hanover, N. H.*

20—Who invented artificial refrigeration?—*Neall O. Meagher, Freeport, N. Y.*

See Answers in Next Week's LIBERTY

Here are last week's questions answered:

1—What insects capture and domesticate other insects?—*Billy Hemeter, Hattiesburg, Miss.*
A.—The ants capture the aphides and use them as cows. The aphis produces sweet fluid.

2—What is the oldest State university in America?—*Richard L. Young, Charlotte, N. C.*
A.—University of North Carolina; authorized by legislative enactment in 1787 and first building started October 12, 1792.

3—What State has no bigamy laws?—*Bernard Poland, Rahway, N. J.*
A.—Connecticut.

4—What bird carries its young in its feet when flying?—*Leonelle P. Maycumber, Jacksonville, Fla.*
A.—The European woodcock.

5—When did the Mormon Church renounce polygamy?—*Isabel Macalister, Wilmette, Ill.*
A.—At a general conference held at Salt Lake in 1890.

6—What is the longest term of office of any government official?—*Mrs. P. S. Sane, Jacksonville, Fla.*
A.—The Comptroller General and the Assistant Comptroller General hold office for fifteen years.

7—What American college has a smoking-room for its girl students?—*Mrs. James Briener, Liberty, N. Y.*
A.—Bryn Mawr.

8—Who built the iron framework of Bartholdi's Statue of Liberty?—*Mrs. Landis Herr, Lititz, Pa.*
A.—Gustave Eiffel, builder of the Eiffel Tower.

9—Where did the word "Dixie" originate?—*Mrs. Charles L. Rittenhouse, Birmingham, Ala.*
A.—From a bank note given out by a New Orleans bank in early days. These notes were printed in French and English, and bore the French word for ten, *Dix*. They became known as "Dixies," and the South as Dixieland.

10—In what country is a woman's signature not valid?—*Mrs. Arthur Theriault, Manchester, N. H.*
A.—In Belgium.

11—When and by whom was our present system of punctuation devised?—*Gilbert Weston, Union, N. Y.*
A.—By Aldus Manutius, a Venetian printer, in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

12—What famous Roman put his own sons to death for disobeying orders during a military campaign?—*R. L. Hughes, Denver, Colo.*
A.—The first Brutus.

13—What was the longest nonstop flight made by the American army around-the-world flyers?—*D. M. King, El Paso, Tex.*
A.—830 miles between Iceland and Greenland.

14—When and where were the first speed laws enacted?—*L. W. McWane, Fredericksburg, Va.*
A.—Fredericksburg, Va., in 1787. The law stated that anyone who galloped his horse on Main Street, if a free man, should be fined, and, if a slave, should be given twenty-nine lashes at the public whipping post.

15—What was the postage on a letter from New York to Virginia in 1792?—*George Stade, Brooklyn, N. Y.*
A.—Twenty-five cents.

16—What country has a postal system not run by the government?—*Stephen A. Butryman, Hartford, Conn.*
A.—Peru. A private company contracted with the government to do so.

17—In which one of our States is there no radio broadcasting station?—*K. K. Weaver, New Lebanon, Ohio.*
A.—Nevada.

18—What newspaper has been published without intermission for 1,400 years?—*C. S. Flyers, Toronto, Ont.*
A.—The Peking *Gazette*.

19—What shellfish (bivalve) other than the oyster produces a genuine pearl?—*D. O. Furr, Oklahoma City, Okla.*
A.—The mussel, a fresh-water shellfish, found in many United States rivers.

20—What is the standard gauge for railroad track used by American railways?—*G. Henry Slye, Washington, D. C.*
A.—4 feet 8.5 inches.

LIBERTY publishes the answers, believing them to be correct. But no one can know everything.

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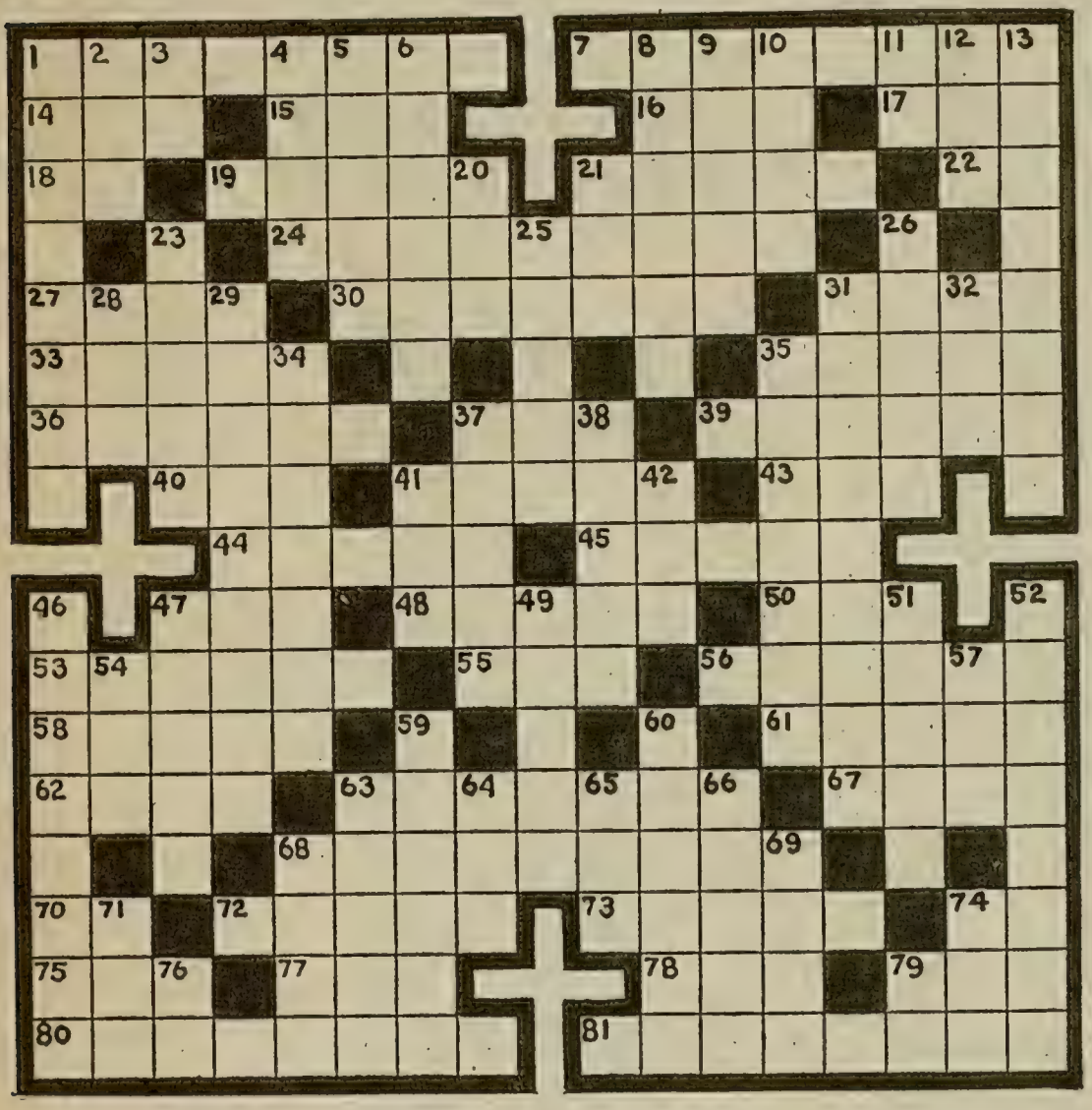
IF you are really in earnest about going after that $25 offered by LIBERTY for the best original cross-word puzzle, here is a helpful suggestion: A design that includes no two-letter words will avoid the danger of too many abbreviations—always a weakness with the amateur puzzle-maker. Such a design may be more difficult, but it will shine out from the mass of puzzles submitted to us like a good deed in a naughty world. Why not try it? Use no obsolete or technical words and be sure that all parts of the puzzle interlock. Only puzzles accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope will be returned. Address Cross Words, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.



Prize Puzzle No. 17

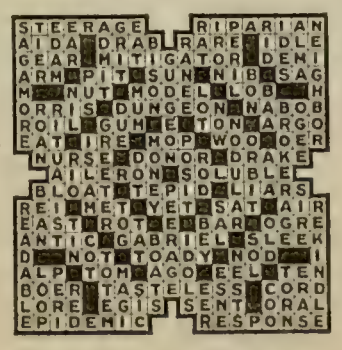
By VIOLA M. CLARKE, Washington, D. C.

HORIZONTAL

1 Determines the taxable value of property
7 Desists
14 Plant formerly known as the herb of grace
15 Gained
16 Foul, misshapen hag in Spenser's Faerie Queene
17 Of small number
18 The symbol for tellurium
19 Limps
21 The border of a steep place
22 A pronoun
24 Sycophants
27 Romantic tale of ancient times
30 Recounts
31 Any of several fresh-water catfishes
33 A pamphlet
35 Annoy
36 To come or to go back
37 Small child
39 A place abounding in rabbits
40 Rather than
41 Sheol
43 Free from
44 Fundamental
45 Ranges for target practice
47 Entangle
48 One-sixtieth of a fluid drachm
50 A playing card
53 Beasts
55 Titmouse
56 A dealer in cattle
58 Supplied with an under part, as a shoe
61 Steeple
62 Had an obligation
63 Caused to be subdued in demeanor
67 Ardor
68 Soaked
70 A measure of type
72 Designated
73 Made tractable
74 A pronoun
75 A beverage
77 A unit of weight
78 Relatives
79 Native metal
80 Pleads
81 Improved

VERTICAL

1 The pursuit of art
2 Court
3 A Japanese measure of area
4 Exchange
5 Of the sun
6 Privilege of entrance
8 Trade
9 Hordeolums
10 A cardinal number (plural)
11 In case that
12 Modern
13 Makes pure by destroying noxious matter
20 Salt
21 A small portion
23 The century plant
25 An article of diet, served cold
26 Daily meals
28 A form of to be
29 Embittered
31 An optical instrument of the telescope kind
32 Utility
34 Given medical care
35 Savage-tempered persons
37 Implied but not expressed
38 A charge
41 A pronoun
42 Total
46 No longer in use
47 Spinning machines
49 More discriminating
51 Misfortunes
52 Scalloped
54 Turmoil
57 A period
59 Powerful
60 To take to one's self
63 A group of Pacific islands
64 Undeveloped shoot or stem
65 A murine animal
66 Abdicate
68 To cloy
69 Small hollow
71 Mortals
74 Wrath
76 By
79 A conjunction



Answer to Puzzle No. 16

NATURE can take a joke about the length and width of skirts—but not about the length and width of shoes. Try perpetrating one on your feet for a season or two and count the casualties.

But you might as well ask woman to stifle her passion for home and children as to expect her to view with cold, calculating reason shoes that will make her feet look what they're not in length, breadth, and thickness. So, we can only offer remedies for damage accrued.

Anyone that has cut a first wisdom tooth knows that shoes too short, too narrow, or with heels placed to throw the body out of balance, are going to raise a whole crop of troubles for future inconvenience — corns, callosities, jammed and crowded toes, ingrowing nails, flat feet, and other ills.

The ordinary corn, as is well known, comes from pressure of the shoe. Bathe the affected foot, or feet, in warm water to which a little bicarbonate of soda is added, and use plenty of soap. Let the feet soak in the hot water twenty minutes. Dry, and cover the corn with a pledget of cotton saturated with a mixture of five parts carbolic acid, five parts glycerin, and ten parts water. Leave this on for three minutes. Use a sterile knife to cut away the corn. Paint the area with a mixture of tincture of iodine and alcohol, equal parts, or a 2 per cent solution of mercurochrome. Then protect the corn area from pressure and rubbing.

Soft corns are due to lateral pressure of the shoes, which causes the bones of two proximal toes to press against each other in such a manner that the tissues are caught between them. The treatment for soft corns is similar to that used on hard.

The mushroom type of corn, similar to a wart in some ways, is treated by cleaning and sterilizing the foot as for a corn. Then apply a piece of felt with an opening the size of the corn to be treated. Fill this opening with a 25 per cent salicylic-acid-vaseline salve. Hold in place by a gauze bandage and a bit of adhesive plaster. Leave this on for three days. Lift out the corn with a spatula or the dull edge of a sterilized case knife. Paint the corn area with 2 per cent mercurochrome. Dress with sterile gauze.

Hammertoe is caused by crowding the ball of the foot by wearing shoes that are too narrow. A toe is pushed upward until it lies across an adjacent toe. Wearing a pad of wool on top of the hammertoe sometimes helps. Adhesive strips running over the hammertoe and under the adjoining toes will lift it back into its correct place.

Ingrown nails, though credited generally to injudicious cutting of the nails, are more often caused by shoes so narrow that the toenails are forced diagonally on the toes instead of parallel with the toe bones. The ingrowing is on that edge of the nail which is opposite the binding leather. The nail does not grow in; it is pushed in.

A more careful selection of shoes will safeguard foot welfare for the persistent ingrown-nail sufferer. These must be broad in the toe and should permit a thumb's width between the first toe and the end of the shoe. A high heel that forces the toes forward or a stocking that is too short is harmful.

CUTTING the nails square and notching them in the middle is a corrective for ingrown nails. A nail-clipper or manicurist's file readily meets the requirements.

The nail, either grown in or pushed in, should be treated with a packing of cotton wool to separate it from the flesh. To lift the down-growing nail out of the bed of flesh, the wool or cotton insertion must be changed daily and the amount used slowly increased until the sore bed is cleared up and the nail back in its natural position.

If a thick, dry, and coarse cuticle is found on the big toe, apply some greasy ingredient, such as coco butter, vaseline, or olive oil, to soften the parts.

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Billie BURKE *Laughs at a* Thousand *RIVALS*

The Inside Story of Broadway's Most Famous Love Affair

An Article by

Sidney Sutherland

[EDITOR'S NOTE: In the last installment of her own life story, Miss Burke told of her crossing to New York from England, and of events leading up to her American stage debut. She goes on to describe the succession of stage triumphs that followed and brought her to the forefront of the theatrical world; of her many suitors, including the great Caruso; and of her first meeting with Flo Ziegfeld, whose hurricane courtship finally won her.]

PART FOUR

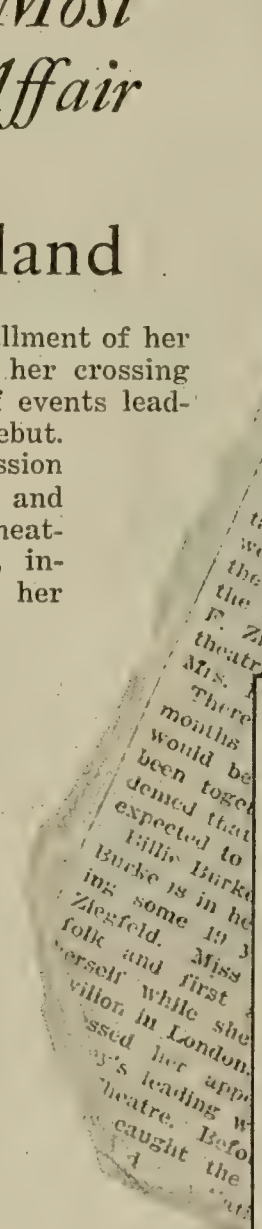
BILLIE BURKE smiled reminiscently over her American debut, which was as John Drew's leading woman in My Wife.

"I had a difficult time that night with John Drew, and for many nights thereafter," she said. "He had the most extraordinary habit of murmuring ludicrous asides to his leading women. Necessary facial repression made them seem doubly funny, and I soon had calluses on the inside of my cheeks, where I would bite them to keep them from laughing at his ridiculous comments on any subject under the sun that occurred to him.

"There were tragic and humorous phases of this opening night of mine. One thing that distressed my mother and me, as we stood clasped in each other's arms weeping in my dressing-room after the final curtain, was the fact that my father was not there to witness my triumph. He had thrown all his genius and love behind me in my early struggles; and he had confidently predicted that he would yet see his baby's name in electric lights on Broadway, then as now the symbol of conquest in our profession.

Sarony photo

Billie Burke in Love Watches, the first play in which she was starred; and (at left) a facsimile of a newspaper clipping announcing her secret marriage to Flo Ziegfeld.



BILLIE BURKE WEDS.

Now Mrs. F. Ziegfeld—Married in Hoboken After Matinee.

Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., the theatrical manager, and Billie Burke, the Frohman star playing in "Jerry" at the Lyceum Theatre, were married in Hoboken on Saturday afternoon after Miss Burke's matinée. The couple returned to New York immediately after the ceremony and Miss Burke appeared in her play that evening as usual. The news of the wedding was kept secret but leaked out last night. Mrs. Burke, mother of the bride, confirmed the report of the wedding early this morning at the actress's home in Hastings, N. Y.

The license for the wedding was obtained in Hoboken last Friday. The wedding ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. J. Ernest Rattenborg of the Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity. F. Ziegfeld is a well-known theatrical manager. Mrs. Ziegfeld

Sarony photo

Miss Burke at the time of her marriage, playing with Shelley Hull in Jerry.

"But in April, six months before, he had died. This made my beloved mother and me most unhappy, for here I had arrived even more magnificently than we had dared to hope—and he was not with us to see it.

"One of the things that caused me much merriment was John Drew's objection to my name. Almost pompously he told Charles Frohman during rehearsals that he simply could not bear to appear with a leading woman who called herself Billie. C. F. winked at me and asked him what he thought I ought to call myself.

"Drew stood a long time staring at me. Suddenly he clapped his hands and cried, 'I have it! I don't like *Billie;* it is not dignified. Let her call herself *Wilhelmina!*' C. F. and I laughed almost hysterically.

"In that first-night audience, I learned long after, was a man who was beginning to rise to unprecedented heights on Broadway. At the end of the first act he turned to his companion, Charles Dillingham, and said: 'Charlie, go ask C. F. how long he has this Billie Burke signed up to a contract. I want her myself.'

"Dillingham turned and laughed at him. 'A fine chance you'd have,' he said, 'to get any beautiful young girl away from C. F., Flo.'

"It was Flo Ziegfeld, even then allowing his eye to rest on me. I don't think he had marriage in mind then. He probably wanted me to take a place in his Follies, which, oddly enough, was making its first bow to the American public that same season.

"Having given me my first opportunity in

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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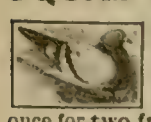

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[BILLIE BURKE LAUGHS AT A THOUSAND RIVALS Continued from Page Forty-one.]

America, and realizing even then how fortunate I was to have interested Frohman, I was exceedingly grateful when he offered me a contract. Drew tried to keep me as his leading woman, but the chance to star under C. F. was too precious.

"And I like to recall that C. F. and I never actually signed a piece of paper. His word was enough for me. During the six and a half years he was my producer we never had a word over anything. A star gets a stated salary and part of the gross receipts at the box office. I never questioned Frohman when he handed me a check.

"BUT one of the clauses he insisted on in our unwritten contract, which was to last five years, was that I was not to marry during that time. I think C. F. was afraid of a young Englishman, who shall be unnamed in these memoirs, and whom he had noticed about the theater in London. There have been several romances in my life; and, like any young, pretty, and successful star, I was deluged with offers of marriage—and friendship. One of the romances, which was a very beautiful thing while it lasted, involved this young Briton.

"I had met him while I was with Edna May in The Belle of Mayfair. Every week for a year he asked me to marry him, advancing, as added reasons—besides the fact that he loved me—that he belonged to one of the oldest and finest families in England; that he would some day come into a splendid title; and that he would be enormously wealthy, owning a noble old estate in Devonshire.

"This boy occupied a warm place in my heart. But I wanted to continue my career, and I refused him every time he asked me to be his wife. For several years after I came to America and had scaled the heights, he came over every winter, haunting my theaters, dining with me when he could, and following me all over the country.

"The World War came, and, like all well bred young Englishmen, he joined up at once. While in France he came into his title, but he stayed in the trenches until the war ended. When he returned to England he was penniless. The war had wrecked the family fortune and his Devonshire estate had been transformed into an army hospital.

"I don't know what has become of him. He wrote me a wonderful letter when he heard I had married and then passed out of my life.

"Caruso also asked me to marry him. But that comes a little later in my story.

"The first play I starred in was Love Watches, which opened in the Lyceum Theater at Forty-seventh Street and Broadway in the autumn of 1908. Ernest Lawford was my leading man. Later, Julian L'Estrange played opposite me. He was a gorgeous creature—tall, handsome, powerful, magnetic. He was the husband of Constance Collier. Life was not kind to L'Estrange, and he has passed out of Broadway's picture, lonely, friendless, in the depths. Possibly more self-control might have offset some of the other misfortunes he was cursed with.

Albert Davis Collection

Miss Burke with John Drew in a scene from My Wife, her American debut.

"Love Watches was an enormous triumph, artistically and from the standpoint of patronage. Everybody connected with this play made huge sums. I played in it for two years all over the country, and finally C. F. sent it to London.

"LONDON didn't like it. It was not a drama that would appeal over there, especially at that time. They thought it sickeningly sentimental. While the critics were considerate enough of me personally, I rather resented some of the reviews—and I never again played in England.

"In 1910 I appeared in Mrs. Dot, by Somerset Maugham. This also was a great hit. Years later Maugham gave me a luncheon in his London home. On the mantelpiece in his study was a picture of me in an oval frame. We stood looking at it. Then this brilliant playwright said: 'Billie, let me tell you who that woman is: That's the woman who gave me this house!'

"We really did make a most extraordinary pile of money out of Mrs. Dot.

"Maugham, unwittingly, was the man responsible for my marrying Flo Ziegfeld, as you shall see.

"It was while playing in Mrs. Dot that Caruso proposed to me. The show was in Boston, where I was quite popular with the lads at Harvard. They were always tumbling over themselves to take me to dinner, and so many of them asked me to marry them! I promised all of them I would; it seemed to make them so unhappy when I didn't. There would be half a dozen with me every night, and they quarreled among themselves as to whose turn it was to be Billie Burke's fiance.

"CARUSO was appearing in concert there, and he used to come to my rooms at the old Touraine, fall on his knees, and beg me to be his wife. I can never forget his lovely soft brown eyes, his impassioned gestures, his broken English.

"'Oh, Bee-lee,' he would cry as he knelt before me, 'why you not promise to becoma de wife of Enrico? Leesten, Bee-lee, and I seenga for you de mos' lofely aria een all museek——'

"And with his glorious voice, then at the height of its golden charm, he would almost drive me insane with the unsurpassed song to the beloved *Mimi*. When he finished he would cock his great head to one side, to see if the strains of that incomparable throat had caused me to change my mind. Then he would rise to his feet, toss his hands aloft, and run out of the room.

"He would beg me to dine with him after our night's labors were finished. How exasperated he would become when he found he had to share the dinner with five or six Harvard boys! One night, in front of all of them, he poured forth his soul. The students sat speechless at the golden torrent of words and tones.

"'Leetle Bee-lee,' he cried, 'eet ees notta your beautiful face, your form, that Enrico Caruso lofes so madly. Eet ees your—your—your—whatta you call heem?—the leetle feesh!'

"'The little fish?' I exclaimed, bewildered. 'What are you trying to say?'

"He waved his hands desperately as he groped for the English word.

"'The leetle feesh. You know, the—the—whatta you call eet?—the—the sole! Ah, that ees it! I lofe you for your young, innocent sole! That ees eet, that ees the

word—your beautiful pure sole!'

"What paroxysms of laughter swept the table as the Harvard boys pounded one another's backs and dried their eyes. And how sorrowfully Caruso regarded them!

"I always walked five miles before breakfast when I was out on the road. And I can never forget those early strolls through the little crooked streets of Boston, the immortal Caruso beside me, holding my hand and humming exquisitely his marvelous Neapolitan songs as we walked. He always called me his 'leetle red mouse,' referring to my red hair.

"WELL, I don't think it necessary to tell you about each of my plays. They constituted an unbroken series of personal and profitable triumphs. And my career is not so ancient but that my public remembers me. In 1911 I played *Suzanne Beulemans* in Suzanne at the Lyceum. Later that same season I appeared as *Colette* in The Runaway.

"The Runaway was one of those exquisite little French things that nobody seems able to write any more. In France it was La Gamin, and the star was Lantelme, the great French actress, who committed suicide one night in a spectacular manner by calmly stepping off a house boat into the Seine.

"In my next play I made a most unbelievable sum of money. It was The Mind-the-Paint Girl, by Arthur Wing Pinero. The terrific royalties we had to pay kept this out of all except the largest cities, but there it was a monumental success for everybody connected with it. When we had exhausted its drawing powers, I appeared in a revival of The Amazons, and this, too, was favorably received.

"It was while I was starring in my next play, The Land of Promise, that I first felt a genuine ambition to scale the pinnacle, to make my name historic in the annals of the American theater. Whether I could have done so, I do not know. I shall never know now, I guess, because it was while I was playing that season that my whole life was altered, as you shall see.

"The Land of Promise was next to the last drama in which C. F. directed me. Somerset Maugham wrote it, but it was not really a success. I remember Shelley Hull, the magnificent young Canadian who was my leading man. He had everything to make him one of the great actors of all time. But he died, and we could not replace him.

"The title of this play was prophetic—The Land of Promise—for it was while I was starring in it at the Lyceum, and resolving to become a truly great actress, that I met Flo Ziegfeld. And this is the way it came about:

"On the last night of the year 1913 I gave a dinner to several friends at the Knickerbocker Hotel. Among my guests were Maugham, Forbes Robertson and Lady Robertson, Julia Sanderson, Holbrook Blinn and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Hughes, and a few others. My mother was there, but departed early. We assembled in a private dining-room after our various shows closed, and we welcomed the New Year in the exciting way such things were done before Volstead.

"Maugham was in particularly fine spirits that night, and after the enthusiastic celebration at midnight, he suggested we all go over to the Astor, where the Sixty Club was holding a masquerade ball, and dance.

"SO about three o'clock in the morning of January first, 1914, we broke up our party and went over to the Hotel Astor. The Sixty Club, a theatrical organization, was just unmasking when we arrived. I noticed a tall, staggering hobo making his way to the men's quarters. His features were rouged to represent the florid face of a drunkard, and his hair was tousled. Nobody I asked seemed to know him. But I was impressed by his height, his graceful figure, and his beautiful slender hands.

Albert Davis Collection

Miss Burke in Mrs. Dot, with Julian L'Estrange as her leading man.

"Presently he returned, disguised as a gentleman. I was standing alone near a window, and the moment he stepped into the room my heart almost stopped beating. Every fiber from the crown of my red head to the soles of my feet seemed to be aflame. I felt as if I would collapse in a dead faint.

"In other words, I fell stark, raving, insanely in love with him! He walked straight across the room, held out his arm, and we danced. Neither of us spoke—he because he had nothing to say, and I because I couldn't have uttered a word to save my life.

"When the music stopped he led me back to my place and walked away. I watched him stride across the floor to Freddie Zimmerman, who was master of ceremonies. They whispered a moment, Freddie nodded, and then announced that the next number would be a Paul Jones.

"Somebody grabbed me and away we went on to the crowded floor. But I turned and twisted so I could keep my eyes on the tall man.

"When, in the intricacies of the dance, the handsome stranger was opposite me, Freddie blew the whistle, which was the signal for those nearest to dance together.

"This happened three times, and I was thrice happy. Finally, I got back to earth, at least to the extent of wanting to find out who he was. Then somebody called out, 'Happy New Year, Flo!'

"I stopped dead in the middle of the floor. Flo Ziegfeld—the Bad Boy of Broadway; the philanderer par excellence; the sultan of a thousand Follies beauties, so Broadway had named him! And here I was hopelessly, irrevocably in love with him!

"I almost cried as I turned, left him standing there with his mouth open, and ran away. I got my wraps, told my dinner guests good-by, and hurried to my car. All the way up here to Burkeley Crest, twenty miles through the icy dawn, I sat stunned, perplexed, miserable.

"I RAN up to my mother's room, threw myself on her bed, and had a good cry. She stroked my hair and waited. After a bit I told her all about it. She smiled tenderly, helped me to bed, and told me to bring him out, so that she could study him.

"My mother watched him carefully when I invited him to dinner a few nights later; and when he had left I immediately asked her what she thought.

"'My darling daughter,' she said, 'he loves you as much as you love him. I don't know whether he has ever cared for anybody else—I mean *really* cared—but I do know he idolizes you. He has probably loved you since the first night he saw you, the night you made your debut with John Drew, more than six years ago.

"'He is going to be a hard chap to tame down. He's been running wild a long time, rioting in a garden of youth and beauty; and if you decide to marry him you are going to find it very, very difficult to get his feet on the ground. Indeed, you will have many happy

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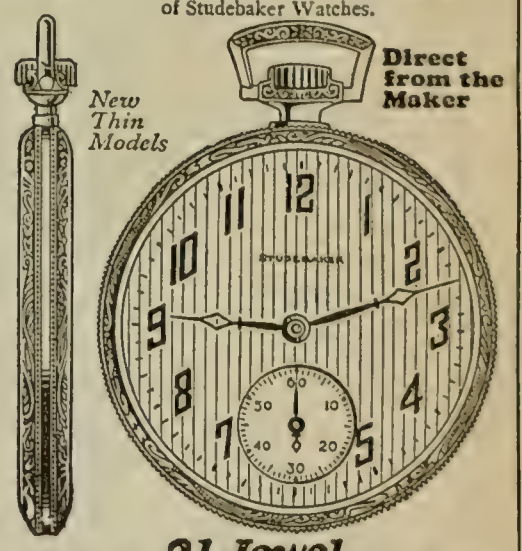

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[BILLIE BURKE LAUGHS AT A THOUSAND RIVALS
Continued from Page Forty-three]

and many very unhappy moments as his wife.

"'But—I thoroughly like him. And I have every confidence in your abilities. I see no insuperable reasons why you shouldn't be contented together. You have youth, as much beauty as anybody he ever knew, and you have a far better mind than anybody he is ever likely to know. Realizing fully the dangers, nevertheless I say to you: marry him if you wish.'

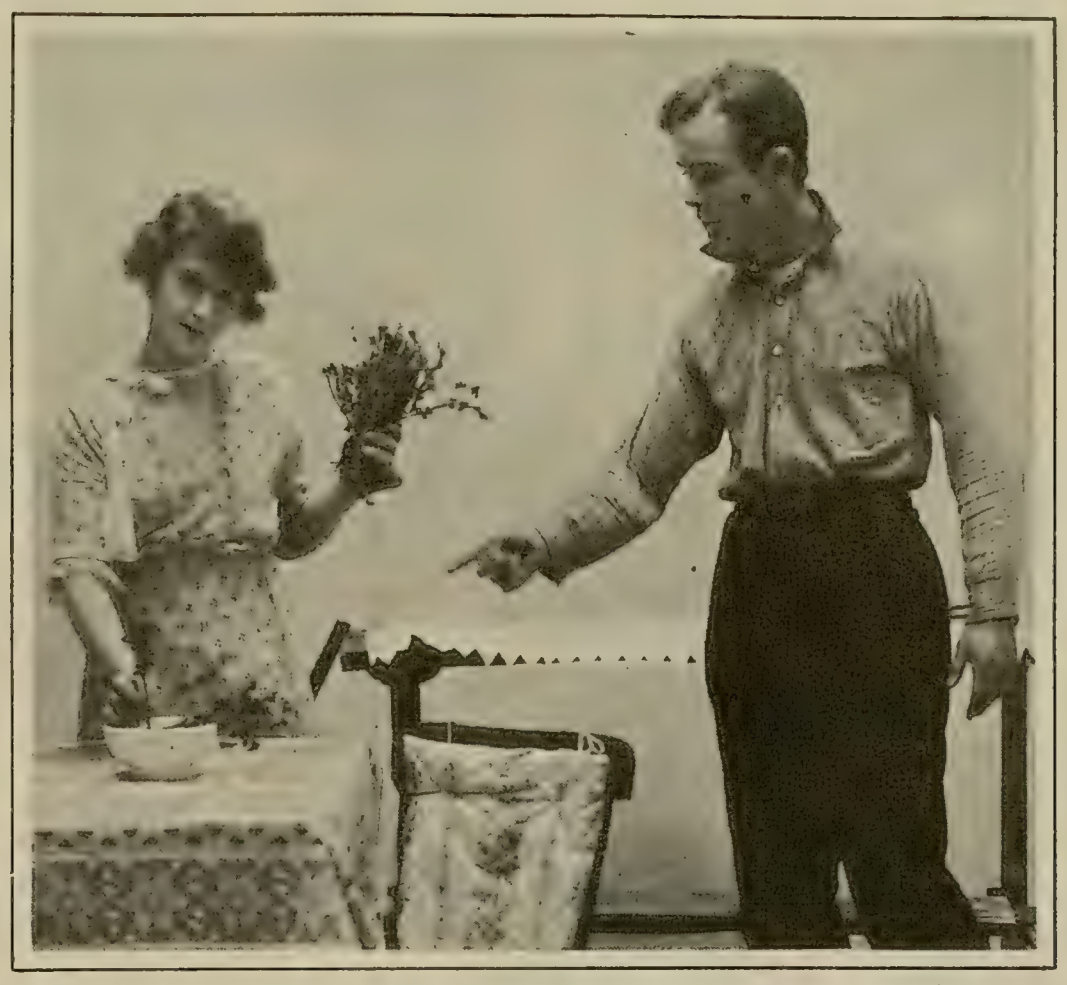
"It is lovely to hear the things one yearns to hear, even if they aren't good for you!

"Flo's courtship was a hurricane. I loved him and I feared him; that is, I feared I wasn't equal to the task of taming him. He was an ideal suitor. Orchids, hothouse grapes, violets, lovely gifts, every delicate consideration the mind of a wise and cultured gentleman could devise, he showered on me the rest of that winter.

"He would write me the most beautiful letters. He even sent me a cow! 'People who live in the country,' he said, 'all have cows. I don't know what one does with a cow, but I'm going to send out the finest one I can buy.'

"One day a beautiful Jersey cow was delivered. Flo came out and we walked all around her, laughing and joking about how she ought to be cranked up to make her go.

"C. F. and his partner, Alf Hayman, were wild. They fought our rapidly developing affair with every means at their command. Frohman warned me against Ziegfeld's reputation; he almost wept in his anxiety. You see, he loved me as he might love a daughter; and, besides, I was one of his favorite stars. He prophesied dreadful things if we married. He demanded that I command Flo to stop raiding all the photograph studios in New York City and buying all the pictures of me he could find.



Sarony photo

A scene from The Land of Promise, with Miss Burke as the star and Shelley Hull heading the supporting cast.

"AND you may be sure that Broadway snarled and launched a tremendous assault on our wooing. The most horrible things were told me about him, by anonymous phone calls and letters. They said he was married; that he had numerous children by women he had forgotten to marry; that he was a bigamist; that he was compromised in a thousand ways; that he had never been divorced from whatever wife it was they were talking about at the time.

"And many unkind things were carried to Flo about me—of my 'affairs'; of 'scandals' I had figured in all over the country. Of course, Mr. Ziegfeld never mentioned these things to me; but I know he was lied to about them, because mysterious telephone callers and note writers told me they were going to tell him.

"It got so bad we could not even meet in public. So we met secretly. Our favorite trysting place was Grant's Tomb, on Riverside Drive! Flo would come up there in a taxicab and I would arrive in my car. He would dismiss the cab, and when it had disappeared he would climb into my machine. Or I would tell my chauffeur to return in an hour, and I would sit in his taxi.

"Then he would hold me in his arms, laugh at my questions—I always had a new supply after I had answered the telephone and read my mail!—and we would be very happy.

"Each time we met, and each day by post, he would ask me to marry him. I was afraid. I turned him down a thousand times. He still has three little blue notes I wrote him in which I said: 'No, Flo, it cannot be. Please go away and never see me again. Devotedly yours forever, Billie!'

"One night, seated in his cab, he became desperate. I had cried and begged him to go out of my life.

"'Oh, all right,' he said angrily, pushing my arms from around his neck. 'All right, I'll go. I'll go tomorrow. There's a boat sailing at noon. And I'll never see you again.'

"I threw myself on his breast.

"'No, no, no!' I cried in panic. 'Of course I want you to go—but I don't mean for you to go that far. Just go. But—but don't go too far!'

"He laughed and held me tightly.

"On Good Friday, April 10, 1914, I finally agreed to marry him. We talked it over calmly then. I was appearing in Jerry. Flo and I agreed to elope to Hoboken the next day, Saturday, after my matinee, and have the ceremony performed.

"Then I went home and told my mother. She kissed me, nodded approval, and dried my tears. Suddenly I repented my decision. I ran downstairs and tried to telephone Flo that I had changed my mind. I couldn't find him.

"The next morning I almost wore out the telephone trying to call him, to tell him not to meet me in front of Sherry's on Fifth Avenue, where we had agreed I was to pick him up in my motor. He was nowhere to be found. I was frantic.

"That matinee was a nightmare. I don't remember anything about it. It seemed to me that everybody in the audience knew what I was thinking about.

"Not only was I terrified by the prospect of marrying him, but I was almost insane because the hour was fast approaching when I had to meet him—and I had been unable to find him for nearly sixteen hours.

"WELL, the fatal hour came, as the movies say. We went out to my machine—mother; a Mrs. Vane and her daughter Hazel, dear friends of ours; Victor Kirali, my manager; and Flo's manager, Sam Kingston. Kingston had slyly failed to appear at the Lyceum until after the last curtain, so I could not change my mind.

"We drove to the corner of Forty-fourth and Fifth Avenue, and there was Flo waiting, grinning, as he thought of all my frantic telephone calls, from which he had hidden out so I could not get him and postpone the wedding. He climbed in beside me, and an hour later we were made man and wife—the bride being completely in a trance—by a little minister whom Flo paid handsomely to keep his mouth shut.

"Then we drove back to Manhattan and had our wedding dinner in the old Brevoort, down near Washington Square. After my night performance, my mother, Flo, and I went to Long Beach over the week-end. My husband's parents had come on from Chicago, and they joined us for a brief visit.

"I had sent my car back to Burkeley Crest, and my chauffeur went down to the village to get a haircut. Unable to keep so thrilling a secret, he told the barber about the marriage in Hoboken. A newspaper man happened to be sitting there and overheard it. And how that young man got on the job!

"Monday morning's papers had the story on the first page. Flo brought them to me with a great deal of pride.

"'There you are,' he said boastingly. 'That shows how great a man you married. I am the only man in the world who could marry and have a story about it on page one—in competition with that other story.'

"The other story spread all over the first page and a number of inside pages was about the electrocution that Monday, before dawn, of Gyp the Blood, Whitey Lewis, Dago Frank, and Lefty Louie for the murder of Herman Rosenthal, the gambler!"

Miss Burke concludes her fascinating memoirs with her impressions of some world-famous people she has met—Mark Twain, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and others. Don't fail to read it in next week's LIBERTY.

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright saying of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

He Felt Just as Bad

Grandmother was trying to make little Henry see how serious a thing it was for him to wander off from home. He had been lost for several hours this particular day. Grandmother thought she would appeal to his sympathetic nature. So she said:

"Now, Henry, poor Grandma cried so much when she couldn't find her little boy."

"Oh," said Henry, "I cried just as much."—C. N., Youngstown, Ohio.

* * *

Encouraging

Clifford, aged seven, was visiting his grandmother on a farm in Indiana. They were about to sit down to the noon meal, when the minister called. He was invited to join them at table, and was placed beside Clifford. As at most Indiana farm tables, there seemed no end to the good things. Finally the minister sat back and said: "I'm not such a big eater. I'll have to stop."

Clifford, wishing to be polite, spoke up with:

"Oh, I think you've done pretty well!"—C. I. E., Woodlawn, Pa.

* * *

Youthful Wit

Frank's two sisters, in high school, often stayed after school for a ball game. One day, when they came in rather late, he called out as soon as they opened the door, "Who won?"

However, the sisters had been to a wedding instead, and the baby of the family, six years old, who knew where they had been, said: "Nobody won; it was a tie."—Miss A. F., Lansing, Mich.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

THE PARAMOUNT STARS SAY IT WITH PICTURES—A FESTIVAL OF ENTERTAINMENT THAT MEANS A HAPPY NEW YEAR FOR ALL, ALL THE YEAR 'ROUND.

"IF IT'S A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
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The Paramount Stars, Featured Players and Directors Pledge their best efforts toward making 1927 a Happy New Year for all

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Clara Bow	Florence Vidor	Esther Ralston	Edward Sutherland
Eddie Cantor	Wallace Beery	Raymond Hatton	Clarence Badger
Ricardo Cortez	Noah Beery	Gilda Gray	Frank Tuttle
Betty Bronson	Louise Brooks	Alice Joyce	Gregory La Cava
Lois Wilson	Jack Holt	Ford Sterling	William Beaudine
Emil Jannings	Arlette Marchal	Norman Trevor	William Wellman
Lawrence Gray	Neil Hamilton	El Brendel	Luther Reed
Warner Baxter	Charles Rogers	Fay Wray	Fred Newmeyer
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FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES., NEW YORK

"Happy New Year!—and 'For Heaven's Sake' don't miss seeing me in my next comedy. I can safely say it will be one of my best."

Harold Lloyd

"Happy New Year! I am very grateful for your approval of 'Tin Gods' and 'The Canadian' and I am sure that you will like 'The Silver Shield' just as much."

Thomas Meighan

"Soon you will see 'Hotel Imperial' which I consider my best picture since I came to America. After that—'Barbed Wire.' Happy New Year!"

Pola Negri

"Happy New Year! Did you like 'The Quarterback' and 'Paradise for Two'? Well wait 'till you see me in 'Knockout Reilly.' It's a riot!"

Richard Dix

"Happy New Year! I hope you enjoyed 'The Ace of Cads.' Now I am busy choosing between 'Blond or Brunette?' Then comes 'Luxury Husbands.'"

Adolphe Menjou

"Happy New Year from 'The Campus Flirt' who is now 'Stranded in Paris.' Then I give 'A Kiss in the Taxi' and after that 'Advice to Lovers'—what!"

Bebe Daniels

"Happy New Year everybody! Have you seen me in 'Kid Boots'? Now I'm 'it' in 'It' and after that I'm 'Rough House Rosie' cave-woman, 1927 model!"

Clara Bow

"Happy New Year from the high-hat coroner of 'You'd Be Surprised' and 'The Waiter from the Ritz.' More merry high-hat antics coming in 'Born Lucky.'"

Raymond Griffith

"Happy New Year! Getting in and out of trouble is my specialty. Did you see 'Hold That Lion' and 'Let It Rain'? The next is funnier still—for everybody but me—'See You Later.'"

Douglas MacLean

"Happy New Year! I hope you enjoyed 'The Eagle of the Sea' and 'The Popular Sin' as much as I enjoyed playing in them. My next two are 'Afraid to Love' and 'The World at her Feet.'"

Florence Vidor

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THE SECRET OF HEINZ TOMATO KETCHUP

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Starting the New Year Wrong

More Adventures of Emmy, Nicky, and Greg

A Story *for* Children

By Aline Kilmer

Pictures by Robert A. Graef

"NOW, don't," I warned Carlotta, "whatever you do, *don't* put them on the train until I get off to get them. Just buy their tickets and give them the change from that ten-dollar bill, and keep them together on the platform looking for me. I'll do the rest."

"Yes, I'll do that," Carlotta agreed cheerfully. So I said good-by to the children and set out gayly for the city.

I was going to a New Year's Eve party in town. In the morning I was to hop off the train at Soundside; pick up the children, who would be held in leash by Carlotta; jump back on the same train; and go on, with the children, to spend New Year's Day with the Humming-Birds, who lived about twenty-five miles beyond Soundside.

EVERYTHING looked very cheerful until New Year's morning, when I was on my way to catch the half-past nine train from town. I hadn't allowed much time—not enough, I was afraid. And the subway train seemed very slow. I tried to hurry it along.

Only five minutes left! I could barely make the station in time. Then the subway train stopped. Wouldn't go at all! And I had to sit there and see the hands of my watch go on and on, past time for my train to leave.

No use fuming and fretting. There was another train just a little later. How glad I was that I had told Carlotta I might possibly miss my train!

The limping subway train pulled slowly into the station, and I leaped off, dashed to a telephone booth, and called Soundside 724.

"No answer," said Central.

What could be the matter?

Trembling with anxiety, I took the 11 o'clock train, and, after what felt like the longest ride I ever took, it drew in at Soundside and I jumped off.

No sign of Carlotta or the children anywhere! I let the train go on without me, and started for home as fast as I could go.

The house was still standing. It had not burned down, at any rate. But it seemed deadly still. Not a child ran out to meet me.

I rushed into the kitchen. Carlotta dropped the pan she was polishing with a crash on the floor and clasped both hands to her heart.

"*Where* are the children?" I demanded.

"The children?" she gasped. "Why, why—I put them on the train long ago!"

"But, Carlotta," I cried, "I *told* you not to put them on the train until you saw me!"

"Yes," said poor Carlotta, "I know it. But then, when I *didn't* see you, what *was* I to do? Oh," she moaned, "I oughtn't to have to do things like that—I'm too dumb!"

I gave it up. Anyhow, scolding wouldn't do any good now. The thing to do was to find out exactly what it was she *had* done.

By a great many questions I found that she had put them on the train with the ten-dollar bill. If only the train had been one that went right to their station they might already be safe with the Humming-Birds'. But they had to change at Brookfield. The chances were that they'd be sitting right in the Brookfield station, because they have been told from babyhood that the thing to do if you are lost is to stay right where you get lost until you are found again.

I went to the telephone and called up the Humming-Birds.

"We'll send a taxi to the Brookfield station and get them," they said. "You come on the next train."

No train until half-past one. I snatched a sandwich and a glass of milk for my New Year's dinner, and set out to get it.

Two minutes for connections at Brookfield. Of course they wouldn't be there, but I'd better just take a quick look around the station. So into the Brookfield station I dashed.

There, in the farthest corner, were three of the most pathetic figures you ever saw! White-faced and desperate, they sat in a row on the bench, their feet swinging sadly. They rose with shouts when they saw me.

EMMY, her face drawn and tear-marked, threw herself at me and burst into tears of relief.

"Oh, Mumsy," she sobbed, "I thought we'd *never* get home again!"

"I knew we'd get home," said Nicky stoutly. He was pale, but master of the situation. "The bootblack said if we went down that tunnel and out the other side we could get a train to Soundside. And I thought you wouldn't mind us using some of this ten dollars to get back home again. But I thought we'd better wait here until about four."

Good Nicky! Brave Nicky!

"Well, what shall we do now?" I asked, when I had praised him for keeping his head so well.

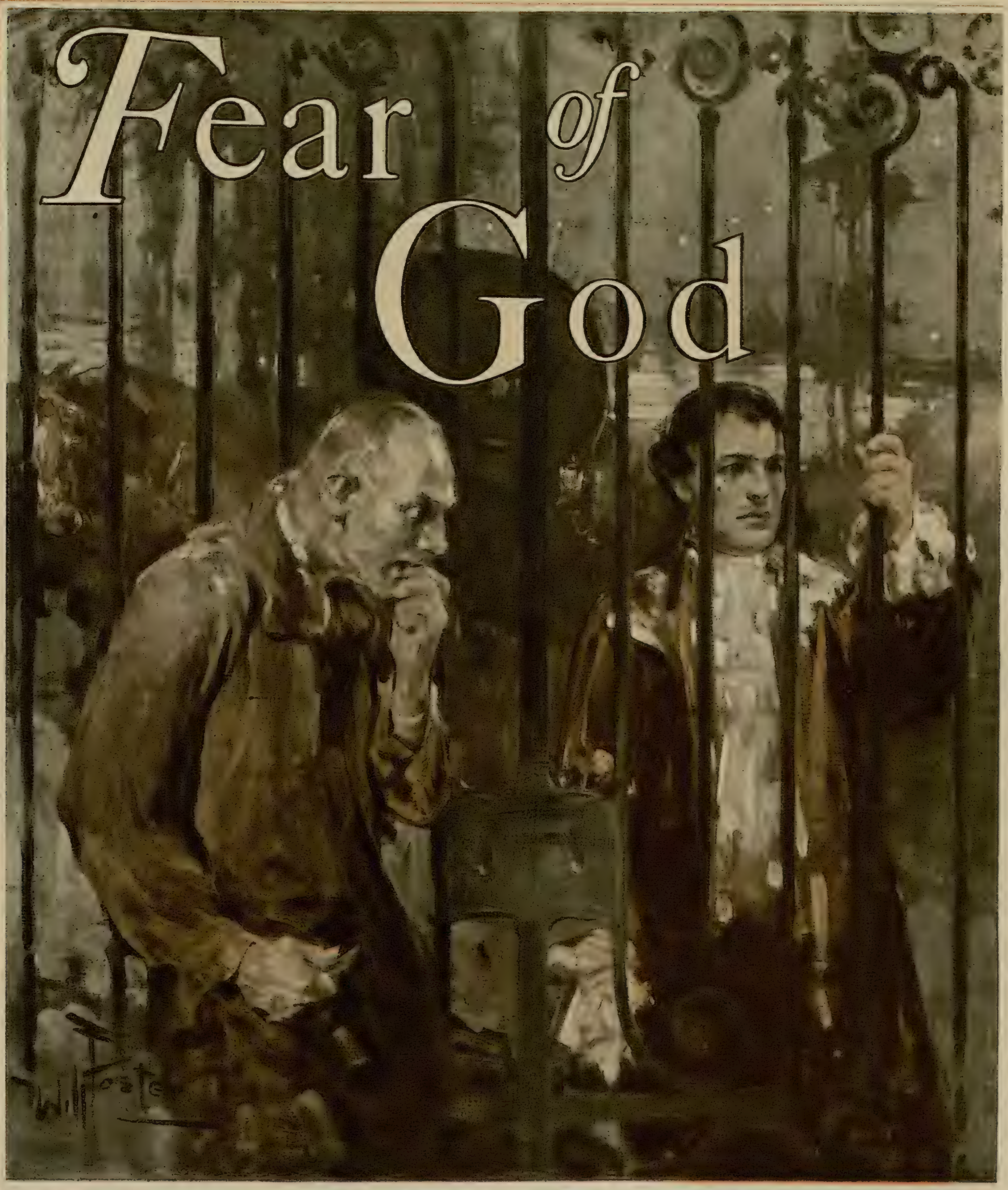
"Oh, let's go home!" cried Emmy and Nicky together.

"I'd razzer go home zan anywhere!" cried Greg. "And maybe tomorrow Carlotta will make us a New Year's dinner!"

Emmy, Nicky, and Greg were thrilled almost to tears when their handsome little cousin Ben came to see them. Read about it in next week's issue.

WHITE-FACED and desperate, they sat in a row on the bench.

The Fear of God



I HEARD Gribouri's low voice: "Open, in the King's name!" The old man stood gaping in face of such a summons.

The Story of a Man Who Defied His King for a Woman's Honor

THEY believed me a girl who knew not fear, but there came a moment in my life when I was so terrified that my knees shook beneath me. Louis XIV, the "Sun King" of France, had summoned my light-hearted colonel father to appear before him. I, being with my father, was also ushered before the royal presence.

The King sat at a table in the cabinet of Madame de Maintenon. And she, who was secretly his wife—though posing as his mistress—sat sewing on a sofa in a corner. My father advanced, bowed, and delivered a point-blank refusal to carry out the King's order. This was that he proceed, with his regiment, to quell "certain disturbances" among the Calvinists. *He*, forsooth, was expected to persecute the Huguenots! Holy Virgin! My sainted mother was a Huguenot, and he and I had leanings that way.

My father begged permission to surrender his sword. The King, blinded by fury, lifted a jeweled dog whip. Madame de Maintenon's voice rang out: "Sire! What are you doing!" And then—blessed Saints!—I saw my father's naked sword in his hand.

There fell a horrified silence. After a moment, my father bent one knee, snapped his sword blade across it, and threw the fragments upon the King's table. Still in silence, we left, escaped to our quarters, and my father

A Serial by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Author of The Maid-at-Arms, The Fighting Chance, The Firing Line, The Girl Philippa, The Restless Sex, Slayer of Souls, etc.

Pictures by WILL FOSTER

Decorations by W. FLETCHER-WHITE

prepared for instant flight. To have remained would have meant death. He bade me seek refuge in the convent of the Recollettes.

My maid Nicole and I packed a box and together carried it to the convent garden. I prayed that its walls might shield me both from persecution and from Gribouri, a royal spy who had fallen in love with me.

PART FOUR

IT appeared that the nuns had allotted me three small rooms. There was scarcely any furniture in them. A crock of water stood on the floor in the adjoining room. In this I bathed, after I had said my prayers. I looked about for my clothing and for my box, and discovered neither. But there hung, upon a peg, the habit of a Recollette novice. So I dressed me in it, and presently stood clad in gray with snowy wimple and tall winged coif *a cornette*, from which fell the vast white veil; and looked down at my plastron, where, on my breast, three scarlet drops were embroidered to symbolize the blood of Christ.

Presently upon my cell door there came a discreet scratching; and first a large gray cat walked in, looking up at me with pleasant mien. Then followed a little novice with chocolate and bread, new butter, and a dish of honey.

When I had breakfasted I washed my face and hands again and went out into the corridor, from which steps descended to the cloisters inclosing a grassy court full of sunshine.

ALONG these I wandered, seeing nobody for a while. But a little later the nuns came out of the chapel in leisurely procession, two by two, and I watched them pass among the pillars under the arches of the cloister.

When they had disappeared I went into the chapel and knelt down.

For a long time I remained there in prayer. When I had said my heartful I rose from my knees and, seated in the jeweled glow of the great windows, remained in meditation.

Here, presently, the Mother Superior of the order—who had been Madame de Carrasin de la Roche Sainte Marie—discovered me.

She was young, beautiful, with nobility in every slightest movement. In her blue gaze I saw no slightest trace of cold austerity, nor yet of any worldly passion. We went out of the chapel together, and when we were closeted within her oratory I told her of our tragedy.

"Mother," I said, "I am not a professed Calvinist, yet am inclined that way. Have I then a right to demand sanctuary of you?"

"My child, you are an Aulone. Asylum is your right." But her answer pricked my pride, and I said with some hauteur that the Aulones were not money lenders to force repayment, and that if my faith rendered me unwelcome I would go at once.

A sorrowful smile touched her tranquil eyes. "Child," she said, "we all shall become what God designs us to be. Because your heart is troubled and your faith falters, shall I take it upon myself to challenge God's purpose, or to criticize His way with you?"

She took my hand and laid it between hers. "There is a storm within you," she said,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Forty-nine]

"which must rage in grief and bitterness until such time your soul seeks refuge with its Maker—as your body hath sought it in this hour among us.

"Therefore, as God shall welcome your tormented soul, so we welcome you in your perplexity and grief."

I laid my face upon her hands and wept for a while. At last I sat upright and stared at the Mother Superior through my tears.

"I am ashamed," I said. "Do not despise me, for truly I have all the courage in the world and shall bear me hardily whatever comes."

She also was the daughter of a soldier. She smiled faintly, pressed my hands, rose, and fetched a silver basin and bathed my eyes.

I drew a long, steady breath. "It is over," I said. "You shall witness no more storms, my Mother."

I walked about the oratory to steady and recover myself. A strange tranquillity began to possess me. I seemed to be ready for whatever was to come.

As I was lying on my bed that afternoon, thinking, I thought I heard the sound of drums.

About 8 o'clock that evening I descended to the refectory, where supper was spread, and took my place at the right hand of the Superior.

I spoke to her of hearing drums during the afternoon, and she told me very gently that the Regiment of Aulone had marched away from its barracks, and that a company of Red Gendarmes was now installed there.

You never can understand what a grief it was to me to realize that our regiment was lost to us forever; that a new colonel now was leading it, God knew whither; and that I, lying upon my narrow bed, had heard, unknowingly, the farewell rolling of its familiar drums.

I DID not know where to send a letter to my father. However, I wrote to my cousin, the Baroness d'Elven, at Auris-la-Vallee, saying merely where I was, that we were in great trouble, that I was now alone, and asking her to write to me if she had not yet departed into England with the embassy.

No word came from my father; none from my cousin. But I held my courage in both hands—and Thou knowest, God, how I prayed.

On the ninth day after my arrival at the Recollettes', after the Angelus, and well toward sunset, I went out into the kitchen garden of the convent. The evening air was still and full of fragrance; and in the west a lemon-tinted light lingered a long time after many stars were out.

While I lingered in the deepening dusk, I heard the Mother Superior calling to me in a low, urgent voice, "Michelle! Michelle! Here is news for you! Where are you?"

I ran across the grass to her, and she drew me close and whispered in my ear: "Monsieur le Comte d'Aulone is safe beyond all pursuit."

A hot, wild joy enveloped me, scorched me, as though I had suddenly been wrapped in heavenly flames. Every ardent drop of blood was afire. My heart blazed with triumph.

I begged her to tell me by what means she had obtained the news. She shook her head. Doubtless she dared not tell me. Every religious community in France has secret sources of information, where there is more intrigue than in the palace itself. However, she knew no more than she had told me, I think, except that Musketeers, both Black and Gray, and Red Gendarmes had been riding the country in every direction; and that my father finally had escaped them and gained the seacoast somewhere, and was now gone out of France.

Never, never had I been so wildly happy. All my courage and gayety were my own again in that supreme knowledge that my father was safe from the King's vengeance.

When the Mother Superior left me I began to walk about in the starlight, because my stone-walled chamber seemed too small to contain my joyous person.

SPITE of my coif, wimple, and habit of a Recollette novice, my active limbs and body were nothing impeded, and in the starry dusk, among the clove pinks, I picked up the skirts of my habit and walked minuets and tiptoe ballet steps, dancing a *pas seul* on the dewy grass—which wetted not my stockings of wool through the coarse footwear of the nuns.

I sang under my breath the gay measures to which I timed my steps; and so, on light and careless feet, came presently by the lodge of the old gatekeeper, where the great lantern burned over the gateway.

Here I approached the locked grille and pressed my face to the bars. As I did so, I saw a caleche, with two yellow wheels, a hood, and drawn by four horses, turn from the route to Paris into the Calais road. The rays from the gate lantern lighted it, and, as it passed, I thought I saw a shadowy form lean forward as though looking at me.

Lingering a moment and listening to the sound of the wheels and horses' hoofs, I noticed that both suddenly ceased as though the driver had pulled up short.

I withdrew from the grille and was walking back toward the trees, when something made me look behind.

A man was looking through the grille at me. The lanternlight illuminated his face. It was Gribouri!

The shock stopped my breath and set the hot blood raging in my cheeks.

He said never a word to me, but pulled the bell rope; and, almost at the same instant, the old gatekeeper came out of his lodge. He was eating morsels of black bread, which he sliced from a small flat loaf as he approached the gate.

I heard him say in his quavering voice: "What is it you wish, monsieur?" And I heard Gribouri's low voice: "Open, in the King's name!"

The old man stood gaping at him in face of such a summons. I ran to him and shook him by the arm so vigorously that his little black loaf and his knife fell on the grass.

"What are you hesitating for?" I cried. "Convents are not violated like that! Tell that gentleman to begone about his business!"

The old man gave me a helpless, frightened look. Gribouri said to him in a menacing voice: "By the King's orders and under his warrant, open!"

"Pay no attention!" I said breathlessly. "The King's person alone has access, and that only to the chapel door——"

Gribouri seized the bell rope and pulled it so savagely that the night rang with the startling clashing of the iron bell.

"In the King's name!" he shouted.

The poor old man seemed terrified. He had the great iron key in his hand, and had already taken a trembling step toward the grille when I snatched the key.

"I warn you, mademoiselle, to open that gate," said Gribouri, for the first time addressing me.

"Do you come to arrest me?" I demanded.

"That depends upon you!"

"You have no warrant," said I. "It is the Musketeers who serve such warrants. I am not afraid of a *lettre de cachet*——"

"My God!" he said passionately. "I threaten you with neither if you admit me—I am risking all! In the name of God, show me some compassion, Michelle!"

The familiarity exasperated me. I said very deliberately:

"I shall not listen to you, monsieur. Nor to Monsieur de Chamilly, nor to the Marquise de Maintenon, nor even to the King himself. For I should be unable to understand what you were saying. Because, in our vocabulary, we have no words to express either cruelty or treachery."

I saw his features darken with wrath and passion.

As he seized the bell rope, I caught up the bread knife and slashed the rope where it passed over the pulley inside.

Then I took the poor old man by the arm and made him go into his lodge, saying that I had the key and would not open, and there was no more to do that night.

Coming out, I looked at the grille, and saw that Gribouri had gone.

I began to be very uneasy, and thought I had better tell our Mother Superior what had happened, and learn at once whether our altar steps really would afford me the sanctuary I thought was granted even to the vilest criminal in France.

So I hastened to cross to the path that follows the west convent wall under the chestnuts, and was already among the trees when a sound made me look up.

Gribouri stood before me at the foot of a light ladder which slanted against the wall behind him.

I was more enraged than frightened.

"Go back over the wall and pull your ladder after you," I said contemptuously, and would have passed on, but he caught my hands.

"Once more," he said, in a voice that trembled with passion, "I risk fortune, future, life, because I love you——"

He was crushing my fingers and I begged him to release me.

THEN, before I could step back, he was on his knees, and had hold of my skirt, and was begging for compassion—a little kindness.

"I tell you," said I, "there is no compassion in me for you who have aided to bring my father and me to such a pass as this!"

"My God, Michelle!" he pleaded, "did I not risk my all to warn you? I love you! Do you know what they mean to do to you at Versailles because you were present when your father bared his sword against the King? They will send you to the Bastille and have you put to the question! You are to be forced to tell where your father is hiding."

"I do not know."

"Sometimes one recollects *when the boot pinches.*"

The thought made me feel faint, but heartened me.

"How could this be," said I, "when even a King dare not violate my right of sanctuary!"

He said: "Are these trees—this grass—sanctified?"

"Oh! Would *you* bar my way to the altar?"

"I had rather lead you thither, Michelle."

"And—if I will not?"

But he caught me around the knees as a suppliant in agony clasps the cross.

"I have a caleche and four horses ready on the other side of the wall," he said. "We can gain Calais and cross into England with the embassy of young Frontenac, which is to sail tomorrow, wind and tide permitting."

I strove to steady my thoughts.

"You think we can cross in the Vicomte de Frontenac's ship?"

"Why not? Who is there to stop us? I have credentials that take me anywhere—on the King's service. In pity's name, be kind to me——"

"How did you learn of my retreat among the Recollettes?"

"Your maid, Nanon. She has long been in the pay of the Marquise de Maintenon. But all that is ended, if you will. With you I can carve my way to fortune——"

"Where is your caleche?" I asked.

"There! Beyond the wall! Oh, Michelle——"

"Take your arms from me!" I said. "Unless I marry you, monsieur, never again presume to touch me."

He sprang to his feet, flushed, exultant, his graceful figure trembling.

Then he called solemnly upon God to hear him that, until I was his wife, never again would he lay upon my person the weight of his little finger.

I THANKED him quietly and asked if he had come here alone or with servants; and he said that, like the King, he drove his caleche and four horses alone, and had brought no servants because he trusted none with the knowledge of my secret refuge here.

"And what," I asked calmly, "was your purpose with me had I refused you, monsieur?"

"Force," he said in a low voice.

"Oh. Do you think you could have carried me up that ladder and over the wall against my will?"

He laughed excitedly. "Why argue that, Michelle——"

"I wish to know what you meant to do if you failed to carry me off bodily?"

At that the smoldering passion in him flared. "No other man than I ever shall have you!" he answered violently.

"Oh. So it was to be either you or the Bastile?" I asked, laughing.

He came close to me, but did not touch me, and I saw the passion working in his face.

A very young officer came to the caleche and peered at me. "Where are you going, Sister?" he asked respectfully.

"No," he said, "not the Bastille. Because I would have killed us both. Here—under the trees! Now do you understand what love means to me, Michelle?"

"Mary Mother!" said I in a shocked voice. "I had rather not understand you, monsieur." But I smiled when I said it.

At that his features cleared and his ardent eyes fixed themselves on mine.

"If we are to gain Calais," he said eagerly, "we have not one more moment to waste. The embassy sails at four in the afternoon."

"Am I to elope with you in such clothing, monsieur?" I asked incredulously.

His burning gaze suddenly became a glare for an instant, and I knew he feared treachery, and would not suffer me to enter the convent, lest I fly to the chapel altar.

"Very well," said I gayly. "Here is the gate key, monsieur. Go out and fetch your caleche to me here, for I hope you are not expecting me to climb that ladder."

He looked at me intently, then waved away the key and shook his head. It was evident he did not intend to give me any opportunity to gain the chapel.

"Very well," said I impatiently. "If I am to climb that accursed wall, then at least you shall turn your back until I bid you follow me."

Which seemed to content him, and he laughed and, turning his back to me, walked a few paces away across the grass.

He had not yet paused before I was on the ladder, astride the wall, had pulled up the light ladder, and was already lowering it on the other side.

How he suspected what I was about, I do not know. I saw him suddenly whirl on his heels; I heard him cry out; saw him reach the wall at a bound; leap at the top. It was far too high. Also I had the gate key. He was trapped.

With both hands I pulled the ladder from the wall and let it fall among the weeds and thorns of the ditch. Then I leaped over the ditch and ran toward the caleche, which I saw standing under the chestnut trees, to one of which the two leading horses were fastened by halters.

Many a happy morning I had driven four horses through the leafy Aulone driveways in my father's hunting caleche.

I HURRIED to the leaders, cast off their halters, ran to the caleche, sprang in, and gathered up and sorted the reins by instinct while the restless horses already were starting.

There was not a sound from the other side of the wall, where Gribouri must have heard the noise of wheels. I had the only key to the gate. The nuns could not help him if they would. They also must remain prisoners until some passer-by were hailed from the grille and bidden to fetch a locksmith.

No; he was trapped till morning.

I picked up the whip and swished it in the air. It was well that I did not touch my

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE FEAR OF GOD
Continued from Page Fifty-one]

horses with it, for, at the mere sound, they bounded away like the wind.

For one thing I was very thankful. I am still of a slender figure. I was really thin then. So while at the convent I had made for myself a deep garment of fine, soft leather which went all around my body above the hips and fell nearly to my knees. And in this I carried all my gold and every jewel I possessed.

Now, it was my desperate purpose to gain the sea at Calais and thence pass over into England.

If the Vicomte Louis de Frontenac's mission to King James had not yet sailed, then my cousin the Baroness d'Elven would receive and shelter me, and convey me with her into England.

Not that I entirely believed what Gribouri had said about the Marquise having me arrested and conveyed to the Bastille.

I believed he lied when he spoke of their putting me to the question and the tortures of the boot.

Nevertheless, it frightened me very much. Thinking of these things, I was driving my four horses and caleche through the night over the direct route to Calais.

I will say this for Monsieur Gribouri: his horses were gallant animals, and they ran like wild creatures. Sometimes I lost control for a while and had to let them run.

THERE was not a soul abroad on the Calais road at that hour. The hamlets and villages through which we fled were without lights and silent, and the wheels and horses' hoofs awoke a thousand echoes.

My hands and arms were a little tired, but not very. The rush of fresh air in my face made me drowsy at times. At times I drew in my horses to breathe and walk them, for they were all of a lather, snorting, and flanks heaving like bellows. They could not carry me very much farther at any respectable speed.

So, when I came to a large dark structure and discovered it to be a tavern, I drove into the mews behind it and made such a noise, with calling and knocking upon the windows, that finally a man came to the door in nightcap and shift and held a candle high to gaze at me.

I told him I was obliged to reach Calais upon a matter of life and death—which was a little less than a lie, for I knew not but it might be true.

"Holy Mother!" he said. "Never before have I seen a Recollette driving four horses—nor any nun doing the like. And I think you are running away from your convent, for you are very pretty."

"Well," said I, smiling at him, "would a gallant man stay me?"

He laughed, then he grumbled and swore; but he let me have the relay I asked for when I gave him three gold pieces, and he bawled for an ostler to fetch them out.

"You are a gay little nun!" he called after me as I drove out of the mews. "And, as long as you are but a novice, you have a right to change your mind and your habit!"

I changed horses twice more and had no difficulty. Gold does anything.

Dawn comes early in June. Long before I came in sight of the walls of Calais, drovers, farmers, and a few merchants were abroad; and they all stared to see a nun in a caleche driving four horses at a gallop. I realized this would not do at all, and that a patrol of gendarmerie might stop me at any moment.

So I called to the very next farmer I saw in his yard and offered him two gold pieces to drive me into Calais.

He was greedy but cautious. He desired to know what had become of the driver. Well, as owner and driver were Monsieur Gribouri, I thought it no harm to reply that he had had an accident and was unable to continue the drive.

Thus I handed over the reins to this big, bull-necked man and, veiling my face, lay back and almost instantly fell asleep.

What awoke me was my farmer-driver shaking my arm; and I sat up quickly and saw the guard had stopped us at the gates of Calais.

My only credential was my religious garb. A very young officer came to the caleche and peered at me.

"Where are you going, Sister?" he asked respectfully.

I knew not what to say except the truth, which was that I was to sail with Monsieur le Vicomte de Frontenac's mission to England.

"Well," he said, "they have gone aboard their ship. Wind and tide are sufficiently favorable at this hour, and they do not mean to wait until evening. Therefore you should hasten, Sister——"

He signaled the driver to proceed and pointed out the way to the wharf.

I whispered to my driver about another gold piece, and he began to crack his whip and bawl for the right of way:

"Business of Monsieur de Frontenac! Make room, if you please, for the Recollette nun!"

These were only peasants—market folk and fishermen—and all gave way and removed their hats respectfully.

Suddenly I smelled the sea. Never before had I sniffed that fragrance.

Then I saw the wharf, and the great ship alongside, and men in Monsieur de Frontenac's gray-and-silver livery running hither and thither, and sailors standing with great ropes in their hands.

I threw four gold pieces into the driver's lap, climbed from the caleche, ran to the railed incline, and hurried aboard the ship.

Nobody stopped me, but the farmer shouted after me: "Sister, Sister! What am I to do with these horses?"

I paid no attention, but, seeing an officer on the deck who was looking at me very intently, I asked him where I might find Madame the Baroness d'Elven.

With every courtesy and all the manners in the world, he conducted me, hat in hand, to a kind of stairs; down it, with every delicacy, attention, and caution, to another deck, where I saw some ladies and gentlemen in gay conversation.

Hat in hand, he indicated a door, bowed very low, and took himself off.

Upon this door I scratched. One of my cousin's maids opened it.

Over her shoulder I saw my cousin looking at me without a trace of expression on her lovely features.

Then her mouth made a scarlet letter O, and she stretched out both hands to me.

I was still huddled at her feet, my head hidden in her lap, when I felt the first slight rocking motion of a real ship moving through the water.

FOR nearly twenty-four hours I lay asleep in my cousin's little cabin. Never had I experienced such bodily exhaustion.

When I awoke there was no wind, no motion, merely the ripple of water. A slight breeze came through the square porthole above my head. I flung the bedcovering from me, got to my knees, my feet, and peeped out of the open port.

The shore seemed very near. Trees and herbage were intensely green.

One of the Baroness d'Elven's maids, an English girl, hearing me stirring, came presently with some chocolate, strawberries, and buttered bread. I was nearly starved.

I asked her to talk to me in English, and I was delighted to find that I had not forgotten how to understand and speak it.

She told me that now we were in the Thames and approaching London, and she brought to me the attire in which I was to be clothed. I never had seen such beautiful stockings and chemise, and never ceased admiring them while she dressed my hair.

While the maid was buckling my garters, my cousin came in, pressed her hands upon my shoulders, not permitting me to rise, and kissed my cheeks.

"Well," said she, "the sun is shining in the sky. *Dans ton coeur, fait-il beau temps, ma mie?*"

"Not a cloud," said I happily, gathering her hands to my lips and kissing every finger.

WHEN her maid had gone: "It was Captain d'Amadou' who so politely conducted the little Recollette abo'd his ship," she said. "I was ve'y f'ank with him. I said to him, 'Monsieur d'Amadou', my cousin, Mademoiselle de l'Omb'e, has fled the convent because of unwelcome assiduities of a ve'y violent gentleman.'"

"Oh, Mary Holy," said I, "you spoke only truth, my cousin!" We seated ourselves on the small sofa and I told her everything.

"*Corbleu, madame!*" I finished gayly. "The whirlwind has passed and left in ruins all that once was ours. Let the Marquise and the King pick our estates to pieces! But *we* are safe and sound—my father and I! In God's time we shall rejoin each other. *Some*where! Well, then, neither he nor I was made to snivel over spilled milk and a cracked bowl. No!"

I sprang to my feet and began to promenade the floor of the little cabin.

"*You* would not let me starve," I said; "would you, *ma toute belle?*"

"Oh, *ma douce!*"

"Very well, then. I am your cousin, Mademoiselle Michelle de l'Ombre. I have no fortune, therefore I serve you as lady in waiting! *Demoiselle d'atour!* Who can question this? It is the truth."

She made an O at me, but admitted it was the easiest way to explain my presence.

"But this young F'ontenac," she said, with a slight shrug, "his eyes are not so cold as his mother's! Remember that."

"Oh, is he gallant?" I asked, smiling.

"Always running after petticoats and pretty ankles. His fixed idea. And, besides that, bad. Well, yes, then—a duelist, a bully, noisy, *mal-élevé,* in b'ief, ev'ything a gentleman is not!"

"I waste no time on him," said I.

She said in a perplexed tone that this young Louis de Frontenac's father was a hothead and a brawler, and that he begot as many illegitimate children as he could. But that old Count Frontenac was also a brave and fiery soldier; a great captain; and the greatest Royal Governor that ever ruled Canada.

"And why," she added, "the only son of 'the divine Countess' and of the Wa' God of the New Wo'ld should be such a qua'elsome, wenching, tippling whelp, nobody eve' can unde'stand."

"Why," said I, "does our King send him to Whitehall?"

She made an O with her mouth.

"King James is no saint," said she. "These two will put thei' heads into the same pot of wine and chase the same petticoat, a'm in a'm. That is why. Also, while the old Count F'ontenac is stealing all Ame'ica f'om the English, we amuse King James with the antics of the young Vicomte de F'ontenac. You see?"

I laughed and turned a light pirouette or two upon the points of my toes. I had had but a taste of gayety and courts and gallants.

Why should I not desire another hour or two of brightness, of flattery, of admiration?

If they wished to keep King James amused while they were stealing his American colonies from him, why should not I amuse myself while the Sun King and Madame de Maintenon were stealing and rifling our homes and acres at Maniscamp and Aulone?

Suddenly a cannon shot from our deck made the floor jump under me. Our Provence-Rose was saluting the English flag.

My cousin rose from the sofa and gave me her hand, saying that we should go on deck.

I saw, gathered there, some gentlemen and ladies whom I did not know. They were properly polite to the cousin of the Baroness d'Elven.

Presently Louis de Frontenac came swaggering to make his manners, and accomplished them with little grace but with vast assurance. And he kept staring at me and licking his loose mouth, which sagged like a very yokel's; and his bold, puffy eyes ever followed me, impudently familiar.

THIS embassy of Louis de Frontenac was entirely a private matter; a delicate reassurance of good will and personal support from the King of France to the King of England, but designed to be known publicly. So that if, in Holland, the Prince of Orange were truly planning to invade England and drive out King James with the vast fleet he was said to be gathering, all still loyal to England's King might know that the superb fleets of France were ready to support the Stuart upon his throne.

The choice of the great Count Frontenac's only son was intended to ease the minds of those who cried out against the warlike attitude of the Governor of Canada toward New York and Boston.

In London we were housed in a fine mansion near the Park of St. James; and I, as demoiselle d'atour to the Baroness d'Elven, occupied a chamber adjoining her apartments.

All this bustle and gayety —the sight of a strange country, strange faces, unfamiliar dress and uniforms—excited me.

Always I was running to the windows to gaze at passers-by, at the soldiery, at great coaches in the park, at officers riding, at fashionable folk afoot or in chairs.

My cousin was most generous with me, and I now found myself in possession of clothing far more splendid than any I had ever dared expect to possess.

I showed her all my gold and jewels sewed into the garment I had fashioned at the convent, and gave them to her for safe-keeping and to defray my expenses, for I would not accept from her any money while mine lasted.

Well, first of all, we paid our court to King James at his palace at Whitehall, which seemed to me, who had beheld Versailles, rather a mean abode for a great monarch.

The King of England seemed a strange, plain, anxious-eyed man, with perplexed features when in repose, and ever eager for some diversion to drive away worry and make him laugh.

But the Queen was different—tall, slender, almost beautiful in a certain manner, and a lovely aristocrat to her finger tips. Yet she, too, bore traces of long-brooded griefs—God knows she had reasons!—and was still deeply in love with this very common man, James the Second, King of England.

Had I never beheld the Roi Soleil and his court I might have thought Whitehall brilliant. Now it seemed tarnished.

Around the Queen were some pretty women, handsomely dressed and of noble bearing.

The King's gentlemen—the nobility from the highest to the least of consequence—were, I think, the handsomest men ever I had laid eyes on. They seemed, however, to display little of elegance, gallantry, or of that careless, graceful wit to which, in France, we are accustomed.

The King displayed little ceremony, and it was very plain that he was mightily taken with Louis de Frontenac, seeming to detect at a glance in this young man a future boon companion to drive anxieties from his troubled mind.

With my cousin, too, the King seemed greatly struck, and was, in his own manner, full of gallantries and courtly attentions.

As for me, very gladly would I have been courted by almost any of these handsome English gentlemen, and I admit I gave them sufficient encouragement. But they did not appear to be very enterprising, and I was annoyed because young Frontenac had the impudence to circle around me as though already I were something that belonged to his soiled nest and he were jealous of his conquest.

All this bustle and gayety excited me. Always I was running to the windows to gaze at passers-by.

Well, our reception at court did not last very long, and we got into our chairs and coaches and returned to our mansion, only again to sally forth to pay our respects to the Duchess of Portsmouth—this at particular command of our King.

Louise Renee de Keroualle, Duchess of Portsmouth, was well over thirty, and looked twenty.

She was the most beautiful Breton I ever beheld. She was a pretty, modest-mannered thing, with a childlike candor of address and graceful manners. I know that my cousin the Baroness d'Elven thought as I did—that Louise de Keroualle was a victim, and never inclined for the career into which two selfish kings had forced her. Yet she was marvelously clever.

THAT night we supped with the Duchess, and there were dancing and basset afterward, with much gayety and pleasure. And nothing mean or untoward except that Louis de Frontenac became drunk and annoyed me—which anybody could plainly perceive was of his own doing and not encouraged by me.

He was afraid of my cousin, though I sometimes saw him licking his loose lips and admiring her; but he was not afraid of me, and wasted little ceremony and circumspection in his preliminaries.

Well, we danced and played at basset—a most villainous game!—until it was broad day; and I had not realized how sleepy I had become until, in our own lodgings once more, I attempted to perform my offices for my cousin. So her maids did for us both what I should have done for her, and we both tumbled upon one bed, drunk with slumber.

That evening we went to Whitehall, where, on the King's side, was to be a leave-taking and last instructions to the admirals and captains of Sir Roger Strickland's fleet.

Now, concerning this ceremony I have particularly to tell you, because my attendance there utterly altered the course of my life.

Michelle keeps her promise! She throws a searchlight back through the years and lets it play on romance, rash adventure, and the boldness of a young lord who speaks his mind to a king! Don't miss the breathless scenes in next week's installment.

BUDGETING *for Health and Economy*

By ETHEL SOMERS

PURCHASING foodstuffs in variety makes balanced menus easily possible if the income is liberal. Economizing without knowledge is seriously dangerous. Too often it leads to a diet that is unsatisfactory except to the appetite. For the same money spent, wise selection and preparation could commonly provide from 50 to 80 per cent more nourishment. The more competent modern housewives buy body-builders, not simply gratifiers of artificial appetites. The less money spent, the more wisdom, skill, and management are needed in the selection and preparation of foods.

Only studied economizing can prevent dietary diseases, with their resulting ill health and human inefficiency. By careful study, you may easily provide at once the best and the cheapest foods.

The minimum cost of *adequate* food varies with the family, the locality, and the changing market conditions. At present it costs an average minimum of 50 cents a day for each person to provide the bare raw-food necessities. This figure is derived from a family computation, and naturally the minimum rises considerably where only two or three are fed, due to the inefficiency of small-quantity buying.

Work out your budget by first experimenting to find what is the smallest figure for which you can provide nourishing, satisfying food. Then apportion approximately 25 per cent of your income to your food allowance. (As the income drops below $3,000, this necessary percentage for food is increased, even up to 33 per cent, while above $5,000 it is usually possible to use a smaller percentage, according to the size, type, and conditions of the family.) The actual food expenditures should range between this minimum and the percentage allotment for your particular income.

Remember that for every high priced food there is a medium or low priced substitute. Such a substitution must come from within the same food group; for example, use cabbage for lettuce, oatmeal for fancy cereals, etc.

Fortunately, actual cost does not determine food value. The food needs of the body must be supplied, but the discerning provider learns to economize through substitution rather than by doing without. She provides her family with meat or fish, or rich protein food, once a day; egg occasionally: a nutritious cereal once a day; vegetables twice a day (one raw and one fresh cooked); and fruit (the raw state is best) once daily. Or, if she prefers, fruit twice and vegetables once, plus at least one-half pint of milk for each adult (one pint to one quart for the children); and fat in amounts to accommodate and satisfy the normal appetite. Scales are a very accurate guide in judging the normalcy of the appetite in this respect.

THERE is much to learn in substituting cheaper for more expensive foods. Compare the following prices: (A) Bacon strip whole, 45 cents; (B) same sliced, 55 cents; (C) brisket bacon, 35 cents; (D) squared bacon jowls, 30 cents.

In order to economize within each of the food groups, watch the current market reports. Many newspapers publish a housewife's market report, which usually is too lightly scanned by those for whose benefit it is printed. Do your marketing in person at least once a week in order to keep in touch with seasonable foods and prices. Many staples may be judiciously ordered by telephone, but perishable foods should be bought in person. Quantity buying for stocking up over an extended period (weekly, monthly, or seasonal, as the budget may allow) affords a marked saving in time and money.

Economical buying requires constant watchfulness. Buy only what is in season, for otherwise only part of your money pays for the food value. Storage, refrigeration, service, etc., all become additional factors in the selling price.

FOR every high priced fruit and vegetable there is a medium or low priced one to serve the same purpose. At this season select from A group (apples, oranges, bananas, carrots, rutabaga, turnips, cabbage, parsnips, etc.) instead of from B group (tomatoes, peppers, lettuce, radishes, grapes, etc.).

BUY the work of others only when you know it is cheaper for you to do so. Evaluate first the cost of raw materials, a fair remuneration for your time, and the comparative flavor of the product.

On the other hand, quantity production often makes ready prepared foods more wisely economical as well as more convenient. For example, soup brewed at home from scraps is unquestionably economical; but canned soups are far cheaper than any especially prepared soup mixture, to say nothing of the time spent in its preparation. Cakes and pies are expensive to buy; but, since they are delicacies to be eaten for pleasurable flavor as well as for added calories, they are more economical and satisfactory when made at home. In short, each purchase warrants considerable involved reasoning based on real facts, to determine the quantity and time of purchase.

If you would economize, do not pamper the family's appetite by paying for flavors. Plan the day's menus in advance, according to the highest body-building food in return for the money spent.

Compare the following high priced and economical meals for one day:

HIGH PRICED	ECONOMICAL
Breakfast	*Breakfast*
Ready Cooked Cereal Potatoes, etc. Cream French Toast Coffee	Apple Sauce Whole Raw Cereals, to be cooked (Porridge or Mush) Top Milk Toast Milk
Luncheon	*Luncheon*
Cream of Celery Soup Relish Spread Sandwiches Fruited Meringue Shells	Cream Vegetable Soup (Carrot, Cabbage, Potato) Peanut Sandwich Banana
Dinner	*Dinner*
Oyster Stew Porterhouse Steak French Fried Potatoes Fresh Asparagus Salad Buttered Artichokes Fancy Rolls Butterscotch Pie	Mock Salsify Oyster Stew Delmonico Chopped Steak Baked Potato (Edible Skins) Cabbage-Carrot-Peanut Salad Stewed Tomatoes Graham Gems Norwegian Fruit Pudding

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1-1-27

For Madame's Lighter Moments

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

THERE is a lot of silk lace used nowadays. You know that old-fashioned black, and dull blue, and cream colored, and sometimes even pink silk lace that you always thought looked so sort of dowdy and English? Well, it's anything but dowdy used as Chantel and Madame Chanel and Monsieur Patou and Lucien Lelong "work" it, and is sure to give a sense of richness and elegance. That is the impression it conveys in the black lace evening dress shown here.

With all evening gowns the great point is to get a feeling of movement. Anything that looks well when its wearer is dancing makes a good evening gown. The lace gown achieves this aim. The wings, which go all the way down the back, balance the effect of those two layers of ribbon streamers across the front of the skirt.

At the same time the dress manages to exploit another feature of the current styles. You might say, as a generalization for "dressy" costumes for afternoon and evening, that everything which is not black is white. This frock combines the two extremes. Three Tulips, by the way, is the name of it, derived from the fact that three big, flattering, grosgrain tulips, two black and one white, go across the front of the practically normal waistline. From them ripple the grosgrain streamers in the two colors, giving a sense of a wave of black and a wave of white when the wearer moves. There is also a grosgrain tulip, this time white, on the shoulder.

MODISTES are using artificial flowers a lot as an integral part of the dress now, such as those employed across the belt of Three Tulips. It is not sufficient merely to tack one on the shoulder. They should be of the material of the dress itself or of something used conspicuously upon it. The dress has a bateau neck, but the notable feature is the finely patterned silk lace.

Lace is fashionable and tucks are fashionable, and yokes are fashionable, and now comes more than one dress that is ultra-fashionable in combining all three. Lace is tucked in a yoke and sometimes in two yokes, one over the shoulders, while the other spreads across the hips.

As for generalizations, skirts still clutch the hips tightly. Bodices swell into a blouse in the back and sometimes in front as well. Shirring is a definite part of the *mode actuelle*, and often a dress is shirred to the figure throughout the length of its silhouette from throat to knees.

Skirts are inevitably, with these features in the ascendant, getting longer. They now have a tendency to be longer in the back than in the front. This is naturally the result of pulling draperies forward.

One really cannot go far wrong in getting a dress for either day or evening that ties in a sort of drapery or drawn-up effect in the front.

Sometimes there is a huge ornament, like the center of a piece of armor, in place of the knot of the bow at the top of the falling end pieces, and often these ends are trimmed with fringe.

Frequently the skirt is a curtain of fringe also. But to decorate the stomach and draw the draperies forward, as in the black velvet model, is the thing. This one has a conventional knot in the front, and from it falls a jabot that runs its pointed tongue a little below the skirt. Skirt jabots are really more popular for the moment than those for the blouse.

This dress has an interesting vest effect of flat, shiny things sewed so that they overlap, giving a very thick, frosted effect. In other words, it has a long V-shaped border of paillettes. Someone took the trouble to write and ask me what paillettes are, and that is the answer. Inside of this is a smaller V of flesh-colored chiffon, giving the effect of an extreme decolletage. The dress is of black velvet, but the paillettes, which are eternally catching the light and the glitter of the ballroom, retrieve it from any indictment of being too somber.

QUITE luxurious and very modern is the white chiffon frock crisscrossed in bands of chinchilla—costliest, rarest, most regal of furs. There is a full chiffon skirt, which falls flat and is carefully constructed so as not to puff out at any point from the hips down.

A very interesting and very youthful cape is the one made of white satin with a high collar and black fox hem band. It is the standing collar that produces the effect of youth, but let no dowager essay it on the mistaken theory that it might transmit youth to her. It merely conserves and emphasizes it where it is already existent, and does not induce it in the middle-aged.

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16
18
20

5398
16
18
20

Frock (above) of black silk lace, with black and white streamers of grosgrain across skirt front.

Gown of black velvet (left) trimmed in V-shaped lines on a corsage of paillettes.

Evening dress (right) of white chiffon trimmed with chinchilla.

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Captain Molyneux

Fewer and Better Clothes *for* Women

is MOLYNEUX'S *Advice*

By BETTINA BEDWELL

Paris, December 5, 1926.

MOLYNEUX is a unique personality among Paris style creators. His rise to the top of the world of costume design is a fact-fairy tale. He is an Englishman who came up from jobless obscurity to out-Parisianize the Parisians—all in eight years, since the war.

Molyneux had gone into the war eight days after it started, and had served throughout. Such details as a captaincy, a decoration of the Military Cross for extreme bravery, and two wounds that entailed fourteen months in a military hospital, were incidentals that could not affect his naturally plucky, debonair spirit.

After the Armistice he was without a job. But he loved beautiful things, and knew a vast deal about them, so he decided to make use of this talent. He sold designs at a shilling (twenty-five cents) apiece at first.

Then he worked under other dress creators, and particular women began to ask for young Molyneux. He was sensitive to personality and he had a special talent for manipulating colors to bring out a woman's most flattering qualities.

A little later he started his own establishment, and today he is master of a dozen gray-and-gold salons in the Rue Royale, where the aristocracy of Europe and the uncrowned queens of America come to him.

Getting in to see Molyneux, who is usually planning the wardrobe of some duchess or princess, is harder than interviewing the Prince of Wales, Queen Marie, and President Millerand all together. He is protected by at least twenty doors and twice as many suave guardians. But, if you are persistent and lucky, finally you are ushered into a huge bare studio, hung with unbelievably beautiful fabrics of the most exquisite colors.

A very tall young man rises from his place before an imposing desk and comes to meet you. He resembles John Barrymore. He greets you in a charming manner, and gives his entire attention to you in a most flattering way.

YOU may go anywhere in the daytime wearing a sports frock like this Molyneux wool ensemble.

EXTREME simplicity characterizes the crepe de Chine frock above, worn with the ensemble shown at the left.

IN this Molyneux model (left) the black ensemble is varied by a taupe fox collar and cuffs.

IDEAL for evening, says Molyneux, is a simple frock of marquisette with flowing lines.

What can he tell women about the art of dress? Aplenty. Let him speak:

"EVERY woman owes it to herself to be well and charmingly dressed, no matter how down in the mouth she feels, because clothes are a complete expression of the women inside them. They may not make the woman, but they surely tell delightful or disheartening secrets about her. There is no excuse for careless, badly chosen, disagreeable clothes, any more than there is for a woman like that.

"What is worth doing is worth doing well. Women must clothe themselves, and they should so dress that they contribute to the beauty of their world. I am all for fewer and better clothes for women. Smart women shun novelty at the expense of aesthetic value.

"Here is something that will give novelty to my next model."

Molyneux reached over and took from the draperies behind him a length of mauve crepe. It was a crepe about the weight of heavy georgette and as exquisite—and every thread wool.

"The woman who sincerely wishes to be well dressed should make color her first study.

"Get your colors right; that is of primary importance.

"Take lengths of materials in several colors, and try the effect against your face in strong daylight for day clothes, and in electric light for evening. Study the effect on your expression, your skin, your own coloring, and your eyes. See if it brings out lights in your hair.

"Sometimes half a tone will make all the difference. It is generally best to choose inconspicuous colors for your clothes, particularly daytime and sports. Get verve by a bright belt, a flower, or some other detail. If your wardrobe is limited, wear only simple shoes—plain pumps for day and evening both. Remember, suede shoes make the feet look larger. Kid is better. Also adhere to small hats with beautiful lines from every angle.

"You may wear sports clothes virtually all day. In choosing them, get a foundation color scheme—beige is always good—for odd skirts, topcoat, etc. Then you may have contrasting sweaters, scarfs, and belts to make them personal.

"In the evening you may have brilliant gowns. If you have beautiful jewels, wear them with velvet, chiffon, or lace frocks. Your evening cloak is extremely important. Choose a brilliant coat for a simple frock, and for a brilliant gown a plainer coat.

"Finally, and most important of all, never invite stares in public places. They are a tribute to undesirable conspicuousness.

"Careful attention will soon show you what to wear to emphasize your good points and neutralize your bad."

The THREE Most Interesting Books I Have Ever Read—By the Staff

Here's a Snap-Judgment Test of Good and Bad Literature

IF you were asked to set down within the next half hour the titles of the three books that have interested you most, which would you choose?

An interesting pastime. Try it yourself and spring it on your family.

The members of the editorial and art departments of LIBERTY were asked to do that recently and the result is tabulated for you here. The request included everyone, so as to get a wide variety of ages, tastes, and experience. All were asked to confine their selections to books that had interested them, without regard to literary worth or importance. The Bible and Shakespeare were excluded. Choices had to be settled from memory in the space of a few minutes, on the theory that the books recalled with least effort are the ones that have made the deepest impression. The appended list speaks for itself. To be sure, travel is listed, and philosophy, and history, and politics, and biography, but Romance wins.

Romance, that's what thrills us all—you'll find it well represented in your own list and you'll find it in abundance here. Romance—a beautiful woman, a gallant gentleman, and one whale of a row in the offing.

Here is the list:

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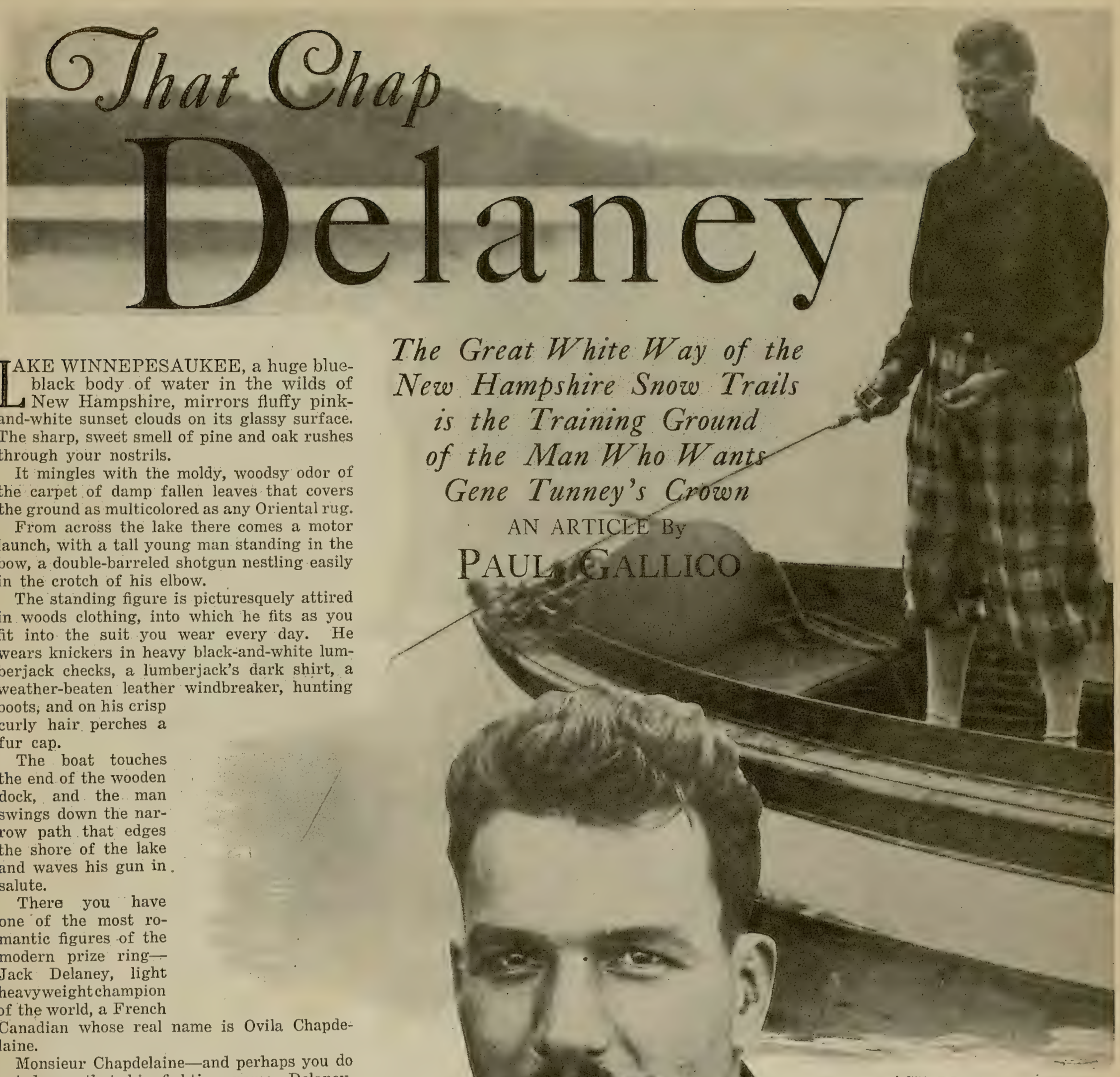
That Chap Delaney

The Great White Way of the New Hampshire Snow Trails is the Training Ground of the Man Who Wants Gene Tunney's Crown

AN ARTICLE By

PAUL GALLICO



JACK DELANEY fishing in Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire.

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE, a huge blue-black body of water in the wilds of New Hampshire, mirrors fluffy pink-and-white sunset clouds on its glassy surface. The sharp, sweet smell of pine and oak rushes through your nostrils.

It mingles with the moldy, woodsy odor of the carpet of damp fallen leaves that covers the ground as multicolored as any Oriental rug.

From across the lake there comes a motor launch, with a tall young man standing in the bow, a double-barreled shotgun nestling easily in the crotch of his elbow.

The standing figure is picturesquely attired in woods clothing, into which he fits as you fit into the suit you wear every day. He wears knickers in heavy black-and-white lumberjack checks, a lumberjack's dark shirt, a weather-beaten leather windbreaker, hunting boots, and on his crisp curly hair perches a fur cap.

The boat touches the end of the wooden dock, and the man swings down the narrow path that edges the shore of the lake and waves his gun in salute.

There you have one of the most romantic figures of the modern prize ring—Jack Delaney, light heavyweight champion of the world, a French Canadian whose real name is Ovila Chapdelaine.

Monsieur Chapdelaine—and perhaps you do not know that his fighting name, Delaney, was acquired when his father moved with him when he was a little boy to a small town in Massachusetts, where he was known as "that chap Delaney"—is a romantic figure because he is totally unlike anything that ever has happened in the history of pugilism.

Last July, one sultry night, in the Brooklyn baseball park known as Ebbets Field, Ovila Chapdelaine boxed fifteen rounds against a determined slugger of the name of Paul Berlenbach, then light heavyweight champion of the world, himself an ex-taxi-driver and one-time Olympic wrestler, and pupil of a sparring partner of Bob Fitzsimmons, old Dan Hickey.

They fought before some 60,000 people that drew a gate of $400,000. That night the title, and all the wealth and glory and fame and adulation and easy money that go with it, passed from Berlenbach to Delaney. And with it Delaney passed from public view.

For one day he was at the Brooklyn home

A CLOSE-UP of Delaney, showing the flashing eyes of the light heavyweight champion.

Photos by P. & A

of his manager, submitting to the usual post-fight photographs. Then he vanished from sight and, what is more important, from the newspapers.

This is hardly the method of the modern champion. There are testimonials to be signed, and vaudeville tours to be contracted for, and moving pictures, and personal appearances, and easy-money tours through the sticks, and ballyhoo to keep the public warmed up to his next fight.

Delaney did none of these things. He collected his money, stopped off for a day at his home in Bridgeport, Connecticut, and then was completely swallowed up by the New Hampshire woods that he loves better than anything else.

Money to Jack Delaney means only one thing outside of freedom and comfort for him-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THAT CHAP DELANEY Continued from Page Fifty-nine]

self and his wife—better and shinier and more accurate rifles, more pistols, long-barreled revolvers, glossy black automatics, fine shotguns, boxes and boxes of shells and ammunition, polished fishing rods, glistening hunting knives and axes—everything that is so near and dear to the heart of the born hunter.

He lives with his slim and pretty young wife, Helen, some four miles out of Meredith, on the shores of Lake Winnepesaukee, where he spends every second of his time that is not devoted to milling and straining and tugging around the stuffy Bridgeport gymnasium, in training for a fight, except when the heavy New Hampshire snows make the spot too isolated for comfort.

The house to which Delaney went to build himself up from a light heavyweight of 168 pounds to a heavyweight, is a rambling, typical lakeside affair, with four spick-and-span bedrooms on the second story—named, strangely enough, the Rose Room, the Blue Room, the Mauve Room, and the Green Room, because of the delicately tinted walls and curtains to match.

Downstairs, fronting on the lake, is a great living-room, with a huge fireplace and mantel, a dining-room, and a spotless kitchen. Everything is clean, neat, and dustless.

All of the work at the camp is done by the men. The women are allowed to touch nothing. Delaney does more than his share of the housework. When I stopped off there, the Delaneys were entertaining sixteen persons.

Delaney in his camping togs with his dog.

In personal looks, carriage, and demeanor, Jack Delaney makes the average movie hero look silly. Nearly six feet tall, he is as straight as a mast. He has the high cheek bones of the Indian, and particularly keen and flashing brown-black eyes. They have a peculiar glint and glitter that is compelling. Boxing writers in New York have nicknamed him Bright-Eyes Delaney. His hair is a black curly crest. Strangely enough, he has the soft and tender mouth of a woman. His face is absolutely unmarked, the sure sign of the master boxer. His chest is massive. He moves like a cat.

DELANEY doesn't belong in city clothes. They mask him almost into insignificance, except for the eyes and the chest and the regal carriage. But in his woods camp, in his lumberjack clothing, the thick, heavy flannels and the bright colors, the rough hunting clothing, he is a magnificent figure of a real man.

At 4 o'clock in the morning there comes a trampling on the sleeping-porch that bounds two sides of the house.

"Hey! What's the matter with you fellers? Hey! What are you gonna do, sleep all day?"

Delaney is up. The parlor floor is covered with sleeping figures, and Delaney begins pulling covers off. He wears a pair of bathing trunks and nothing else. He drags Doc Casey, his big bald-headed trainer, who goes with him wherever he goes, by the legs and carts him out to the porch. When Delaney gets up, so does everyone else on that floor.

Down to the lake he goes, headlong into the clear, icy water, thrashing the surface and splashing tremendously, puffing, snorting, and swimming in the exuberance of the cold early-morning swim.

WHEN he returns, rubbing himself, blowing and snorting, someone already has set a fire in the stove. The coffee is boiling. Eggs and bacon sputter and frizzle in the pan and the day is begun. Delaney heads the parade to the sink to wash up and brush teeth. Something like twenty toothbrushes hang in neat little holders over the community sink in the kitchen, the one place in the house that has running water. Three or four of them are brand new—for the casual visitor who strays in without one. This is true hospitality and foresight. However, true to the camp spirit, the towel that hangs hard by is community for the men. The women get special ones.

Breakfast over, clean-up begins. Delaney seizes a broom and attacks the front room. Others get at the breakfast dishes. Any late sleepers in the main parlor are routed out. Delaney wants to clean up. He bustles about, picking up the blankets and folding them in neat piles. He is the master of the camp, and one of the characteristics of the house is cleanliness. Have you ever seen the filth in the training camps of most boxers? Ugh!

Then away to the woods he goes for early-morning hunting, with rifle or shotgun and his bosom companions, perhaps Doc Casey, the official raconteur of the camp, or Jack Gorman, a Brooklyn detective, or a visiting newspaper man, or some cronies from Bridgeport.

Somewhere in Delaney there is American Indian. He has in his blood all the woodcraft of the Indian. On the hike he is a tireless, smooth-walking, silent fellow. He shoots with the same deadly accuracy with which he drives his famous right-hand punch in the ring, the one he sends through to openings, the way you aim and time a moving object with gun or pistol.

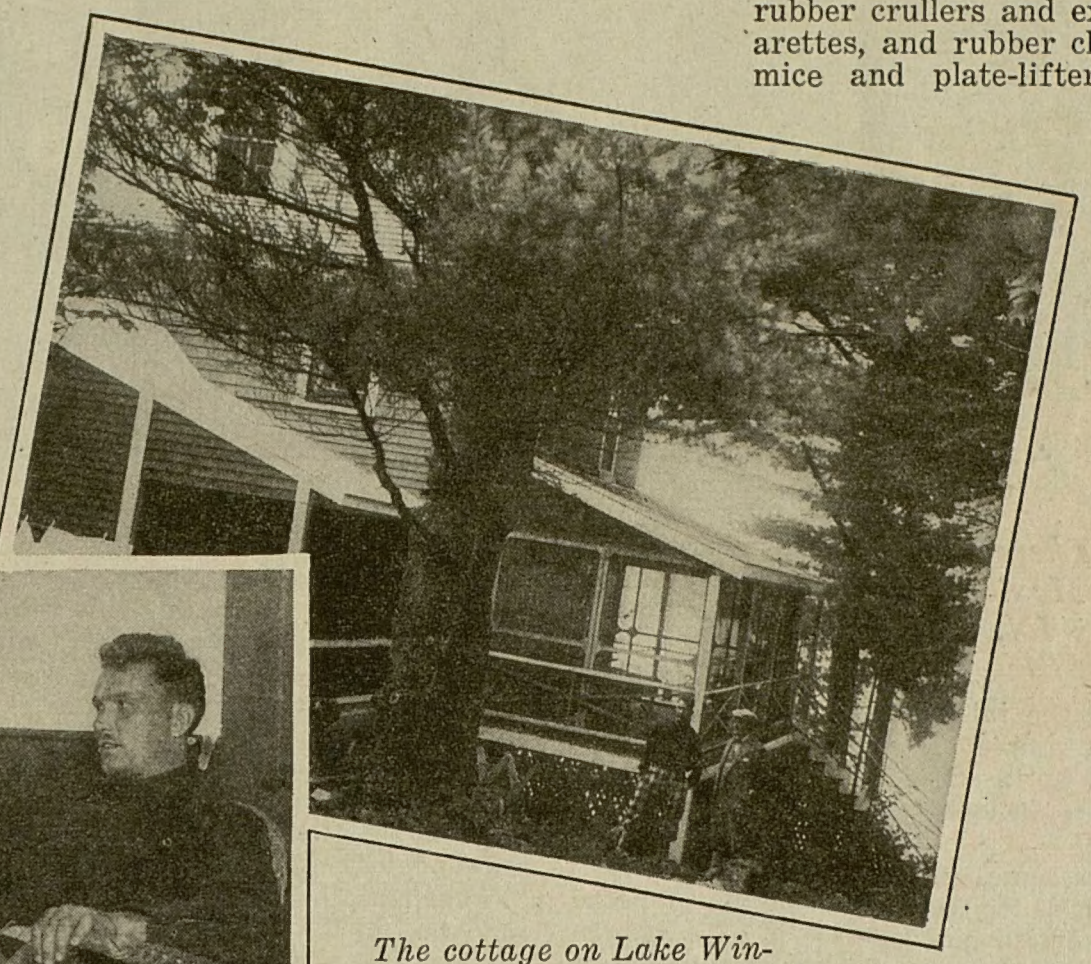
He is proud of his skill. He

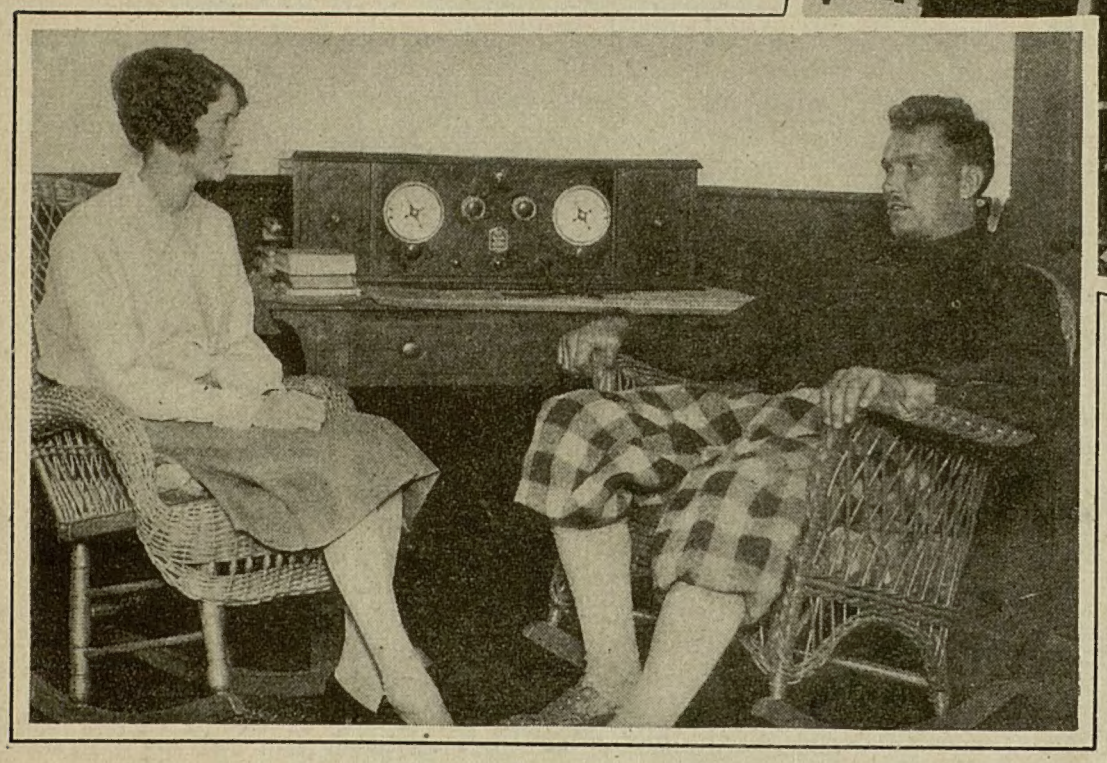
will take a hunting-knife, hold the blade between his fingers, and flip it in a streak of shivering light into a mark on a distant tree. I don't think any Indian ever threw a tomahawk more accurately than Delaney throws an ax.

I thought, as I watched the man handle his weapons, that here was the small boy's idol—a man who some day will be the heavyweight champion of the world, who is already light heavyweight champion, and at the same time a true scout and woodsman.

THERE in the heart of the woods Delaney is training to be a heavyweight, but boxing is the least part of his work. The ring is hardly ever mentioned. Only two items of a fighter's equipment are in evidence: a sandbag hangs suspended from a hook in the ceiling of the porch, and near it on a table lie a pair of light training gloves.

Once a day only, Delaney strips down to trunks and shoes, dons the light gloves, and then, if you are around the corner of the house, you will hear the old familiar training sounds that characterize the fighter's camp: "Thud, thump—skippy, shuffle, shuffle, shuffle—skippy, thump, thump, thump—shuffle, skippy, skippy, thump, thump"—the sound of the clever fighter indulging in some fast footwork around the heavy bag, and every now and then cutting loose with both hands deep into the side of the bag, to keep the great hitting muscles beneath the shoulders smooth and limber. That's all he needs, living the life he does.





The cottage on Lake Winnepesaukee where the champion keeps in trim (above).

With his wife, Helen, Delaney is listening in on his radio at camp (left).

"Do you want to bring Delaney down here?" said Pete Reilly to me, one afternoon at the camp. Pete is Delaney's manager, a quiet, gray-haired, foxy little Irishman, and a dead shot with a one-hand gun—left or right handed. This is very convenient.

They say that, with Pete Reilly in the corner, Delaney has nothing to worry about but beating the man who is opposite him in the corner, and that that frequently is 50 per cent of the battle. Sometimes in some of the tough towns, and once in a while right in little old New York, some of the opposition bring hardware to the ringside with them, and if they think they can get away with it they exhibit it coyly to the opposition in the hope that it will disturb him. But Jack has no such worries in his corner, with Reilly there.

"Watch him come running," said Pete, picking up a .38 lying on a table.

Delaney was nowhere in sight. Down on the dock below the house, which is set on the incline that leads to the lake, a small barrel was perched on a stake. A tin can sat on top of the barrel. Reilly took aim and let go three times. The bullets splashed into the lake close enough to the target to make it uncomfortable for any human being who might be representing the can. The echo of the third shot had not yet repeated itself from the neighboring hills when Delaney came charging around the house.

"Hey! We shoot! What's the target? That can? Ho! Watch!"

Delaney picked up the .38 and aimed it. His perfect co-ordination gives him absolute control over every muscle. The gun exploded. The can toppled off.

"How's that?"

Doc Casey, the big bald-headed trainer, strolled by. "You never hit it. You hit the barrel and it fell off."

"Who hit the barrel? I went right through the middle of the can." Delaney's voice roared louder and louder. "Get the can!"

Delaney scuffled for a moment with Casey, and then ran down to the water's edge and brought up the can, which had an ugly, ragged tear right through the middle of it. Then—"Come on, everybody. We shoot."

"Jack and I will shoot Paul and you for half a dollar a side," suggested Reilly.

"What you want to shoot for, half a dollar?" roared Delaney. "Put up! Put up!"

"Put up yourself!" shouted Jack Gorman.

EVERYBODY shouted and stamped and made as much noise as possible. More and more pistols were produced—automatics, .32s and .38s. Boxes of ammunition were broken open. Doc Casey was appointed referee, and soon the pistols were banging away until ears rang and cans were riddled and Doc Casey was proved guilty of favoring the other side and chased off the premises. Voices were strident, doors were slammed. Children were at play.

Delaney was host at supper. One of the men had cooked heaping platters of stewed chicken and spaghetti. Delaney set the dishes on the table and served tremendous portions of everything. Twelve at the table at once, hungry with the appetite that you can get only by living in the woods. The food was simple, but they don't cook it better at any hotel.

Delaney, the champion, was up out of his seat every minute, helping you to coffee, or more chicken, or bringing the pie, taking orders, kidding Casey, putting away a sturdy meal himself, laughing and shouting.

Speak French to him, and a subtle change comes over him. His entire manner seems to soften. His voice takes on smoothness and culture. With the language he assumes the graces of the French.

Practical jokes had their innings at the supper table. Like most simple souls, Delaney's humor is primitive. Pete Reilly was the arch-practical joker, but I think that Delaney enjoyed them the most. There were rubber crullers and exploding cigars and cigarettes, and rubber chewing gum and rubber mice and plate-lifters, and rubber knives, and trick drinking glasses with holes in them, and sneezing powder.

There is no liquor in Delaney's camp. Nobody drinks. Almost any time of the day you will see someone going around sucking at a bottle of ginger ale, with the exception of Delaney, who drinks nothing but water, except for tea at his meals. Nobody seems to think about whisky, which you will admit is an interesting thing at the camp of a prize fighter.

DELANEY himself doesn't live with his business. He fights because he gets more money for doing that than for anything else he could possibly do, and also I think that he would like very much to be heavyweight champion of the world. But he never talks about it. One might say that he is sensitive.

After supper the men cleared the table and washed and dried the dishes. Then everybody gathered in the parlor, where a birch fire roared, and everybody started fanning about the adventures of the day—the hunting, the shooting, the fishing. Delaney fiddled with his radio. Someone started the phonograph. A game of rummy for half a dollar was suggested.

Delaney was sitting moodily in a corner, smoking and saying nothing. He entered into the rummy, and played his hand with elaborate gestures. Plans were made for the next day—you've been to camp, you know those wonderful evenings indoors after a day spent in the woods. The city has nothing quite like them to offer.

I have a picture of that parlor seen for a moment through the open door, the handsome Delaney sitting in the center of the floor in a rocking chair, with his slim wife on his lap, both his arms clasped around her waist as if the room were not full of shouting and talking people. Women would go quite crazy over Delaney, with his dash and his fire and his grace and his title. But he looks at his wife the way all women want their men to look at them, and his eyes follow her when she moves around——and that is that.

Perhaps there isn't as much romance in this piece as I may have led you to expect; but then, I have seen many men of the ring, and how they have lived, and the things they have liked, and the things they have done.

At any rate, you know that if some day Jack Delaney becomes heavyweight champion, there still will be open house on Lake Winnepesaukee. He hasn't much use for fame out there, but the money that comes to the champion of all champions will make possible shinier and finer and more guns—if there are any such made.

THE END

Well! Well! When There's a Run on the Bank in Mexico It's to Put Money IN, Not Take it OUT!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—In the interests of fair play to the people of Mexico, I wish to submit to all editors in North America the inclosed exhibits.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Two copies of photographs were attached to the Consul-General's letter. These pictures, which are identical, show a close-packed crowd before the doors of the Bank of Mexico. We feel that it is unnecessary to reproduce them, since they are accurately described below.]

One is a photograph of page 55 of the November 6 issue of the weekly magazine LIBERTY. You will notice a picture printed thereon purporting to be that of "Catholics withdrawing deposits from the Bank of Mexico in protest against the seizure of Church property."

The other exhibit is a copy of a photograph taken in front of the Bank of Mexico on its opening, September 1, 1925, eleven months *before* the attempted boycott.

The pictures are the same. In reality, in place of this being a photograph—as claimed by LIBERTY—of persons taking funds *out* of the Bank of Mexico, it is a picture of persons waiting to put funds *in* the new bank after it had been officially declared open by President Calles, who, with government officials, was present within.

It is not my purpose to enter into any criticism of the series of articles on Mexico in LIBERTY [entitled The Machete versus the Cross]. The contents of these are their business, not mine. It is my business, however, and the business of every editor who cherishes the ethics of his profession, to protest against such a deliberate attempt to deceive the public of North America as to happenings in Mexico.

On the 2d of September, 1925, the morning of the day following the opening of the Bank of Mexico, *El Democrata*, a paper then being issued in Mexico City, published the same picture of the inauguration of the new bank that LIBERTY tricked a portion of the American public into believing was a picture of something entirely different.

It may interest the editors of North America to know this was not the only "faked" picture in these articles. A United States engineer operating mines in Mexico—Mr. E. R. Torgler of Cleveland, Ohio—had a letter in the New York *Times* of November 14, charging that a picture which LIBERTY claimed depicted the hanging of peons in Nayarit as a result of a religious riot was, in reality, a hanging of bandits two years before, and that he had had in his possession for over a year the identical photograph that LIBERTY had claimed was a picture of a recent happening.

As the Consul-General of Mexico, I take the only means open to me to reach the people of this country in an attempt to expose such sinister methods of placing Mexico in a false light before the great American people. And I know that the vast majority of editors will resent this outrageous violation of fair play as strongly as myself.—*Arturo M. Elias, Consul-General of Mexico.*

Liked Big-Hearted Jim

HARTFORD, CONN.—Pardon me while I pin a medal on the author of Big-Hearted Jim! "For dear old Quinby" has become a password between my brother and me, and "Nine rahs for the Warden" is our pet household phrase. I hope everybody caught the exquisite humor of the thing.—*E. G. L.*

The Legion's Pilgrimage

BRIDGETON, N. J.—I read your editorial on Mr. Savage's "Sacred Pilgrimage" with one good eye, and stared at it with one of beer-bottle material.

What's your main ailment—dyspepsia or lazy liver? Or is it possible that you are, like Solomon, prone to deplore the hot fires of youth in your declining years of senility? What of it if the American Legion's trip to Paris *is* a pilgrimage to the shrine of Bacchus, old Scissor-Bill?

And then again, just suppose there may be a sprinkling of blondes and brunettes at the end of the voyage?

Your editorial was very timely. If the wife had not been anticipating anything, it's a safe bet she will after reading your discharge of sour-grape juice.

Certainly this will be a sacred pilgrimage. Doesn't wine enter into all sacred services, and isn't it a fact that woman is a sacred being, according to the dictates of the clergy? —*Ralph L. Myers.*

A Legionnaire Speaks

MARION, OHIO—I wish to take exception to your editorial entitled Mr. Savage's "Sacred Pilgrimage." I myself am considering taking that pilgrimage as are a good many of my comrades. And we are *not* taking it for the purpose which you tried to convey to the public.

We fought for this country and have a good many buddies buried there and a good many memories over there. Can you blame us for wanting to go back and renew acquaintances? As far as the blondes and brunettes are concerned, you are all wrong there.

Having charge of the reservations for the local post, I wish to inform you that all of the men from here are taking their wives with them, wishing to show them the places where they were stationed and where they fought.—*A. W. Sandrock, Commander, Bird-McGinnis Post, No. 162, American Legion.*

Gripped by Miscellany

BOSTON, MASS.—Paul R. Leach's story, Miscellany, must have gripped every newspaper man, even as it gripped me. Have him do some more newspaper stuff.—*D. V. O'Connell.*

No Love for Lil

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The "famous cover continuity" entitled For the Love o' Lil is the worst thing you have yet put over on a long-suffering and unsuspecting public.—*Sophie Glutz.*

Answering Mr. Gorder

CINCINNATI, OHIO.—I desire to answer P. O. Gorder, whose letter in LIBERTY spoke of inconsistencies in Sidney Sutherland's very truthful *exposé* of the Mexican situation.

Mr. Gorder calls Sutherland to task for calling Calles a bolshevik. What else is Calles? Does not Mr. Gorder know that Mexico recognized the Bolshevist Government in 1924 and has entered into treaty relations with Moscow, and that a representative of the Soviet regime will soon be minister-designate in the City of Mexico?

Mr. Gorder states that "Sutherland is apparently ignorant of the fact that Calles is a Protestant." Mr. Gorder is utterly wrong. Calles has no religious belief. He is descended from an apostate Catholic family that found more chance for material gain outside the Church than they had in it. Calles himself may attend a Protestant church now and then—for political reasons—but he is at heart an atheist.

A Mexican government determined to rescue the soil and the wealth and the temporal affairs of its people from the supergovernment of an ecclesiastical hierarchy is one thing.

But a Mexican government that goes beyond these bounds and interferes with the religious expressions of the people; that disfranchises and decitizenizes the servants of religion; that forbids the Church to carry on rightful educational efforts in elementary and primary schools; that dissolves the religious orders and organizations for religious services that are an essential part of the religious expression of a great church—this is another and a totally different thing.—*Charles J. Thomas.*

It Means Vox Populi—Voice of the People

JUMATA, PA.—By the way, what does *Vox Pop* mean? The voice of the people, or what?—*E. Nace.*

A Kind Word for Puss

SOUTHPORT, CONN.—I have just read Albert Payson Terhune's article, Men Hate Cats—Why? I beg to differ with the opinion it sets forth.

I, like you, take exception to the statement that the cat contributes nothing to the safety or the welfare of mankind. It is an undeniable truth that, without the cat, we should be overrun with rodents, disease-bearing vermin that they are.

When we accord the cat the same measure of love and respect that is given unreservedly to the dog and let her feel the warmth of friendly affection, she reciprocates a hundredfold.

The cat! Cleanly, modest, affectionate, pleasure-giving, and useful. Here's to her!—*Mrs. Edna G. Cornell.*

DANDRUFF?

It speaks for itself—

UNLIKE halitosis, you don't need a best friend to tell you that you have loose dandruff. You can find out for yourself in case you haven't already looked to see.

Here's a dare! Some day when you have on a dark coat or cloak (the ladies aren't exempt) just brush your hair thoroughly for a few minutes. If you produce that tell-tale shower, it is time to do something about it. Be entirely frank with yourself. Do you know of many things more revolting than signs of loose dandruff? By one glance every other charm may be offset. It is simply disgusting.

But we have good news for you. Listerine and loose dandruff simply do not get along together. You can prove that so easily for yourself. It is very likely that there is a bottle of Listerine on your bath room shelf right now. Just douse it on full strength and rub it in vigorously. Do this for three or four days in succession, and watch the result. You will have one more proof that this company does not make false claims for its products. *—Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.*

P. S.—It's nice to know that Listerine is not greasy and will not discolor the hair or your clothes.

LISTERINE

—and dandruff simply do not get along together

There was a wise lady who lived in a shoe,
For her many small children she knew what to do:
She made them most happy with Wrigley's for all—
It kept them in trim at a cost VERY *small!*

MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

REAL Peppermint Flavor

Get the new Wrigley's Double Mint and have a delicious, lasting treat—*REAL* Peppermint—full strength.

Easy to remember: Double Mint. And hard to forget—once you've tried it.

The *satisfying* confection.

···After every meal···